VOGUE®

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FASHION TO MAKE YOU LOOK JUST GREAT

BEAUTY: THE CASE FOR FAKERY... THE CASE FOR REALITY

NEW HAWAII

BY HORACE SUTTON





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American mink—world's finest

Virginia Thoren-Rice

LUNARAINE® EMBA® demi-buff mink, with ease of line, reflects perfectly the new natural elegance.

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NOVEMBER 1, 1966

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VOGUE

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AVEDON

COVER: Turquerie to make you look just great at night—a long, hooded silk burnoose in vivid, uneven stripes and ballooning white crêpe pyjamas wrapped tight at the ankles. Worn with tassels of Dynel hair and swinging blue Dynel tassels at the ears. Eye lights: Water-Colour Make-OP, Shadow Blue with Pearl Patina. Lip lights: Petal Glacé Lip Make-OP glossed over with Nude Oval Lipstick Extraordinaire. All by Fabergé. Costume, (Abraham fabric) designed by Halston for Bergdorf Goodman's Boutique; to order. Earrings, Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie: Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure: Ara Gallant.

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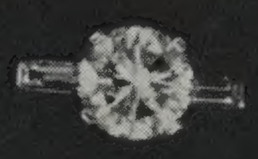


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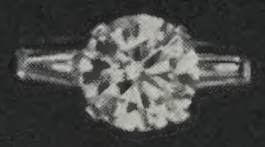
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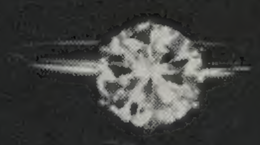


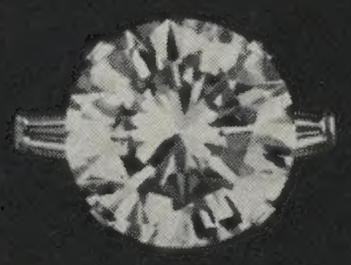








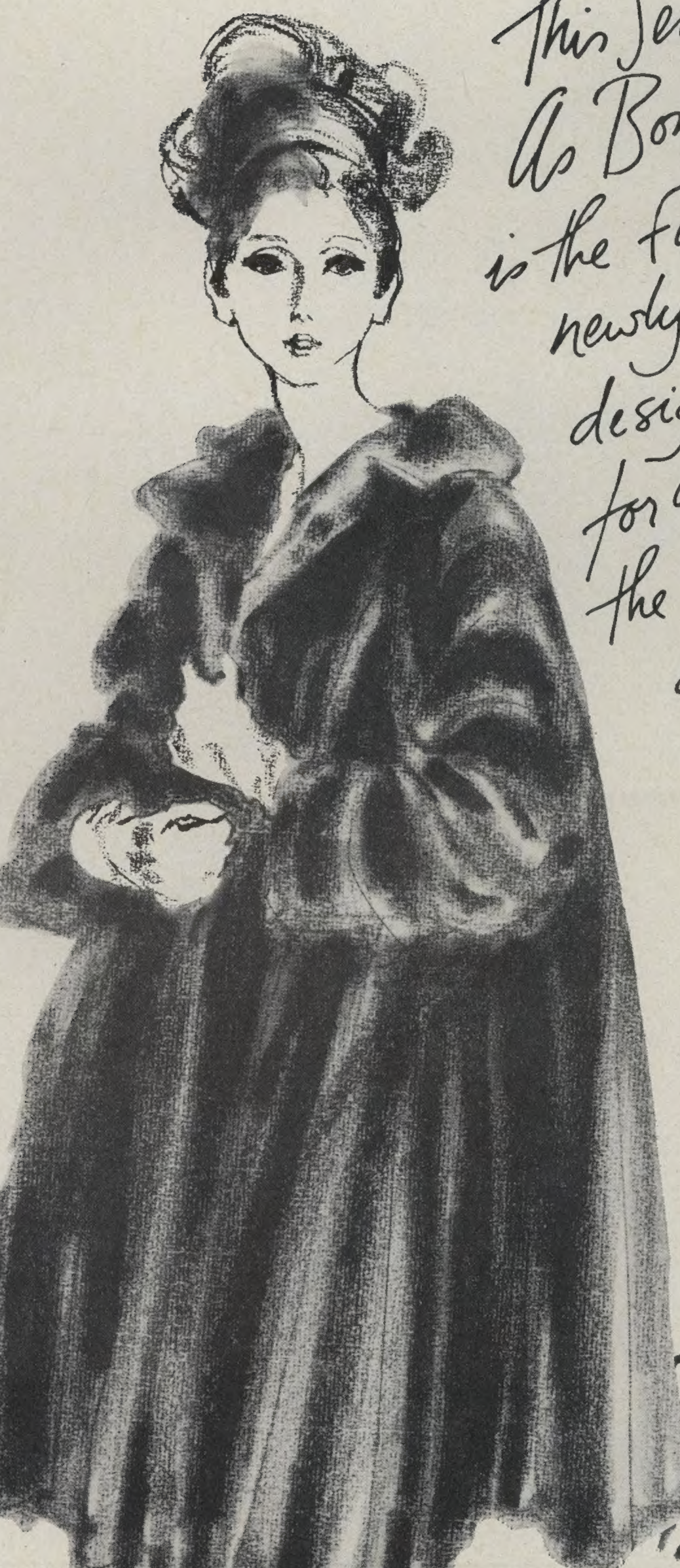




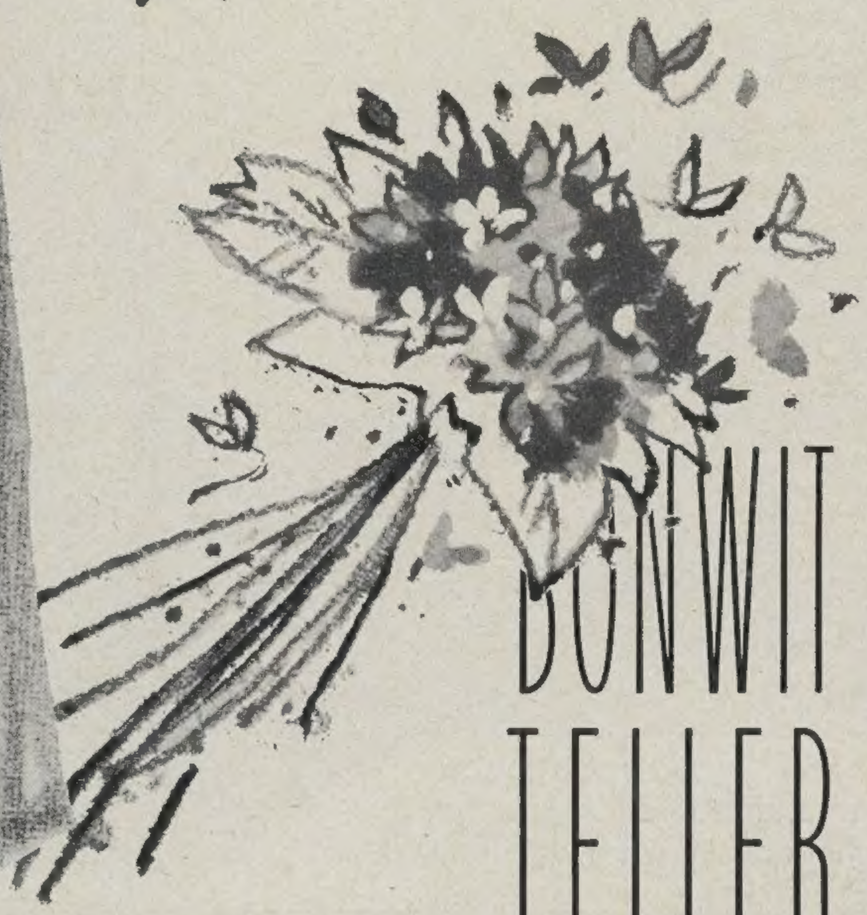
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the world's finest natural
dark ranch mink.
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*A selective product of the Great Lakes Mink Association.

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Enkalure is a Reg. TM of the American Enka Corp., Enka, N.C., for its multilobal nylon yarn.



There's only one me. And I deserve a robe that's soft, warm and beautiful. Just like me.

Besides, this robe will never weigh me down with its problems. Or tie me up in loose ends.

Who needs a robe with personal problems?

I just need a robe that'll make me feel as wonderful as I look.

Something nice and cozy to snuggle up in.

And there's something else about this robe. It's practical.

That's because it's made with Enkalure® nylon.

Enkalure is soft and light, yet strong. And it's completely washable.

Which makes it no trouble to care for. Isn't that what you deserve?

LOUNGEES makes the robe in blue, cherry and green quilted velour with paisley brocade trim.

Sizes 8-18, long, about $25; short, about $20. Fabric by Stevens.

Enkalure Nylon by Enka

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Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal
cinched close with dyed black
Russian broadtail lamb.



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VIA Saks Fifth Avenue

Our diamond-sewing custom of cotton tweeds is paled via blue and green—the jewel buttoned jacket cut away over a turtleneck, unlined

B Altman & Co



Now...
the jacket
flares out!

265.00

Softly, very softly, this newest slightly tented suit jacket flares to form this important silhouette. Shimmery wool, silk and nylon, with a single row of glittery rhinestone dome buttons; sleeveless-blouse. By Laird-Knox. Taupe or bone, 8 to 16. Third floor designer suits, Fifth Avenue.

The Coming Attractions



The epic motion picture,"Hawaii", adapted from James Michener's monumental novel, presented by the Mirisch Corporation and released through United Artists, tells about Hawaii as it was Then. Hawaii Now: a travel place, a fashion place, charted for you throughout these pages...



JULIE ANDREWS
as Jerusha Bromley Hale



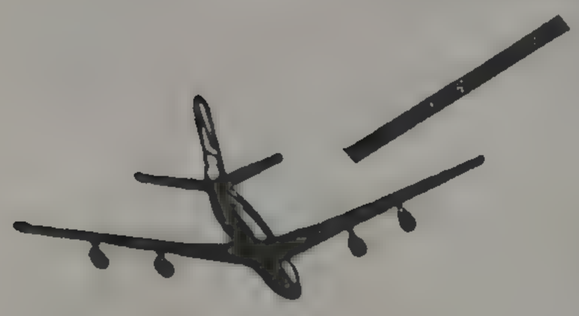
MAX VON SYDOW
as Abner Hale



RICHARD HARRIS
as Rafer Hoxworth

Villager flies
the friendly skies
of United...
to exciting,
exotic Hawaii

The Hula is a
religious dance?





Meg thinks United's Royal Hawaiian Flight is the best thing that's happened to Mainlanders since the pineapple.



Sue loved United's Aloha toast — the Mai Tai - a Hawaiian drink full of pineapple sticks and goodies.

Above: Leaving the plane, Meg makes a completely charming picture in her washable checked wool Villager® shift with beguiling young collar and tucked yoke. Red-white or navy-white. Sizes 6 to 16, *(V-30)* **26.00**

Left: Sue looks as fresh and lovely as her two-piece wool Villager® suit. Easy fitting four-button jacket and A-line skirt in white, navy or red. Sizes 8 to 16, *(V-31)* **45.00**

Villager® Corner, 4th Floor



The girls bask in the Island atmosphere of the Hilton Hawaiian Village, exciting resort on Waikiki Beach.



Sue is happily anticipating the luau, an authentic Polynesian feast featured at the glamourous Hawaiian Village.

Above: Dressed casually for the day: Meg in an easy suit of checked wool, *(V-32)* **45.00.** A Dacron® polyester and cotton overblouse, *(V-33)* **7.00.** Sue in hip-hugging pants of the same wool check, **20.00.** With a wide suede belt, *(V-34)* **6.00.** Topped by a Dacron®-cotton shirt, *(V-35)* **7.00.** Suit, pants and belt in peach or blue. Tops in peach, blue or green. All Villagers® in sizes 8 to 16.

Left: Ready for the festivities Sue wears an easy Villager® shift with finely tucked front. Paisley printed Orlon® acrylic and wool in blue or pink. Sizes 6 to 16, *(V-36)* **23.00**

Villager® Corner, 4th Floor

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Honolulu, Hawaii

Dear Amy,
Now look, darling, you and that marvelous man you're marrying must absolutely spend your honeymoon over here in Hawaii next month.
Take United Air Lines' great Royal Hawaiian Flight straight through from New York - takes just a few hours - and you'll think you're in Hawaii the minute you step aboard. You're served an Aloha toast - Mai Tai - and exotic Hawaiian hors d' oeuvres to the accompaniment of languorous Hawaiian music. You're given hot scented towels to refresh you - champagne steak teriyaki - papaya salad - the works!
And, incidentally, my Villagers are perfect - I feel like the top of the best-dressed list!
Now don't forget to get your United Personal Travel Credit Card. You can charge everything on the tour and pay it off in nice little amounts every month.
Got to rush. Surf's up.
Love, Meg

James Michener's HAWAII
THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PROUDLY PRESENTS
JULIE ANDREWS
MAX VON SYDOW
RICHARD HARRIS
in THE GEORGE ROY HILL WALTER MIRISCH PRODUCTION
released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Opposite page: Hoomanawanui at the Sheraton Maui. It means "take it easy", and Meg does just that at the glorious hotel located along the lava cliff of Kaanapoli. Perfect for her mood, a red strawberry print cotton skimmer, fully bonded, sizes 6 to 16, *(V-37)* 20.00. Matching kerchief, *(V-38)* 3.00

Villager® Corner, 4th Floor

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Villager flies the friendly skies of United... to exciting, exotic Hawaii

I've heard of table-hopping —but island-hopping?





Meg spends a day sightseeing on Kauai, the fabled "Garden Isle," and enjoys being pampered at the luxurious Kauai Surf Hotel.



Sue and Meg play golf at Mauna Kea, one of the most spectacular championship courses in the world.

Above: Meg looks delightfully cool and crisp in her Villager® suit with belted jacket. Cotton tapestry in a woven rose pattern in pink or blue on white. Sizes 8 to 16, *(V-39)* **35.00**

Left: The fairest on the fairway! Sue wears a checked wool A-line skirt, blue or peach, sizes 8 to 16, *(V-40)* **15.00.** Plus a cotton knit long-sleeved pullover in green, peach or blue, S-M-L, *(V-41)* **7.00.** And a full-fashioned mix-or-match wool cardigan, 34 to 40, *(V-42)* **14.00.** Meg coordinates her glen plaid wool skirt in green or peach, sizes 6 to 16, *(V-43)* **18.00.** And a ribbed wool waif top in green, blue or peach, S-M-L *(V-44)* **10.00**

All from our Villager® Corner, 4th Floor



Sue loves the lush scenery – and the graceful Hula dancers – on the grounds of the fabulous Coco Palms Hotel.

Photograph by Philip E. Pegler



Aloha to the Islands and welcome aboard United's own luau in the skies... all the way back to the Mainland.

Above: Sue looks prettily relaxed wearing her Villager® shift of clover-printed cotton in pink, blue or green. Sizes 6 to 16, *(V-45)* **20.00.** Final touch, matching mop hat, *(V-46)* **7.00**

Left: Homeward-bound, Meg looks forward to a marvelous flight dressed in a Norfolk-belted Villager® of checked wool in blue or buttercup. Sizes 6 to 16, *(V-47)* **30.00**

Villager® Corner, 4th Floor

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Swakara karakul lamb from South West Africa.

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Something remarkable is about to come between you and your makeup!

Now with one silkening sweep, a new 'undercosmetic' developed by Revlon changes the way makeup goes on, stays on (and stays fresh longer than any makeup has a right to!) 'Moon Drops' *Under-Makeup* Moisture Film is a silky, colorless liquid that smooths, evens, *readies* your skin for makeup. Suddenly any makeup (liquid, cream or cake) slips on with perfect *one-ness*. Once you try it, you will realize that till today, you've been wearing a *half-finished* face—even with all your makeup on!

Under-Makeup Moisture Film is just one of many ways your skin can thrive under the influence of 'Moon Drops'—a complete collection of moisture-makers for every step of skin care, from cleansing to conditioning. All dedicated to replacing the precious moisture that keeps skin looking rested and replenished—feeling deliciously young and springy to the touch.

The 'Moon Drops' Series: Moisture Cream, Moisturizing Body Balm, Translucent Cleansing Cake, Moisturizing Bath Oil, Moisturizing Cleanser, Conditioner and Freshener, Moisture Balm and Firming Facial.

'Moon Drops' Moisture Treatments by Revlon

The Real Live jantzen girls turn on the Hilton Hawaiian Village

Hilton Hawaiian Village the fun resort

Nights fly swiftly at Hilton Hawaiian Village, the fun resort on the beach at Waikiki. With surfside dancing, torchlit dining, colorful luaus, and more. And here we are, lighting up the night in Jantzen swimwear that seems to propose: Destination Moonglow! Just as wonderful is the way these gold and silver shimmerings take to the sun. Flattering bikinis of DuPont Antron* nylon. Cage them in cover-ups that dare to hide nothing. The look is crystalique, achieved in pure vinyl and generously bordered to match the bikini. What a way to glow! And Jantzen is as much at home poolside, as it is surfside at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. Bikini about $18, sizes 8-14. Cover-up about $15, small and medium.

*Antron is Du Pont's trademark for its tri-lobal nylon



JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

These Real Live Jantzen Girls are: Lynda Dregalla—Bowling Green State University; Roberta Smiley—University of Minnesota; Paula Hicks—University of Florida; Lynne Allen—Florida State University shown splashing in Pacific surf right at the Hilton Hawaiian Village doorstep

just wear a smile and a jantzen®

ON MEN TOO SPORTSWEAR • SWEATERS • ACCESSORIES • FOUNDATIONS



The Real Live jantzen girls dazzle the Hilton Hawaiian Village

Hilton Hawaiian Village the fun resort

We're all smiles. No wonder. We're staying at Hilton Hawaiian Village, the fun resort right on Waikiki beach. Pacific surf to swim in and sleep by. Colorful Hawaiian luaus. Sunset Catamaran Sails. Twenty tropical acres filled with fun. The perfect place for Jantzen. Jackets with slim or hiprider skirts. Bermudas. Straight pants. Slick little shifts. All in sassy yellow and aqua-sky of linen-like 45% rayon, 35% cotton and 20% flax. These are the print-worthy flowerings we mix and match. Topping them off, poor boys of 100% cotton knit in yellow or hibiscus pink. Jantzens are made for you. Include them in your travels. Easy-care Rosewood Lin'n Tonic Group about $5 to $16. Sizes 8-16. Shells and sweaters. S. M. L.



These Real Live Jantzen Girls are: Paula Hicks—University of Florida; Lynne Allen—Florida State University; Roberta Smiley—University of Minnesota; Lynda Dregalla—Bowling Green State University; Sanna Sarre—Brenau College; Kay Campbell—University of Utah; Jan Phelps—Colorado State College.

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Paris when it shimmers...imported by Celanese



St. Laurent in a medieval mood,
recreated in cloth of gold in Celanese Acetate,
metallic and cotton, about $225.
Givenchy's softly draped column with
removable beaded top, fluently translated
in pink crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon, about $400.
BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York;
BOSTON STORE, Milwaukee;
BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, Los Angeles;
BULLOCK'S, Pasadena, California;
BURDINE'S, Miami;
FILENE'S, Boston;
FOLEY'S, Houston;
GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis;
LAZARUS, Columbus;
RIKE'S, Dayton;
SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas.

Celanese Acetate
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

Celanese®



surround yourself with . . .

Refillable Spray Perfume and Cologne, each 5.00. Perfume in the Classic Bottle from 7.50. Eau de Cologne from 3.50.

CHANEL Nº 22

THE PERFUME OF ROMANCE



Today Revlon brings you

The most dramatic change in blonding

(since you changed your hair to blonde!)

For the first time: you can get classic, delicate (non-brassy!) blonde shades that really last! With 1 fast, cool shampoo—and no tedious sectioning!

Skeptical? Who can blame you? 'Blondsilk', the first totally new toner—gives you a subtle, inherited kind of blondness. The shades . . . the even-ness you long for. The best coverage of ends you ever saw. Healthy-looking hair you crave (there are special conditioners in it!) All the fabulous shades you'd expect from Revlon, from palest 'White Wine' to 'Wild Honey'. After you pre-lighten, you just shampoo in 'Blondsilk'. NO wishy-washaway shades (colors last and last). NO tiresome sectioning. NO messy mixing. NO waiting (it 'takes' in 10 minutes instead of 30). When will you switch?



New Revlon 'Blondsilk'

The shampoo-in toner that really lasts!

Fredrica



THE SUPERLATIVELY SUMPTUOUS EVENING GOWN, ENTIRELY FUR...FLAWLESSLY FASHIONED WITH SKILL OF A FATHER-TO-SON HERITAGE...
IN THE LIMITED EDITION FUR, **FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL** TRIMMED WITH RUSSIAN SABLE.
TO RESERVE YOUR LIMITED EDITION, PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR INQUIRY TO FREDRICA, 345 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
DIAMONDS, HARRY WINSTON

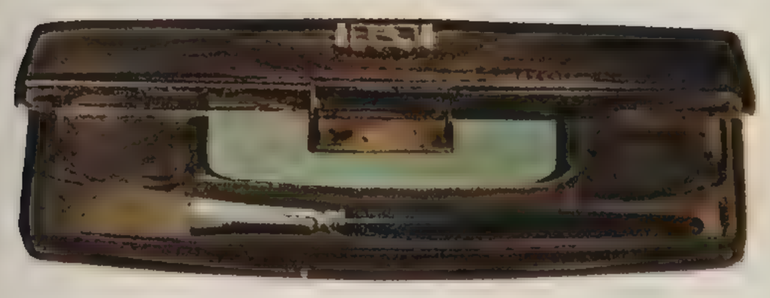
TEMPUS FUGIT

Time flies. Suddenly your complexion shows its hunger for the compelling richness of fine lubricants, its thirst for deeply satisfying moisturizers. This is the moment to reach out for the incomparable care of Source of Beauty. Begin with Source of Beauty Cream. One of the finest skin creams ever developed, its remarkably effective beauty benefits are multiplied, its protection prolonged in make-up that adds the glamour of a radiant, natural glow. If your skin has forgotten how to look young, fresh and lovely, discover Source of Beauty Cream . . . and Source of Beauty Incandescent Make-Up . . . and Source of Beauty Incandescent Lipstick. Discover the beauty care that is adding new fame to the name of

Frances Denney



Revlon says:
How to make your eyes look like 20/20 visions!



17 shades (regular or frosted) plus 2 underbrow 'highlight shades' (beige or PINK!) in tortoise-tone case with brush.

Revlon's new 'Brush-On Eyeshadow'. Pressed-powder shadow in the sheerest, nearest-to-natural colors you've ever laid eyes on. No makeup we know of fluffs on so discreetly (your eyes look played up, not made up). A flick of the brush does it. You'll see your eyes in a whole new size. Enormous!



6 super-natural shades. Each in a chic little tortoise-colored kit complete with its own wizard of a wedge-shaped brush.

Revlon's new 'Brow Beautiful'. It's the big shakeup in makeup (and Revlon's responsible!) Brush-on eyebrow color that does everything a pencil can–only so much softer! You can remodel, fill in, or extend where your real brows end. The effect? So natural, you'll never risk hard pencil lines again!

Raffaele
ORIGINALS
530 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



Split and Sparkled . . .

the new exposure in sleeves . . caught with glittery buttons . . in whisper weight textured wool.

About $70.

black • white • navy • gold

Bergdorf Goodman • New York

Neusteters • Denver

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The handwriting on the perfume

"The letter is attached to a spray of clover, which is still damp with dew, and the paper gives off a delightful aroma of incense." So is described a morning letter from a Japanese lover to his lady in the *Pillow Book*, certain fascinating notes written almost a thousand years ago in the Heian days of Japan. When a letter is fraught with significance, any contribution it can make to the writer's image—by scent, colour, texture—can be, well, crucial. Therefore, it follows that four new breeds of letter paper infused with four famous fragrances will please admirers of those fragrances, especially when each paper is also endowed with other familiar associations with the scent. One entry, for instance, is a good-sized, heavy, white or grey vellum sheet, perfectly plain except for its envelope linings, which bear bold and nautical implications, very proper for a man (or a woman, for that matter) from which emanates the liked scent of Canoe. . . . Ambush-scented notepaper, on the other hand, goes on a more seductive kick: pale onionskin faintly, ever so faintly, imprinted with that Ambush girl-cum-palm-leaves. . . . 20 Carats is discreetly gold-bordered, if you didn't guess already. And Tabu is a stalwart white vellum sheet, edged at top in red and black in the Tabu vein. . . . Maker of the paper is that old papermaker, Montag. Scenter of the paper is that good scentmaker, Dana (who also has lately come out with another contributor to The Total Image, a will-travel Shaker Bath Powder in the three last-mentioned fragrances). . . . Sender of the paper could be that old present-sender, you: to anyone known to be on one of these scents hooked. . . .

The case for the mediaeval beauty

This is the year of the middle-aged (maybe next year will be, too?), the year when, as pointed out by *Time* magazine some issues ago, the most seductive girl on Broadway—see *Cactus Flower*—is over forty. Life may not really begin at forty, but it certainly burgeons then, and greater evidence we have not encountered in the last few moments than the news that Saks Fifth Avenue has induced the maker of a "middle-aged" cream to put it up in an eight-ounce jar at $50 the fling; and Saks can't keep up with the $50-flingers. It's the famous Formula M_7 for the firming and toning of mature skin, and it doesn't mind saying that its best customers, its most outstanding references, are women over thirty-five. Nor is the energetic blonde who introduced it to us all, Irma Shorell, apparently alarmed by the fact that she is over thirty-five. Indeed, she noises it about quite voluntarily. It couldn't possibly be, do you suppose, that she has reason to know that her good looks speak well for her favourite cream, Formula M_7. . . . More Ready Beauty, page 72.

The Money Look

As The Stockbrokers To Know, Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis deals with one of the most enduringly fashionable Looks in the World. Money.

Fashions change. But not the attractiveness of sound growth or income stocks and bonds. As the Stockbrokers To Know, we concern ourselves with the imaginative yet responsible care, handling, and cultivation of money through investments in securities.

We've been at this seriously since 1879. Quite successfully, too, to judge by our nationwide chain of 49 offices, our status as one of America's most respected investment firms, and by the number of women we list among our clients.

As you know, one of the essential differences between men and women is—that the latter are richer (statistically) than the former. To help you retain that superiority, we suggest you pen a note to our Women's Department for a very fashionable investment publication, telling what Paine, Webber can do for you. It's all about money and how, in our judgment, you may make the most of it.

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Members of the New York Stock Exchange

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Offices Coast to Coast



Controlling interest
after dark, French
Alencon lace elegantly
whitening a film of
black silk L'organza.
. . . unmistakably
Pattullo-Jo Copeland.
Controlling your future,
intelligent investment
policies, unmistakably
Paine, Webber,
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minneapolis



Since when? Since Herculon*.

How can a nice girl like you let pretty pink feet turn blue? No need, you know. Not since Herculon* olefin fiber. The warmest thing that ever happened to toes since baked bricks in bed. Here, snuggled into Delman's long, lean colt-of-a-boot in brown suede Corfam® all laced and piped and glistening. Such a ladylike way to leave feet high and dry, don't you think? About $90.00, to order. At Delman Salons in Bergdorf Goodman, New York; in Nan Duskin Inc., Phila., and in the Delman Salon in Beverly Hills. Also at Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Charles-Sumner, Boston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Julius Garfinckel Co., Wash. D. C.

*Registered trademark of Hercules Incorporated, Wilmington, Delaware for its olefin fiber. Hercules makes the fiber only.

FC 66-10

HERCULES



May a single girl make a Martini for a man?

She may. But only if she makes it well.
A mismade martini can be disastrous
to a flourishing relationship.
Undo a multitude of carefully contrived
good impressions. Let her heed
these simple counsels then, for success:

1. Mix 4 or more parts London Dry
Gordon's Gin to one part high-quality
dry vermouth. (Gentlemen's preferences vary,
but she won't be far off with 4 to 1.)
Stir over ice. The chillier the tastier.
2. And pre-chill the glasses. Extraordinary good effect.
3. Add a twist of lemon peel. The peel, not the fruit.
Zest is the point, not sourness.

Serve with confidence. And mark his look as he sips.
Oh, vital moment! Does he smile,
then ponder fondly? Are there visions of dulcet
domesticity swimming behind his eyes?
Of pampered husbandry, children and collies,
a perfect Gordon's martini awaiting
his key in the lock each eve?
It is not impossible. If she but heed
the rules, she may not remain
a single girl for long.
Oh yes—why Gordon's Gin?
London Dry, arcticly crisp, brisk.
197-year-old English pedigree. Quality.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain.
90 Proof. Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N.J.



Peter Pan picks nautical navy for beach-basking at Kaanapali... about $50.

exclusive at LIBERTY HOUSE HAWAII

photographed by Franco Rubartelli, Kahala, Oahu

Bein Reig sets chocolate lace adrift in a swirling whirl of tiers... 600.

exclusive at LIBERTY HOUSE HAWAII

photographed by Franco Rubartelli, Honolulu, Oahu

Charles Cooper traveling pretty via sunny silk pleats and a floaty scarf... about 140.

exclusive at LIBERTY HOUSE HAWAII

photographed by Franco Rubartelli, Kaanapali, Maui

Charles Cooper views Kaanapali in a chin-cuffed worsted silk spectator... about 140.

exclusive at LIBERTY HOUSE HAWAII

photographed by Franco Rubartelli, Lahaina, Maui

Jean Louis sets the scene for romance with bead-sparkled column of crepe...about 450.

exclusive at LIBERTY HOUSE HAWAII



Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner... splendor caught in gold flashed brocade...750.

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The costliest perfume in the world

New!
Vapomiseur Sprays...





EAU DE JOY

FOR PURSE, FOR TRAVEL • LEAKPROOF AND REFILLABLE



For 1967... Surprisingly New! Superbly Cadillac!

Who else but Cadillac could introduce a personal car as fabulous as the Eldorado—and at the same time offer you eleven more of the newest and most exciting luxury cars ever created! Each new Cadillac is, in its own way, a masterpiece. There is dramatic new styling throughout, beautiful new interiors and a host of significant advancements, including a new padded instrument panel...a more responsive Cadillac engine...improved variable ratio power steering...and a new General Motors-developed energy absorbing steering column. The remarkable new Eldorado—the most eagerly anticipated, most talked about new luxury car of the decade—provides the spirit and action of a performance car with the comfort and elegance of a luxury car. It is the first car in the world to combine front wheel drive, variable ratio power steering and automatic level control for a totally new driving experience. These are but a few of the many achievements that make the 1967 Cadillacs incomparable in comfort, unmatched in performance and unexcelled in safety and convenience. See and drive the extraordinary 1967 Cadillacs before the week is out. You will agree that dignity has never looked so daring!

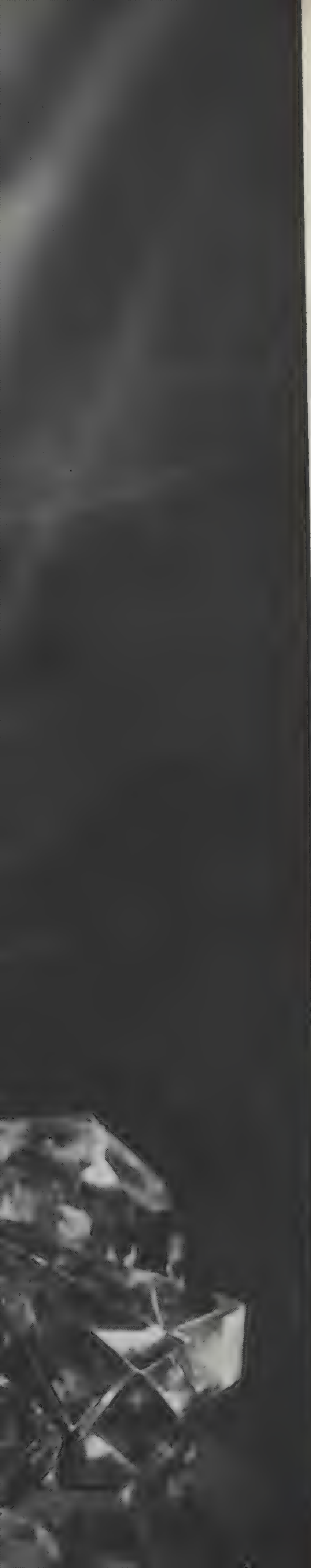
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Cadillac Motor Car Division

And introducing ELDORADO World's Finest Personal Car.







FOR THE MOST BELIEVABLY
NATURAL RADIANCE
OF A LIFETIME–ESTÉE LAUDER
CREATES NEW "YOUTH-SHEEN"
LIQUID AND POWDER

Nature couldn't give you a more enduring young look. Now any woman—at any age—can wear Youth-Sheen at any hour of the day or night for a fresh, gleaming true-to-life sheen that actually seems to radiate from within. Estée Lauder formulated Youth-Sheen in a near-weightless liquid that flows on over the skin like the essence of light itself—and in a miniature compact-ful of shimmering, glimmering, sparkling powder to carry with you all through the day. Wear Youth-Sheen liquid or powder here-and-there over your make-up—or use as a complete make-up itself for a radiance that's dazzling as sunlight on water.

Wear Youth-Sheen every day—and capture the glowing look of young good-health for a lifetime.

Estée Lauder

©1966 ESTEE LAUDER, INC. PHOTOGRAPH: SKREBNESKI DRESS: CHUCK HOWARD OF TOWNLEY.

Slip into something really new:

Slip away to Hawaii's outer islands. Some people call them the "outer islands." Others call them the "neighbor islands." And they're just minutes away from Honolulu and very close to paradise.

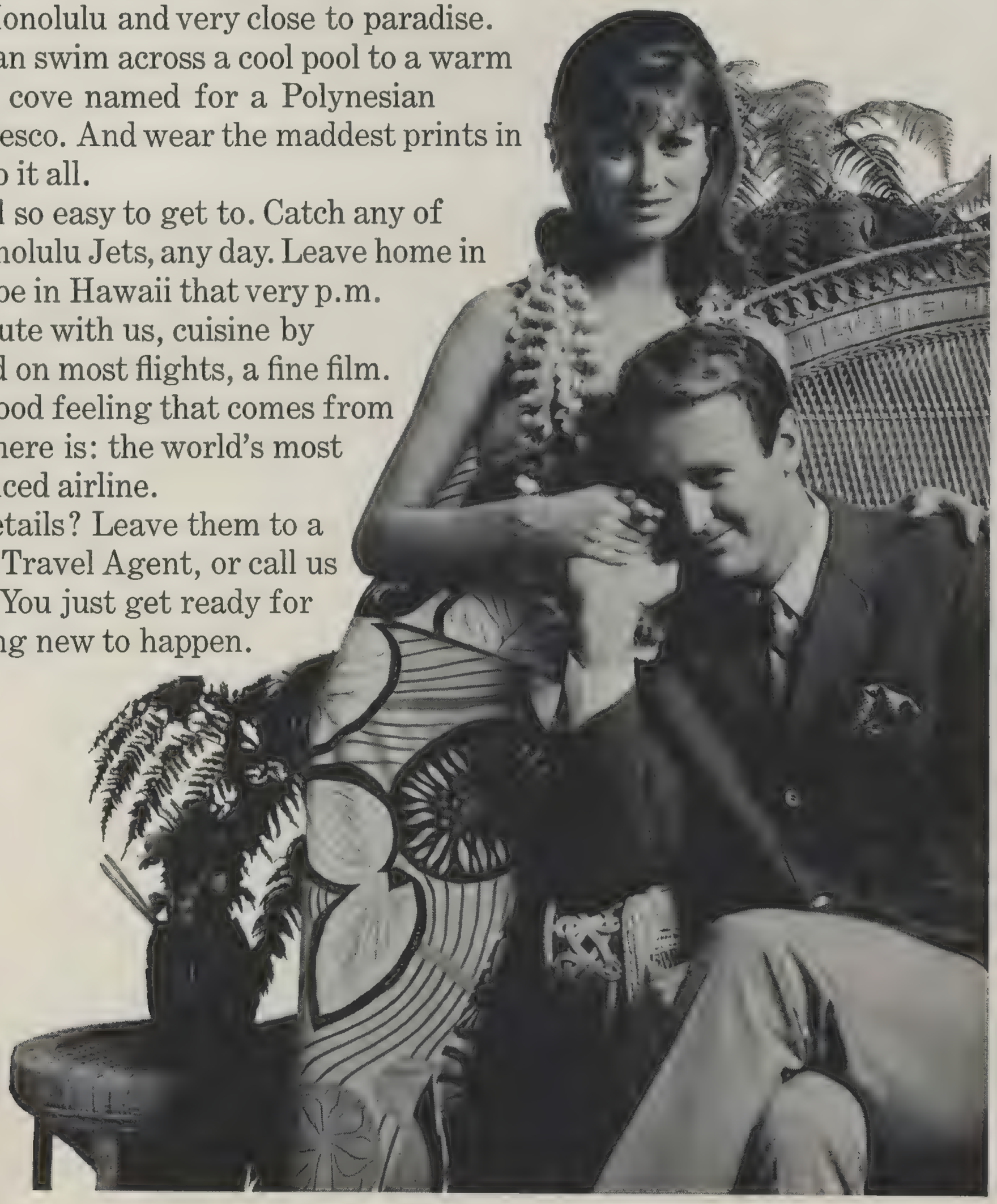
You can swim across a cool pool to a warm waterfall. Discover a cove named for a Polynesian demi-god. Dance al fresco. And wear the maddest prints in the world while you do it all.

It's all so easy to get to. Catch any of our West Coast-to-Honolulu Jets, any day. Leave home in the a.m. and you can be in Hawaii that very p.m.

En route with us, cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris,* and on most flights, a fine film. And, as always, the good feeling that comes from flying the very best there is: the world's most experienced airline.

The details? Leave them to a Pan Am Travel Agent, or call us directly. You just get ready for something new to happen.

PAN AM



This is the color of 'Hawaii'

New... Dorothy Gray's sunlit pink, exotic as an Island flower!

In Liquessence moisturizing lipstick... and to glow with it, 'Diamond Head' Lipgloss, newest white shimmer shade. Each with matching nail enamels, durable and dazzling as pearls. The heavenly highlight... DG's Pearl Eye Shadow.

Follow your wanderlust! Discover 'Hawaii'... the color that could be your passport to paradise.

Dorothy Gray did it!



Glass Case 3.95

Cigarette Case 3.95 Lighter 2.95

Key Kaddy 3.95



Rolfs gets carried away—always.

British Clutch 8.95



You furnish the face, the figure, the femininity. Then add the final fillip of good taste with the subtlety of leather accessories fashioned for the occasion. Like Rolfs Sailor Boy Classic Setmaker, handcrafted of Ricardo Cowhide in French Navy. We won't show you Rolfs matching Billfold or British Purse, so you can have the fun of seeing them yourself at your favorite store at only 6.95 each. See Rolfs accessories for Late Day and Later. Casual accessories, too. Available in Canada.

ROLFS

West Bend, Wisconsin. Also creators of fine Amity Leather Accessories.

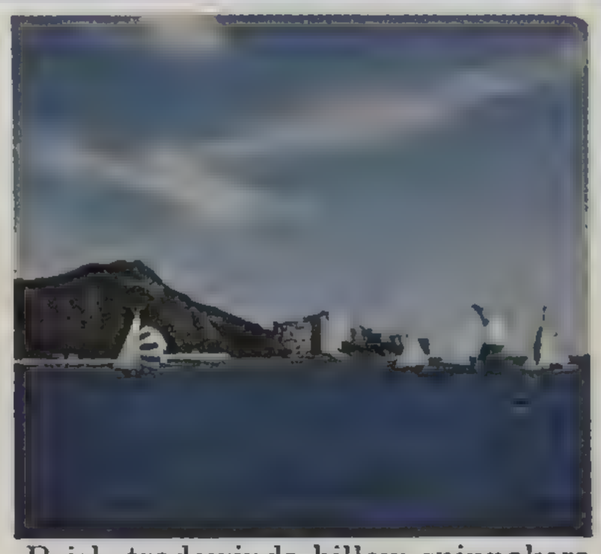
(Shoppers hint: Clip this ad. Use it as your buying guide.)

LIVE YOUR DREAMS IN THE

islands of hawaii



A single face can speak volumes about the classic lure of Polynesia



Brisk tradewinds billow spinnakers as boats race off Waikiki Beach



Helicopters offer the solitude of inaccessible Na Pali Coast beaches



Once whaling capital of the Pacific, old Lahaina drowses peacefully



Polynesian enchantment takes hold as the day slips gently into evening



Festivals dramatize Islands' unique blend of many races and cultures



Snow-capped mountain looms behind Mauna Kea championship course



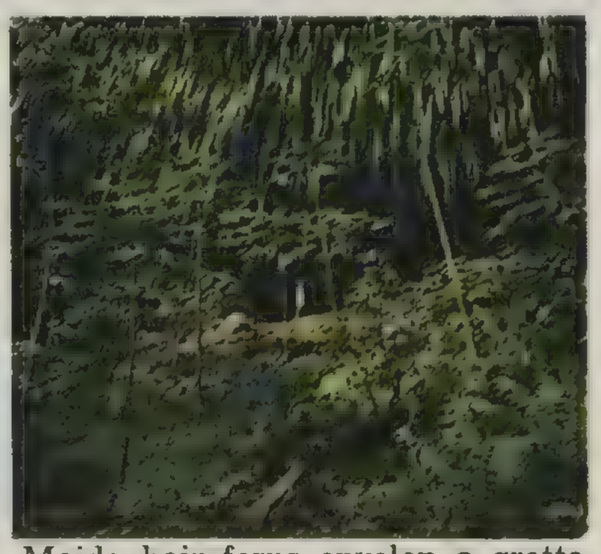
True magic of Hawaii is captured in crescent sweep of Hanalei Bay



Waterfalls plunge spectacularly from cliffs to richly green chasms



Lithesome, lei-bedecked maiden frolics on beach of jet-black sand



Maidenhair ferns envelop a grotto where haunting melodies are sung

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

For further information write Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Waikiki Business Plaza, Suite 837, 2270 Kalakaua Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815

Leopard

Enter, the luxurious little leopard.
St. Thomas relates this rare and beautiful breed to civilization.
To be the aristocrats of your purse.
Baby leopard on fine glove leather, trimmed with supple cowhide.

Framed cigarette case, $4. 6½" Trio purse, $8.50. 4" French purse, $6.50.
Miniature French purse, $5. Framed eyeglass case, $4.50.
Other matching items from $3.50.



At Filene's, Boston; J. Magnin, California, Nevada; J. B. Ivey, Charlotte;
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Foley's, Houston; Bamberger's, New Jersey; Arnold Constable, N.Y;
Sibley's, Rochester; Field-Schlick, St. Paul; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Broadway Dept. Store, So. California;
Woodward & Lothrop; Washington, D.C. All stores, all branches.
St. Thomas, Inc., St. Thomas Place, Gloversville, N.Y.

St. Thomas

Evyan

The Essential Attributes to Loveliness



White Shoulders—Most Precious—Great Lady

Constant companions of beautiful women,
elegant fashions and precious gems.

EVYAN PERFUMES, INC.

Kayser is marvelous in bed

Once upon a time, pajamas were fine for boarding school dormitories and that was about all. Times have changed. Slip into a pair with as much pow as these—and you'll see!

Black bell-bottom trousers and a wild little fling top in French Flame print, about $18. Another fine product of ®.

In Antron® nylon

Kayser-Roth, 640 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10019.

Doris Duke Cooks

In three out of four of her American kitchens Doris Duke cooks with spontaneity, skill, and often in the midst of friends. At Duke Farms in New Jersey the kitchen belongs to Miss Duke's cook, an entirely sympathetic woman who just happens, like most good cooks, to run a closed shop.

In Hawaii and California, and in Newport, Rhode Island, in three enchanting and dissimilar kitchens Miss Duke has, on occasion, her way. From the planning through the eating the progress of a meal becomes an entertainment, at which guests, as in a court masque, are partly audience, partly participants. The food often, but not rigidly, relates to the setting: Oriental food in Hawaii, Spanish or Mexican food in California, lobsters in Newport.

Miss Duke, who was for a period of time a vegetarian, has a large collection of vegetable recipes, and a sure eye for really splendid fruits and vegetables (the fresh tomato juice pressed at Duke Farms is to canned tomato juice what a *premier cru* is to red ink). In the white-tiled vegetable room at Newport in summer, baskets of washed peppers, tomatoes, squashes glisten in a great, multiplied still life. "At pepper time we all get out there and peel peppers," Miss Duke said.

This cooking adventure began in Hawaii. Here, Miss Duke's Japanese cook prepared fish only in the Japanese way—good but repetitious. On the theory that you can't tell others what to do if you can't do it yourself, Miss Duke called on her mother's cook, Mrs. Goudie, who cooks memorably—and claims *The Boston Cook Book* as her source. A debatable point: "She says, 'First you take a little bit of butter,'" said Miss Duke, "but her little bit is always *this* big." Now Miss Duke collects recipes anywhere and everywhere, and has them copied—giving careful credit to her sources—for her several looseleaf recipe notebooks.

In her cool, open Oriental kitchen in Hawaii she may shape a menu around the shellfish curry she learned from the late Freida de Knight, and have it served to guests sitting on poufs at the low Persian dining table (see Page 227) by a maid wearing a kimono.

In her California house the kitchen has a Spanish-Mediterranean look to it, with gleaming terra-cotta floor tiles, a darkly beamed ceiling above rough white plaster walls, and dark wooden cabinet doors latticed in the Spanish manner. The designer Eduardo Tirella helped Miss Duke to plan this vast kitchen with its iron balconies and Spanish lanterns around a great fireplace in which everything—pots, trivets, cranes—is as much for work as for show. Here dinner may include steak or lamb shashlik broiled in the fireplace and served with Greek eggplant (baked with tomatoes, onions, and garlic) at the round kitchen table set with natural straw mats, Mexican pottery and blue-greenish glass, and bunches of geraniums or calendulas.

In Newport the kitchen has the grand scale of Newport "cottages"; a huge black iron coal stove, long wooden work table, walls of white tiles. The fun here is, with guests helping, to pull out the best and most of everything. Covered gold and silver dishes and compotes, family crystal, magnificent porcelains are set up on a buffet—a fantastic treasure display set in the solarium where seventy-five candles burn in bronze Empire torchères. Tree-sized coral geraniums and hanging baskets of flowers line the tall windows on three sides of the solarium. Outside the ocean crashes. Dinner arrives wheeled from the kitchen through the dim, high Great Hall hung with antique flags and tapestries, and into the solarium in a procession that might have begun in a Cocteau film.

In spite of the perfectionism of the performance from start to finish, Miss Duke has, she said, only one fixed rule: "I never salt fish or meat before I cook it, because it makes it tough."

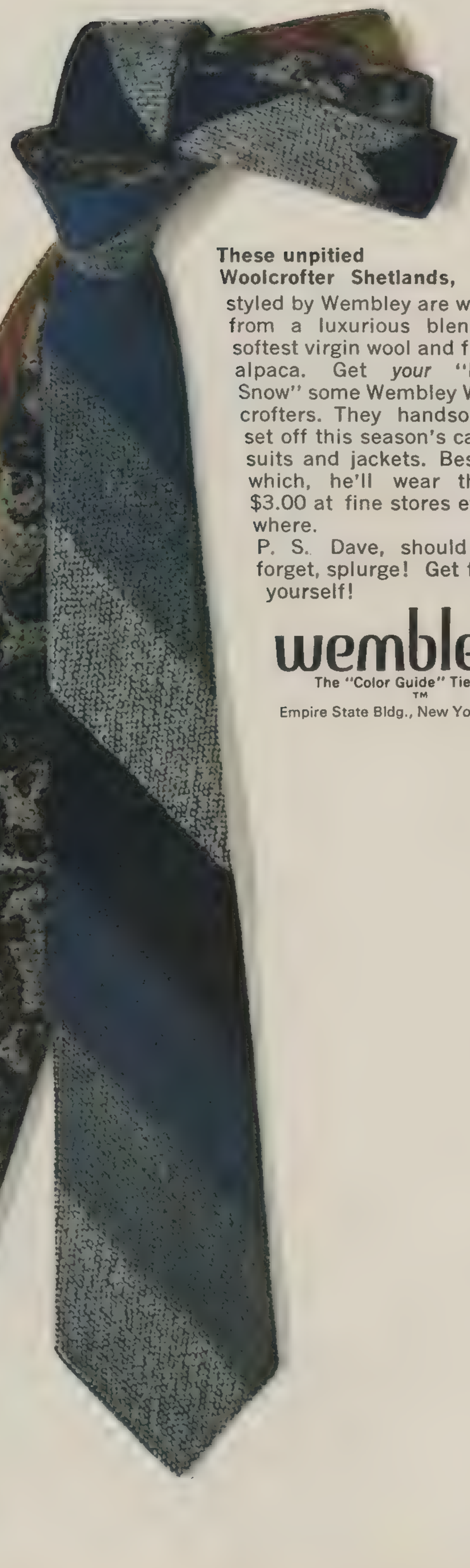
(Continued on page 68)



Dave Snow owns 43 neckties. He only wears 11 of them.

Pity the rest aren't WEMBLEYS.





These unpitied Woolcrofter Shetlands, styled by Wembley are woven from a luxurious blend of softest virgin wool and finest alpaca. Get *your* "Dave Snow" some Wembley Woolcrofters. They handsomely set off this season's casual suits and jackets. Besides which, he'll wear them! $3.00 at fine stores everywhere.

P. S. Dave, should she forget, splurge! Get them yourself!

wembley®
The "Color Guide" Tie
™
Empire State Bldg., New York City



How to tell the Rolls Royces from the Edsels. Like cars, some clothes are built for mileage and some for the moment. To have a wardrobe that doesn't obsolete itself, buy what you like, bypass the fads.

A look of your own. If you know your style and dress up to it, fads will come, but the things you select as "you" can go on forever. Look how a certain Swedish actress still dresses. Can you imagine that fabulous Italian film beauty in a mini-skirt?

One of the new models. Very elegant brocade coat over a flowing, slightly sensuous crepe dress. In citron or lime with white, 8-18 sizes; about 70.00 at stores you like. Or write: 498 7th Avenue,N.Y. **RONA**

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

Mr. John

designs for
the world's best-dressed...
in Fouke-dyed
Black Alaska fur seal,
the limited
edition fur.



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350 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10001

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BOSTON

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© CHARLES OF THE RITZ 1966



BETWEEN your twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth birthday, those intriguing and attracting little laugh lines around your eyes suddenly seem a mite deeper. And is it possible that your neck and jaw sag just an iota? Charles of the Ritz helps to keep in check the two most outspoken age areas with two formulated concentrates.

(1) EYE OIL CONCENTRATE to use daily, nightly, anytime you can. Fingerprint it on, don't rub. Use sparingly. It's a highly refined combination of oils specially made for this tender area, and

(2) THROAT CREAM CONCENTRATE, a superb lubricant cagily packaged in a massage-on container, so that the stroking on of the cream helps give the benefits of a good massage.

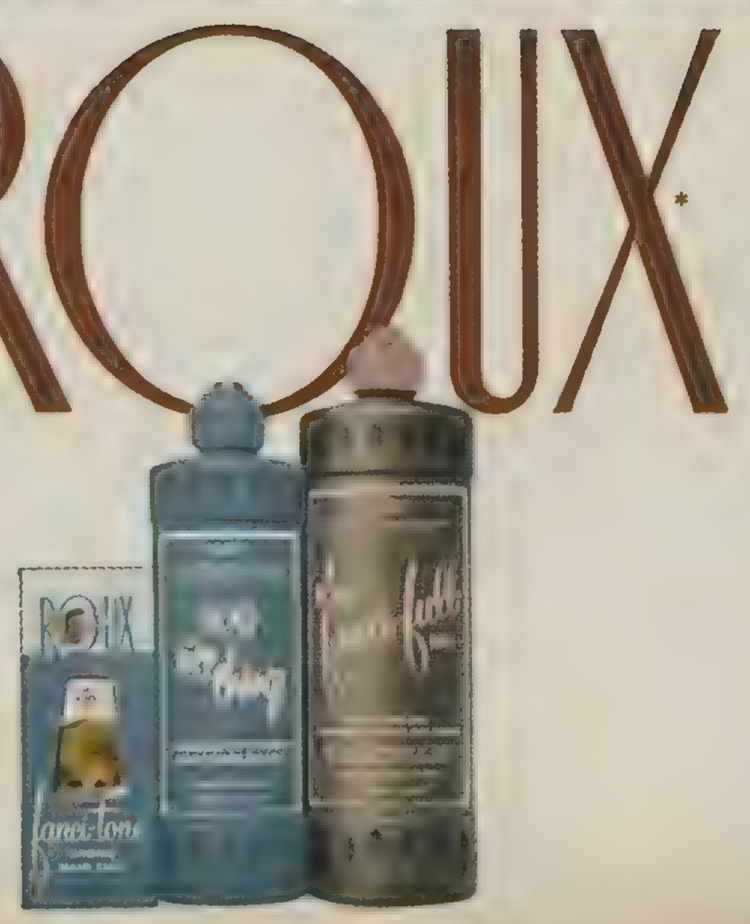
Eye Oil Concentrate, 6.00. Throat Cream 5.00. Are you worth it?

Charles of the Ritz

Pamper yourself!

Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

Tired of ordinary hair color? Pamper yourself. Visit your hairdresser, say "Roux," and enjoy the luxury of *professional* hair coloring. ■ Roux stands high with knowing hairdressers because it provides such natural looking colors for gray or dull hair. And such whisper-soft toning colors for bleached hair. And because Roux caresses your hair with a livelier glow . . . makes it more exciting to look at and to touch, and so helps you to feel more exciting! ■ So if you've tired of the ordinary, go see your hairdresser. It's worth it!



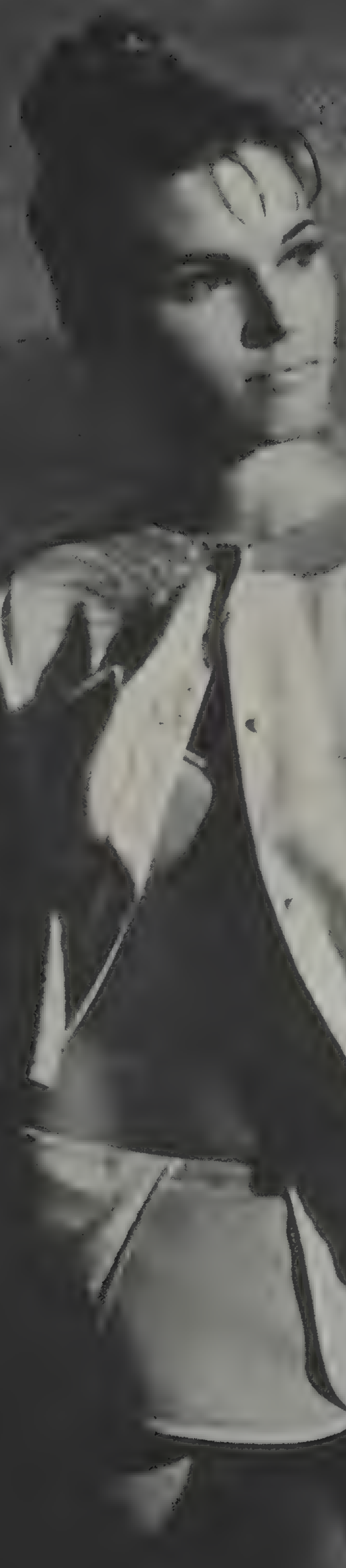
Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG. TRADE MARK ©1968 ROUX LABORATORIES, INC.

Malia

Hawaii is king on surf-power. What it all means: delectable sea-colorings, a little apron of petals, a kimono top. A fashion story, like the movie, with powerful direction. Outfit in Celanese Arnel® Crepe in combinations of green, blue, yellow, pink. Hip-rider swimsuit, 6 to 16, $20. Jacket, 6 to 16, $25.



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Burdine's, Miami
Battelstein's, Houston
Bullock's, Los Angeles
Liberty House, Honolulu

James Michener's
HAWAII
THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PROUDLY PRESENTS
JULIE ANDREWS
MAX VON SYDOW
RICHARD HARRIS
in THE GEORGE ROY HILL WALTER MIRISCH PRODUCTION
released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Kahala Sportswear, Ltd.

Hawaii stripes: coloramics that range this way—lime through lilac, with hot pink, orange and lemon and white in between. The beachcoat and swimsuit here in 100% Celanese Arnel® point out that Hawaii tailors —like the movie-makers—can turn out a Classic. Makalii (mini) shift, S, M, L, $20. Swimsuit, 8 to 16, $20.

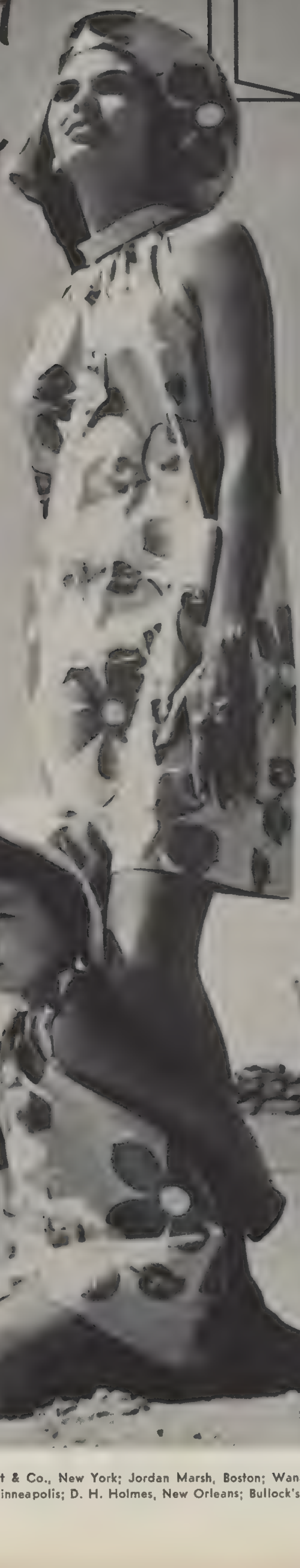
Available at:
B. Altman, New York
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
J. L. Hudson, Detroit
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Famous-Barr, St. Louis
Sakowitz, Houston
Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles
Bullock's, Downtown Los Angeles
Bullock's, Santa Ana
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle
Carol & Mary, Honolulu

James Michener's
HAWAII
THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PROUDLY PRESENTS
JULIE ANDREWS
MAX VON SYDOW
RICHARD HARRIS
in THE GEORGE ROY HILL-WALTER MIRISCH PRODUCTION
released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Sunny styles by

nalii

HONOLULU, HAWAII



Bow-back halter shifts and matching hats in Pastel Pareau from Nalii. Many more mother*/daughter playtime styles. Many more playmate prints — all in vivid tropical colors.

**Junior shift modeled by Elizabeth White Logue who plays the role of Noelani in the motion picture "Hawaii."*

James Michener's
HAWAII
THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PROUDLY PRESENTS
JULIE ANDREWS
RICHARD HARRIS
in THE GEORGE ROY HILL-WALTER MIRISCH PRODUCTION
released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Nalii Junior & Children's fashions at Best & Co., New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Halle Bros., Cleveland; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Bullock's, Los Angeles, Del Amo, San Fernando, Santa Ana . . . and at better stores in Honolulu

Surf Line

Polynesian culotte, cut to catch the sun. The Hawaii plot: pure color, interest from start to finish. The extra on the scene, a drawstring tote, plastic lined. Culotte of cotton sateen print by AMERITEX in gold, green or rust, 5 to 13, $17. Tote, $4.

Available at:
Best & Co., New York
Sanger-Harris, Dallas
Liberty House, Honolulu



step into the wildlife preserved by baba kea

No back dare-to-be-bare in theness, an ours-alone print in cotton crepe. White accentuates tropical papaya orange or sour lime. Get the point across briefly. About $22. Plunging sideslashed top falls freely over wide-stride pants. Jersey, in sour lime, passionfruit purple or papaya orange with purple velvet trim. A wild pair. About $40.

For Hawaii's tropical rain forests, cool mountains or sun-drenched beaches, one lushly colorful thing leads to another at Bloomingdales, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Stewart's, Louisville; H & S Pogue, Cincinnati; May D&F, Denver; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Liberty House, Honolulu; Burdine's, Miami; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; G. Fox, Hartford; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; William Hengerer, Buffalo; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Sanger Harris, Dallas; and at fine specialty stores, captured for you by

baba kea

exclusive print by Chrisali Fabrics. Papier-Mache fruit jewelry by A.B.K.

Same as whenever

HAWAII

THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PROUDLY PRESENTS

JULIE ANDREWS
MAX VON SYDOW
RICHARD HARRIS

in THE GEORGE ROY HILL-WALTER MIRISCH PRODUCTION

released thru UNITED ARTISTS



SUN FASHIONS OF HAWAII, LTD.

1540 B Makaloa Street, Honolulu, Hawaii, LOS ANGELES OFFICE: Roger Del Monte, Rm. 1128, California Mart
110 E. 9th St., NEW YORK: Mike Bausher, 1410 Broadway

Available at: Peck & Peck, Fifth Ave. & branches • Halle Bros., Cleveland • J. L. Hudson, Detroit • Sanger-Harris, Dallas • J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles • Andrade, Honolulu

How to buy a perfume

by Christian Dior

It's easy, of course. You just tell the salesgirl what you want and charge it, please.

But if you're not sure what you want—or if you're ready to try something new—here are a few suggestions.

Be sure that you test the new perfume by spraying it. Ask the salesperson to spray a little in the air near you to see if you like it. If it appeals to you, then spray your forearm. Don't rub it. That changes the fragrance.

but never!

Incidentally, never test a perfume by sniffing the top of the tester bottle. That perfume is almost certainly rancid.

And don't try out a perfume by dabbing it on your arm. You'll get a heavy concentration in one spot—not at all like the true fragrance.

give it time

If you like the spray effect, go ahead and buy the perfume. If you're uncertain about it, give it 15 or 20 minutes to develop. Go buy some new stockings. But save some money because you may find that the perfume you're testing is just what you want when it has reached full bloom.

Now it's a question of what size to buy.

Don't buy too large a bottle.

like fine wine

Not just because you want to be sure your husband approves of your choice but because you should always buy perfume in small quantities. Perfume, like wine, changes once the bottle is open. So buy a smallish bottle and use it up quickly. If you happen to have several bottles, store the reserve in a dark place and away from heat.

don't dab

A great deal has been said about how to wear perfume. Most of what has been said is nonsense. Perfume should not be dabbed behind the ears or rubbed on the pulse spots. It should be sprayed with an atomizer. The gentle mist of a spray is more effective than a dab on the wrist, more economical and more appreciated by your admirers.

Today it's no longer necessary to transfer perfume to a special atomizer before spraying. Some of the world's finest perfumes are available in atomizers and you can spray from the original bottle.

Furthermore the new spray atomizers are completely air-tight and leak-proof down to the last drop. Sprays are small enough to carry in your handbag, too, so you can renew your perfume conveniently every 3 or 4 hours. Naturally, atomizers are ideal for traveling.

always "on-stage"

How much perfume should you put on?

Just enough to prove that you're both a woman and a lady. Perfume should attract; too much can repel. It should be a subtle suggestion; not an open invitation.

"subtle" is the word

And wear perfume regularly as you do lipstick —as an essential part of good grooming.

There are many fine perfumes available. Most of the best are made in France, of course. At least a few of these will be right for you. Just take the time to select carefully.

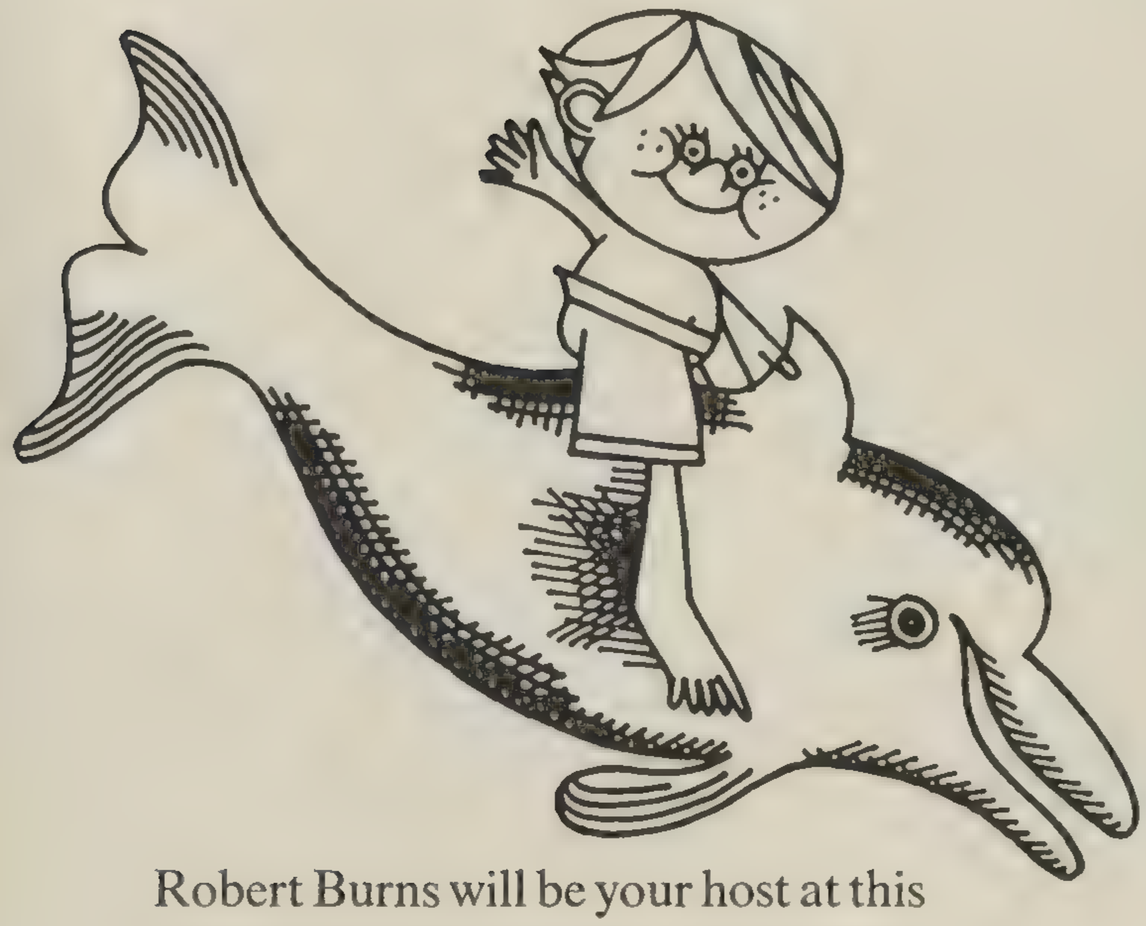
And there's one name in the perfume field you can always count on—Christian Dior. You can almost surely find a Dior perfume to suit any mood—

Miss Dior . Diorama . Diorissimo . Dioring

all different, all modern and all now available in spray perfume atomizers.



At the Kahala Hilton in Honolulu even the porpoises go out of their way to make you feel welcome.



Robert Burns will be your host at this remarkably beautiful hotel, located on the ocean near Diamond Head.
Along with an oval-shaped pool glittering with fresh turquoise water, you'll have a sweeping beach, two off-shore islands made for picnics. And a private lagoon where pet porpoises put on a show just to amuse you. The hotel is 100% air-conditioned. The guest rooms (with "his and hers" baths) are sumptuous. The service, very special indeed. And if you can tear yourself away, free bus service will have you in Waikiki in 15 minutes. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

Kahala Hilton
Honolulu

Go international—with all the comforts of Hilton

Doris Duke Cooks

(Continued from page 55)

Menus from Doris Duke
Recipes for starred dishes follow.

MENU I: VEGETARIAN DINNER
Indian soup*
Beets with oranges
Lima beans in sour cream
Baked acorn squash
Fresh raspberry ice
Cider or white wine

MENU II
Shellfish curry Freida de Knight*
Green salad
Brie cheese with thin, dark Finn Crisps
Sliced oranges with grated coconut
Chablis, possibly a Sancerre

MENU III
Artichoke hollandaise
Carbonado*
Endive salad
Danish apple torte
A good Burgundy

Indian Soup
Serves four to six

1 cup split lentils (orange)
¼ teaspoon turmeric
Vegetable oil
6 small leeks, cut up
3 potatoes, peeled and diced
1 eggplant, diced
3-4 tomatoes, diced
2 heaping tablespoons grated coconut
Handful cashews
Handful peanuts
2 teaspoons mustard seeds
1 green pepper, diced
1-2 Bermuda onions, diced
1 cup long-grained rice, cooked
1 teaspoon curry powder
Small pinch black pepper
Small pinch chili powder
2 teaspoons sesame powder

Wash lentils, cover with 1½ cups of water. Bring to a boil. Lower heat and cook for about 12 minutes, add turmeric and a few drops of vegetable oil.

In a separate pot, cook leeks (leaves and all), potatoes, and eggplant in a little water.

To the lentils add tomatoes plus 1½ cups of water, and boil

(Continued on page 70)

YOUNG VIEWPOINT
KNITS FOR THE NONCHALANTS



The urbane dress and jacket on the opposite page is at these fine stores:

ARIZONA
Phoenix, *Goldwaters*
CONNECTICUT
Hartford, *G. Fox & Co.*
New London, *Woman's Shop*
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, D. C., *Julius Garfinckel*
FLORIDA
Jacksonville, *Ivey's*
Miami, *Jordan Marsh*
Tampa, *Maas Bros.*
GEORGIA
Atlanta, *J. P. Allen*
Savannah, *Fine's, Inc.*
ILLINOIS
Chicago, *Marshall Field*
Freeport, *Borcher, Inc.*
Streator, *Esther Kirk*
INDIANA
Indianapolis, *L. S. Ayres*
Michigan City, *Ohming's*
Terre Haute, *Meis Bros.*
IOWA
Cedar Rapids, *Armstrong's*
Des Moines, *Younker Bros.*
KENTUCKY
Lexington, *Wolf Wile Co.*
Louisville, *Stewart's*
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge, *Rosenfield's*
New Orleans, *Gus Mayer*
Shreveport, *Rubenstein's*
MAINE
Lewiston, *Ward Bros.*
Portland, *Porteous, Mitchel, & Braun*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *Hochschild, Kohn*
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *R. H. Stearns Co.*
Springfield, *Albert Steiger*
Worcester, *Richard Healy Co.*
MICHIGAN
Detroit, *J. L. Hudson*
Flint, *Herbert N. Bush, Inc.*
Jackson, *Jacobson's*
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, *Young-Quinlan Rothschild*
MISSOURI
Kansas City, *Harzfeld's*
St. Louis, *Stix, Baer & Fuller*
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, *Kistler, Collister & Co.*
NEW YORK
Albany, *Flah's of Albany*
Binghamton, *Drazen's City of Fashion*
Buffalo, *L. L. Berger*
Rochester, *B. Forman Co.*
Syracuse, *Flah & Co.*
NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte, *Ivey's*
OHIO
Akron, *Polsky's*
Canton, *Stern & Mann*
Cincinnati, *Shillito's*
Cleveland, *Halle Bros.*
Columbus, *F & R Lazarus*
Dayton, *Rike-Kumler*
Toledo, *Lamson's*
Youngstown, *Livingstons*
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City, *Rothschilds*
Tulsa, *Vandevers*
PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona, *Meyer Jonasson*
Easton, *Grollman's*
Lancaster, *Hager's*
Philadelphia, *Strawbridge & Clothier*
Pittsburgh, *Jos. Horne Co.*
Reading, *Whitner's*
RHODE ISLAND
Providence, *Gladding's*
TENNESSEE
Chattanooga, *Loveman s*
Knoxville, *Miller's*
Nashville, *Cain-Sloan*
TEXAS
Dallas, *Sanger-Harris*
Houston, *Foley's*
San Antonio, *Frost Bros.*
UTAH
Salt Lake City, *Z.C.M.I.*
VIRGINIA
Norfolk, *Ames & Brownley*
Roanoke, *S. H. Heironimus*
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston, *The Diamond*
Clarksburg, *Broida's*
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, *Smartwear-Emma Lange*
Sheboygan, *H. C. Prange*

YOUNG VIEWPOINT
1400 Broadway, New York 10018

HAT: MR. JOHN

YOUNG VIEWPOINT KNITS FOR

THE NONCHALANTS

Show Spot. The Kahala Hilton, Honolulu.
Poised, polished...in the manner of the Nonchalants.
Young Viewpoint states it urbanely in a
dress and jacket of unimpeachable ease.
The yarn is Tycora—of continuous
filament Creslan acrylic and polyester.
For a shape that stays. And for wayfaring ways.
All fashion colors. 12½ to 22½. About $80.
At all stores—Lord & Taylor and I. Magnin.

See opposite page for other stores.

tycora Creslan®

T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC.

T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE FABULOUS KAHALA HILTON, HONOLULU.



FINDING THE REAL HAWAII IS AS SIMPLE AS A SMILE

Jet *all the way* to Paradise. The Hawaii of smiles and sun-kissed isles is waiting for you aboard your Hawaiian Airlines royal jet flight to the glorious Neighbor Islands. The few jet-magic minutes of your Hawaiian Airlines flight leads you to the loveliest isles set in any ocean; the enchanting Neighbor Islands of Kauai; Maui and Hawaii itself. Heavenly things happen . . . starting with a smile . . . on Hawaiian Airlines, flying DC-9 Fan Jets to the real Hawaii.

Call your Travel Agent for details.

HAWAIIAN AIRLINES

Holder Of The World's Safety Record

Doris Duke Cooks

(Continued from page 68)

for about 5 minutes. Combine cooked vegetables with lentils. Cover and continue cooking for 10 minutes. Add coconut, nuts, and 3 cups of water. Turn off heat to settle vegetables.

In another small, heavy pot, cook mustard seeds in 2 tablespoons of very hot vegetable oil until the seeds pop open. Lower heat. Add green pepper and onions and cook until just tender, but not brown. When done, combine with lentils. Drain liquid (not too carefully) for soup. Add cooked rice to remaining vegetables to make a separate dish. Sprinkle both soup and vegetables with curry powder, chili powder, and black pepper. Add powdered sesame seed to vegetables only.

Note: The small orange Indian lentils ($.35 a pound) and the mustard seed ($.79 a pound) may be bought from: George K. Simis, International Grocery and Meat Market, 529 Ninth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018.

Shellfish Curry à la Freida de Knight

Serves four to six

½ cup vegetable oil
Lawry's Seasoned Salt
1 clove garlic, minced
1 green pepper, coarsely chopped
1 red pepper, coarsely chopped
1 branch celery, chopped
1 small can water chestnuts
1 can chicken broth
Small pinch basil
Small pinch rosemary
Curry powder
Paprika
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup macadamia nuts, chopped
2 tablespoons coconut chips
1 bouillon cube
1 cup long-grained rice
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ pound crabmeat or lobster
Parsley, chopped
2 green tomatoes, peeled, cored, and quartered
1½ pounds shrimp, cleaned, veined, and split
Salt and pepper

(Continued on page 132)

TANNEL KNITS FOR THE NONCHALANTS



The easy costume on the opposite page is at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
Birmingham, *Burger-Phillips*
COLORADO
Denver, *Neusteter's*
CONNECTICUT
Hartford, *Sage, Allen & Co.*
New Haven, *Martha West*
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Julius Garfinckel
FLORIDA
Miami, *Jordan Marsh*
Tampa, *Maas Bros.*
GEORGIA
Atlanta, *Rich's*
ILLINOIS
Chicago, *Marshall Field*
INDIANA
Indianapolis, *L. S. Ayres*
South Bend, *Frances Shop*
IOWA
Des Moines, *Younker Bros.*
KENTUCKY
Louisville, *Stewart's*
LOUISIANA
New Orleans, *Godchaux's*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *Stewart's*
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *Jordan Marsh*
Springfield, *Albert Steiger*
MICHIGAN
Detroit, *J. L. Hudson*
Jackson, *Jacobson's*
MISSOURI
Kansas City, *Harzfeld's*
St. Louis, *Stix, Baer & Fuller*
NEW JERSEY
Newark, *Hahne & Co.*
NEW YORK
Albany, *Honigsbaum's*
Buffalo, *Wm. Hengerer*
New York City, *Lord & Taylor*
Syracuse, *Addis Co.*
NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte, *Ivey's*
OHIO
Cincinnati, *H. S. Pogue Co.*
Cleveland, *Halle Bros.*
Columbus, *F. & R. Lazarus*
Dayton, *Rike-Kumler*
Toledo, *Lamson's*
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia, *Strawbridge & Clothier*
Pittsburgh, *Kaufmann's*
Reading, *C. K. Whitner Co.*
TENNESSEE
Memphis, *Goldsmith's*
Nashville, *Cain-Sloan*
TEXAS
Dallas, *Sanger-Harris*
Houston, *Sakowitz Bros.*
San Antonio, *Frost Bros.*
UTAH
Salt Lake City, *ZCMI*
VIRGINIA
Richmond, *Ardley*
WISCONSIN
Green Bay, *H. C. Prange*
Milwaukee, *Smartwear-Emma Lang*
Sheboygan, *H. C. Prange*

TANNEL KNITS
1400 Broadway, New York 10018

ALL SHOES: I. MILLER

TANNEL KNITS FOR

THE NONCHALANTS

Dynamic Hawaii. Upstaged!
By the breezy, easy manner of the Nonchalants. Tannel takes on their air in a costume that doubles in dash. The yarn is Tycora—of continuous filament Creslan acrylic, linen and triacetate. For smooth fit and impeccable packability. 8 to 18. About $70. At all stores—Peck & Peck and I. Magnin.

See opposite page for other stores.

tycora YARN OF Creslan®

T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC. T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

AT THE KAHALA HILTON, HONOLULU.

hawaii**

Vacation Tips

COSTS—Jet fares are as low as $200 roundtrip from Pacific Coast, $380 from Midwest, $490.69 from East Coast (this Fall there will be special "Discover America" transcontinental excursion fares); luxury ocean liner economy class from $280, first class from $414 roundtrip from Pacific Coast.

WHAT TO BRING—Naturally, you needn't bother with passports, visas or inoculations. Our average 74° temperature means you only need clothes for one climate. Supplement your wardrobe with some of our colorful Hawaiian leisure fashions. And don't forget your camera!

THINGS TO DO—Lie on a beach, ride a wave, learn the hula, eat sushi, hit a hole-in-one, watch a sunset, go to a luau, sail a catamaran, sip a mai-tai, spear a fish, inspect a palace, give a lei, visit a Buddhist temple, study a volcano, wear a muu-muu, smile!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, AIRLINE OR STEAMSHIP REPRESENTATIVE OR MAIL THE COUPON BELOW TODAY.

Mr. R. C. Allen
Hawaii Visitors Bureau
2270 Kalakaua Avenue, Suit 857
Honolulu, Hawaii 96815
We are interested in Hawaii!... Please send us your suggestions for a Fabulous Fall vacation.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR



Efficient chap

The Baron is a clever chap. Seems to know that an attaché case, a desk drawer, the glove compartment of a car are practically made to order to accommodate certain pleasant grooming aids for men. Providing those grooming aids are organized—and encompassing. That's why The Travelling Baron, Evyan's newest grooming collection for men, has just now issued itself as follows: as a neat little open-out container with compact but generous portions of these good things—after-shave lotion, cologne, superb, scentless roll-on deodorant. And—first to our marvelling eyes, this new way of dispensing talcum powder to face, palms, pate—a roll-on talcum powder. All very nice, but there's still more that's likeable about The Travelling Baron. A small pocket mirror has been stealthily slipped into the side of the total package. Over-all measurement of unit, 6″ x 5″. Not bad for being concise, what? Box, like contents, dressed in a leathery-dark shade of brown. Price is compact too: $7.50.

. . . and more and more chaps

We'd like to believe there are as many men in the world as there are products to gussy up the chaps. (We'd also like to believe that even a percentage of the men one sees about might be as handsomely turned out as some of their grooming aids—the brilliant package-designing in this field would make a fair subject for a good-design award.) Anyway, these next two months will help tell the story of what is going to be what, and who is here to stay—and enormously affecting this will be *women*. Women have made many of the initial purchases that have made product-addicts out of men. To help guide the guides, the next issue of Vogue will do some sorting of the several categories of men's looks-aids. It will clarify, we think, the rôle and limits of each product; will be responsible, quite possibly, for introductions to things you may not have known existed. If you take a man seriously, see November 15 Vogue. . . .

EMERY
KNITS FOR THE NONCHALANTS

The dashing A-line dress on the opposite page is at these fine stores:



CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles, *Bullock's*
San Francisco, *Ransohoffs*
COLORADO
Denver, *Neusteter's*
CONNECTICUT
Hartford, *G. Fox & Co.*
New Haven, *Virginia Shop*
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Julius Garfinckel
FLORIDA
Miami, *Burdine's*
Tampa, *Maas Bros.*
GEORGIA
Atlanta, *Davison, Paxon*
INDIANA
South Bend, *Milady Shop*
ILLINOIS
Chicago, *Marshall Field*
KANSAS
Wichita, *Henry's*
LOUISIANA
New Orleans, *Godchaux's*
Shreveport, *The Fashion*
MAINE
Lewiston, *Ward's*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *Hochschild, Kohn*
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *Filene's*
MICHIGAN
Detroit, *J. L. Hudson*
Jacobson Stores
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, *Dayton's*
MISSOURI
Kansas City, *Harzfeld's*
St. Louis, *Famous-Barr*
NEBRASKA
Lincoln, *Hovland-Swanson*
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City, *Homberger's*
Newark, *Bamberger's*
Plainfield, *Tepper's*
NEW YORK
Rochester, *B. Forman Co.*
OHIO
Canton, *Stern & Mann*
Cincinnati, *Gidding-Jenny*
Cleveland, *Halle Bros.*
Columbus, *F. & R. Lazarus*
Dayton, *Rike-Kumler*
Shaker Heights, *Lota Kelly*
Toledo, *Mark Klaus*
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia, *The Blum Store*
Pittsburgh, *Kaufmann's*
TEXAS
Houston, *Sakowitz Bros.*
WASHINGTON
Seattle, *Frederick & Nelson*
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, *Boston Store*

EMERY KNITS
1410 Broadway, New York 10018

JEWELRY: HATTIE CARNEGIE

EMERY KNITS FOR

THE NONCHALANTS

Dazzling Hawaii. Upstaged! By the dashing, smashing manner of the Nonchalants. Emery, designed by Micia Jr. of Rome, sees it as an A-line. Sharp. Shimmering. The elegant mood! The yarn is Tycora— of continuous filament Creslan acrylic spiked with metallic. For calm crush resistance, sureness of shape. For travel with affable ease. Silver/white. 3 to 13. About $40. At all stores Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus.

See opposite page for other stores.

tycora
YARN OF
T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC.

Creslan®
T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

AT THE KAHALA HILTON, HONOLULU.



Look for this RAINPIPER tag in leading stores everywhere. From $7.

- Rust-Proof
- Feather Light
- Super Strong
- Frame to Fabric Color Coordination
- In a Host of Colors and Styles

RAINPIPER is another fine product of
ABERDEEN MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 – Dept. V

Rainpiper is a registered trademark of Aberdeen Manufacturing Corporation

There are two Vogues in November

Don't miss Vogue for November 15

Short evening dresses to wear this minute

Tips from wizard shoppers on what to give for Christmas

Hawaiian Clothes

Following is a list of shops where many of the clothes designed in Hawaii, and shown on pages 213-217 may be found.

Cleveland, Ohio.....Halle Bros.
Denver, Colorado.....May D. & F.
Detroit, Michigan.....J. L. Hudson
Hawaii.....Liberty House
Jacksonville, Florida.....Furchgott's
Lincoln, Nebraska.....Hovland-Swanson
Los Angeles, California Bullock's, Downtown
Memphis, Tennessee.....Goldsmith's
Miami, Florida.....Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.....Boston Store
New Orleans, Louisiana.....D. H. Holmes
St. Louis, Missouri.....Stix, Baer & Fuller
Seattle, Washington.....Best's Apparel
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop

RICHTONE
KNITS FOR THE NONCHALANTS



The spirited shift on the opposite page is at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
Birmingham, *Blach's*
CALIFORNIA
Glendale, *H. S. Webb*
San Francisco, *Ransohoffs*
COLORADO
Denver, *Amter's*
CONNECTICUT
New Canaan, *Martha West*
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Woodward & Lothrop
FLORIDA
Miami, *Burdine's*
ILLINOIS
Chicago, *John T. Shayne*
Waukegan, *Hein Co.*
INDIANA
Terre Haute, *Meis Bros.*
IOWA
Cedar Rapids, *Armstrong's*
Des Moines, *Wolf's*
Sioux City, *Fishgall's*
KANSAS
Wichita, *Henry's*
KENTUCKY
Louisville, *Stewart's*
LOUISIANA
New Orleans, *Kreeger's*
Shreveport, *Rubenstein's*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *Hecht Co.*
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *R. H. Stearns Co.*
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, *Jackson-Graves*
MISSOURI
St. Louis, *Famous-Barr*
NEBRASKA
Omaha, *Haas-Aquila*
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City, *Homberger's*
NEW YORK
Albany, *Flah's of Albany*
Syracuse, *Flah & Co.*
NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, *Contessa*
OHIO
Cincinnati, *Shillito's*
Cleveland, *May Co.*
Dayton, *Billie Lewis*
Toledo, *Lamson's*
Youngstown, *Strouss-Hirshberg*
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City, *Street's*
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia, *The Blum Store*
Pittsburgh, *Linton's*
RHODE ISLAND
Providence, *The Peerless Co.*
TENNESSEE
Memphis, *Julius Lewis*
TEXAS
El Paso, *White House*
Ft. Worth, *Wally Williams*
Houston, *Wolfman's*
San Antonio, *Frost Bros.*
VIRGINIA
Newport News, *Nachman's*
WASHINGTON
Seattle, *Best's Apparel*
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, *Hixon's*

RICHTONE KNITS
1375 Broadway, New York 10018





NEW SPIRITED PRINTS IN KNITS FOR

THE NONCHALANTS

Radiant Hawaii. Upstaged!
By the verve and vivacious manner of the Nonchalants.

Richtone Knits captures their spirit in a sleeveless shift with broad splashes of parfait tones. All stores J. W. Robinson, Peck & Peck.

Joe Frank turns to a long sleeve dress patterned with small irregular blocks. At Battelstein's of Texas.

See opposite page for other stores.

Fabrics are by Forum—of Tycora yarn of continuous filament Creslan acrylic. For a crush resistant character. And a fit with finesse. Both 8 to 16. About $50.

tycora® YARN OF Creslan®

T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC. T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

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Lingerie—the subject is roses

A pretty short-short chemise, *above*, of roses-on-pink chiffon —cut straight across the top, with tiny string straps, lacy hem. *Below:* Matching roses for a brassière with a smidge of padding, écru lace touches, wide-set straps; more roses for a tiny bikini pantie with lace around the legs. Chemise ($10) by Fischer. Coordinate brassière, of Lycra and stretch lace ($10), and the bikini pantie ($8), by Sarong. All three of polyester chiffon. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Liberty House, Honolulu.



PENATI

CALEDONIA
KNITS FOR THE NONCHALANTS

The scintillating dress on the opposite page is at these fine stores:



ARKANSAS
Hot Springs, *Eleanor Harris*
CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles, *J. W. Robinson*
Los Angeles, *Bullock's*
Los Angeles, *Lane Bryant*
Palm Desert, *Edith Morre Fashions*
Pasadena, *Drapers*
San Francisco, *Lane Bryant*
CONNECTICUT
New Canaan, *Martha West*
New Haven, *Martha West*
DELAWARE
Wilmington, *Fashion Shop*
FLORIDA
Del Ray Beach, *Frances Brewster*
Fort Lauderdale, *Dagmar Fashions*
Fort Lauderdale, *Frances Brewster*
Miami, *Ollie Ladd*
Miami Beach, *Frances Brewster*
Palm Beach, *Frances Brewster*
Pensacola, *Sam's Style Shop*
Stuart, *His & Hers Sportswear*
Winter Park, *Frances Brewster*
GEORGIA
Sea Island, *Davison, Paxon*
ILLINOIS
Chicago, *Lane Bryant*
Chicago, *Marshall Field*
Chicago, *Mingea Inc.*
Galesburg, *Ida Ann Shoppe*
INDIANA
Indianapolis, *L. S. Ayres*
IOWA
Cherokee, *Hopes Fashion Farm*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *Lane Bryant*
Baltimore, *Miller Brothers*
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *Daree*
Boston, *Lane Bryant*
MICHIGAN
Detroit, *Lane Bryant*
Muskegon, *Milady's*
MINNESOTA
Bemidji, *O'Meara's*
MISSOURI
Kansas City, *Kline's*
St. Louis, *Lane Bryant*
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester, *Corinne Parker*
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City, *Trousseau & Travel*
East Orange, *Don's*
Engelwood, *De Scherer*
Spring Lake, *Liz Ambrose*
NEW YORK
Lake Placid, *Frances Brewster*
New York City, *B. Altman & Co.*
New York City, *Lane Bryant*
New York City, *Martha West*
Syracuse, *Addis Co.*
White Plains, *Martha West*
NORTH CAROLINA
Fayetteville, *The Town Shop*
Highlands, *Lee Roi*
Rocky Mount, *Daniel's*
OHIO
Cleveland, *Lane Bryant*
Marietta, *Hanes*
Massillon, *Zeleis*
Wooster, *William Annat*
PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown, *Florence Yingst*
Ardmore, *Fanslow*
Philadelphia, *Esther Pomerantz*
Pittsburgh, *Joseph Horne Co.*
SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, *Jo Rich*
TEXAS
Fort Worth, *Meacham's*
WASHINGTON
Seattle, *Best's Apparel*
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, *Lane Bryant*

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1410 Broadway, New York 10018

JEWELRY: KJL

CALEDONIA KNITS FOR

THE NONCHALANTS

Romantic Hawaii. Upstaged! In the sizzling, scintillating manner of the Nonchalants. Caledonia gives them infinite flair that's all glitter, all glamour. The yarn is Tycora—of continuous filament Creslan acrylic, with a dash of metallic. For shape assurance, wrinkle resistance, poise in packability. 8-20, 10½-20½. About $160.
At all stores—Carson, Pirie Scott and Martha West.

See opposite page for other stores.

tycora
T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC.

Creslan®
T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

AT THE KAHALA HILTON, HONOLULU.





Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India, some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India.

Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at.

The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you should look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharajah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human, and being French, and being above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuouness.

A perfume not for children.

They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN




Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR



Jewel neck dress $30.00. 3/4 reversible coat $45.00.
Straight leg pant $30.00. Holiday suit $45.00.
Long sleeve turtlenecks $13.00.

Fashions by the Wool People

For additional information, write Dept. V-612, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201 © PWM 1966

THROW ON A SARONG® AND YOU'RE READY FOR ANYTHING!

Body Magic™ A control-minded panty...with a kind thought for legs! Doesn't that sound good?

Here's how it works. The side panels are really two cross-over pieces of power net that overlap for double-firm control...but are free on the legs to expand to individual thigh measurements and movements. All of which does a great job of contouring the hips and thighs...with none of the usual agonizing leg-binding and bulging! Sarong's latest piece of body magic—*called* Body Magic.

(Long-Leg Panty $12. London-Length $11. Matching Body Magic Bra, $5) ©1966 Sarong Inc.

Body Magic by Sarong®



THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN. The beach-side Monarch Room sets the tone for the Royal's elegance and popularity.



THE MOANA. A classic South Seas hotel, it embraces an ocean-side courtyard shaded by a mammoth banyan tree.



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You'll love every smiling minute of your Sheraton Hawaii vacation. Enjoy the different and memorable atmospheres of the four glamorous Sheraton hotels at Waikiki. You stay at one and play at all four.

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Going to the Neighbor Islands? Put Sheraton-Maui at the top of your list.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Hair colouring—so gloriously simple

One reason it's so darling to be around in the 1960's is the ease with which one can switch the colour combination one's mother and father devised—become, for instance, a "natural" blonde. Now, no less than the distinguished Miss Clairol has made it a matter of a mere twenty minutes and your own casual handiwork to transform your head into whatever it's aiming for with a shampoo-formula haircolouring. Unless more than one-third of your hair is grey . . . or you choose to go, say, from black to flaxen . . . you're qualified. Proceed this way. Pick one, or mix several, of the famous fourteen Miss Clairol shades. Reach for new Clairol kit. Lather colour onto hair as you would a shampoo. Watch television for twenty minutes. Rinse out. The colour is permanent, and according to Clairol who should know, perfectly even and true. The shampoo formula is such that when the colour wants renewing, you safely refresh it by shampooing the colour in again. You can have your hairdresser do this for you. Or buy a kit and do it yourself. Then even your hairdresser won't know for sure.

Clearing the facial landscape

To clean up a face decisively, to flush out the last little pore, some women have electronic treatments, some have deep-cleansing facials administered by specialists, and many are now taking their face in their own hands at home with Saunda. Operating on the principle of the Scandinavian sauna bath, but directing itself to the face and neck, Saunda makes a facial-giving amateur maybe not a professional—but at least a very comfortable, comforted, glowing amateur. Connect unit to an electrical outlet, pour water into it. A cloud of heated vapour arises from a funnel, in front of which your face is situated, a relaxing mist that remains a constant 118° F. This activates the skin to perspire, ferrets out impurities, brings nourishing circulation to the skin. . . . There's a kit of four Saunda lieutenants: grainy facial scrub, astringent lotion, protective moisturizer, a night cream. . . . Saunda is also a treat for sinuses and eyes, but primarily it's for a clearer complexion, the landscape of beauty. . . .

Little bath games for big girls

The look and charm of outsized Easter jelly beans. Much better for your skin. Draw your bath, toss one in (one box gives you a choice of four emotions—lavender, pine, apple blossom, gardenia). Tublets is the name of the fun and the very serious purpose of Tublets tablets is getting after dry skin. Skin improvement is their goal, Schratz their inventor. A Detroit pharmaceutical firm that has been working successfully since 1888 in the interests of skin health, Schratz has concocted certain special smoothments and emollients that appeal to skin that's growing up. . . . Tublets have a friend called Bublets, which, as you might suspect, deliver by same tablet-into-water-doings: a bubble bath. . . . All are pretty ornaments for the edge of a tub, a bathroom shelf, or holiday-packed luggage. . . .

Throw on Hawaiian coordinates and you're ready for anything!

Sarong® *and* **Fischer** *have put their heads together to bring you coordinates that shout... Hawaii.*

Bright, light bras and girdles matched to lacy lingerie.

Cool colors from Hawaiian seas. Hot colors from tropical flowers. Greens and golds, sandy shades, crimsons, corals, and the blues you see here. Hawaii is calling... so be ready for anything!

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Sarong/Fischer coordinates

Dress by Colecchio, Inc.

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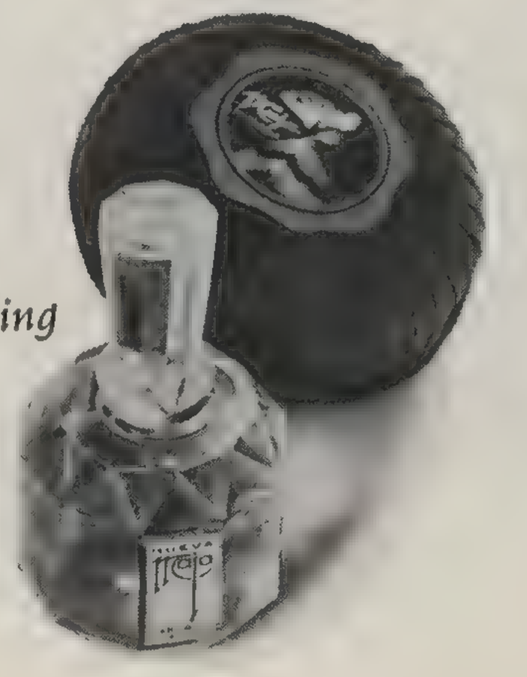
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Genteel, earthy, provocative, poignant—Maja Perfume is the very mystique of woman. For Maja is made in Spain where there is a deep feeling for these beguiling mysteries. And to complement Maja Perfume, there is Maja Soap—a poetic blend of Maja fragrance and precious olive oils that are skin elixirs, skin nourishers. To complete the toilette—there is Maja cologne, dusting powder, bath oil, all at the most fashionable stores. Maja is pronounced MA-HA.

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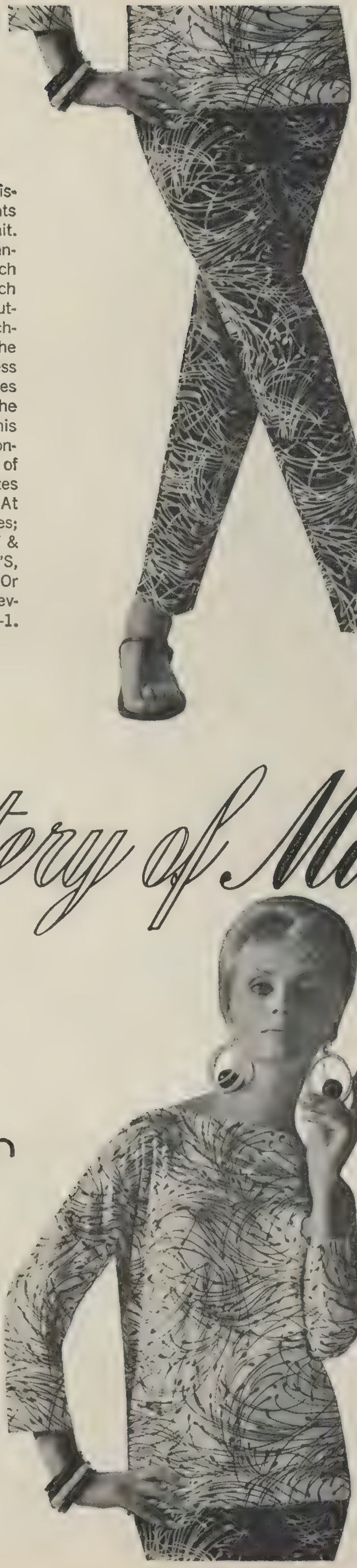
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A new fabric in bedtime fashions: soft, brushed "Marvel Touch"...with Kodel to keep it fresh and smooth. Mother-daughter gowns in white, pink or blue with a garland of Beauvais embroidery. The fabric by Cone Mills of Kodel polyester and Avril® rayon. Mother's gown in P-S-M-L or Jr. 7-13, made to sell for about $11. Daughter's gown, 3-14, about $8. Coordinating pajamas also available. By **JULI OF SLUMBERTOGS.** At fine stores including: Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

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...realized once again in the remarkably artistic aura of these shower-splashed stretch pants in Chemstrand® Blue "C" nylon double knit. With typical far-sighted fashion intuition, Manhasset Casuals introduces new *printed* stretch that combines the comfort and fit of stretch pants with the dazzling impact of the most outstanding designs in contemporary printing technique. There's even more good news in the flexible elasticized waistband and in creaseless machine washability. Reversing the two tones of the pants, for matchless color contrast, is the texturalized nylon pantop that completes this unique coordinated look. The entire bold concept is another evidence of the Mastery of Manhasset. Both in Black and White only, sizes 8 to 16. Pants, $18.00*. Top, $14.00*. At BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York and branches; BURDINE'S, Miami; CARSON-PIRIE-SCOTT & CO., Chicago; FOLEY'S, Houston; HUDSON'S, Detroit; J. W. ROBINSON CO., Los Angeles. Or write to MANHASSET CASUALS, Inc., 525 Seventh Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10018, Department V-1.

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Actionwear

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Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving your hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. Comes in three types for different hair styles. You'll find Hair Spray de Pantene at all the best stores including



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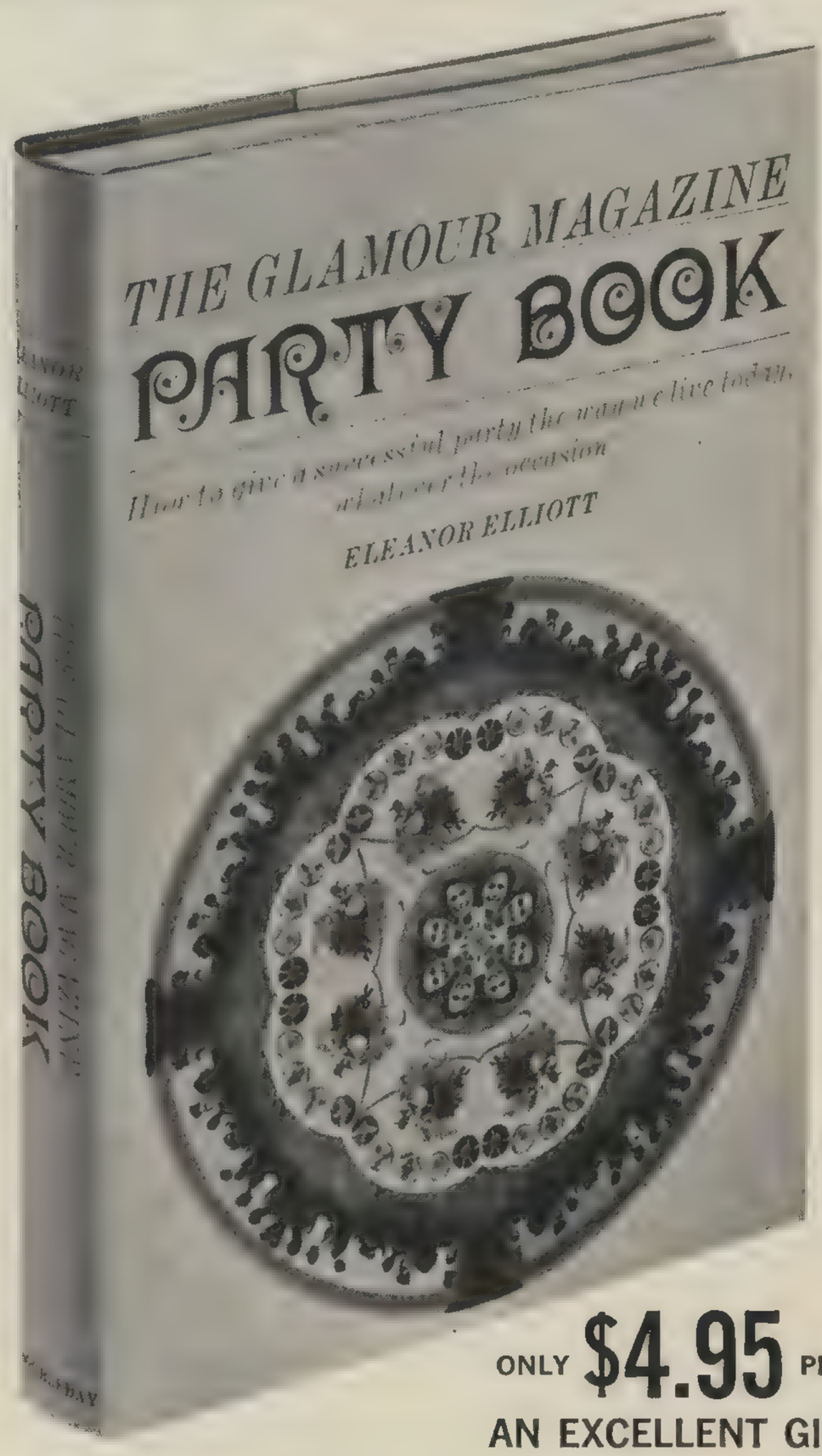
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CANADA *Majestic* MINK

treasured by women the world over for its pure, clear, natural colors

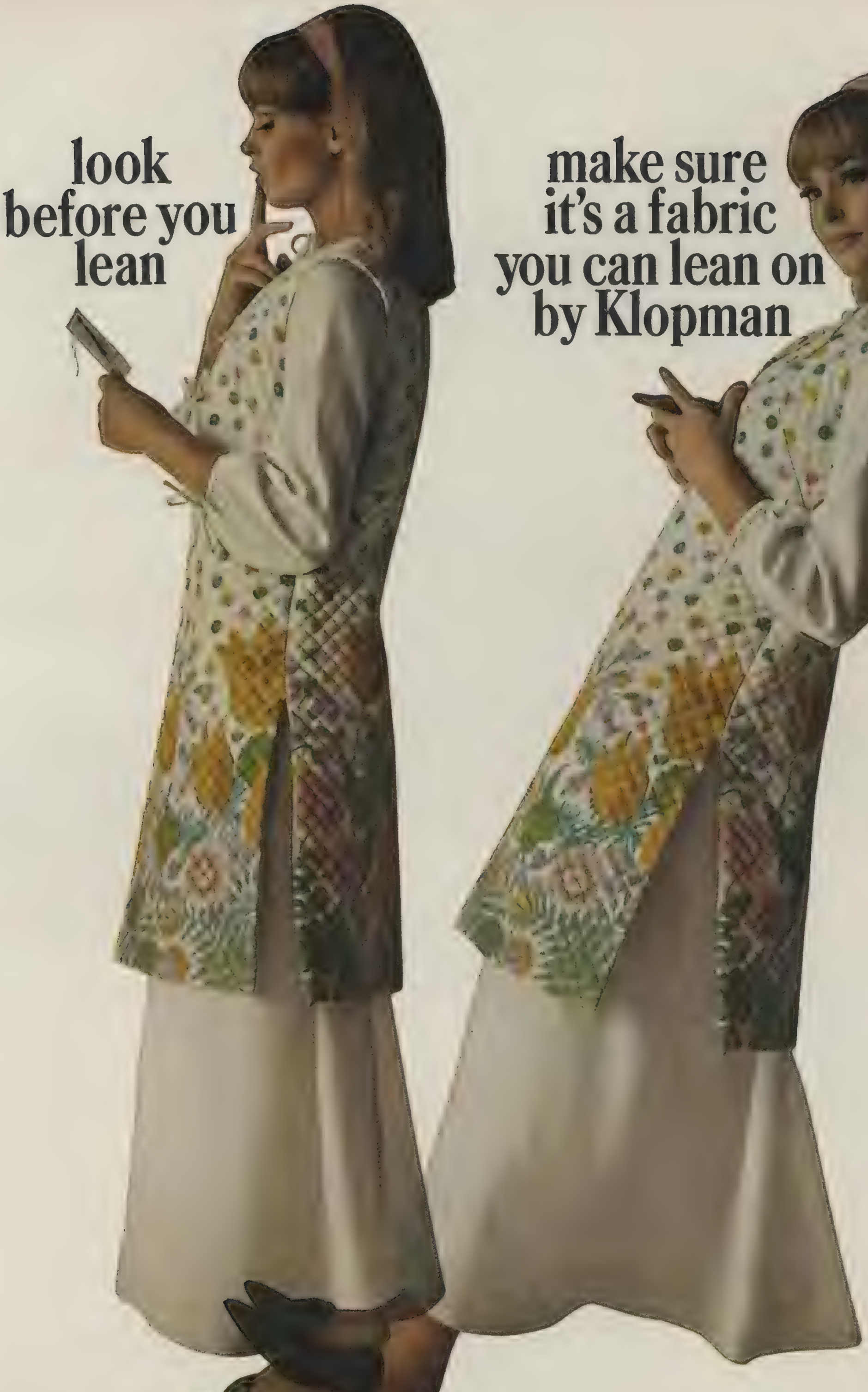
Canada Majestic Mink is never dyed. All colors are natural and have evolved from years of selective breeding of Nature's most prized mink. There are now 13 shimmering Canada Majestic Mink colors . . . ranging from very dark to the pastels, to blues, grays and white. Wherever there's fashion supremacy, there's gleaming Canada Majestic Mink.



Canada Majestic Mink is a product of the Canada Mink Breeders Association, Clarkson, Ontario, Canada.

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before you
lean

make sure
it's a fabric
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Klopman is not only the world's fussiest maker of Dacron/cotton fabrics, they're the great fashion innovators as well. Witness this nightgown and quilted "over-coat" made of Klopman crepon of 100% Dacron® polyester. Designed for illustration only—to show some of the wonderful ways Klopman fabrics work for fashion and you. Klopman Mills, Inc. A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

Jantzen has just invented the very first do-something lace in the underworld!

"Jungle Blossom" Power Lace— only by jantzen.



What Jantzen's remarkable new "Jungle Blossom" Power Lace actually *does*—is go to work with surprising effectiveness on waist, midriff, hips and thighs. In spite of being probably the barest, most delicate thing you've ever had on! We know it's hard to believe, but it's true. This deceptively sheer fabric controls as well as power net—because Jantzen specially developed it to do just that. This isn't just stretch lace. And it isn't just lace-patterned power net. It's true power lace, woven on true lace machines out of a special Vyrene® spandex and Ban-Lon® nylon that has unbelievable resiliency, power and control in every thread of its exotic openwork pattern. That's how it can afford to be so bare and naked-looking.

The "Jungle Blossom" collection of light little underlings includes a long-leg panty girdle, "Pirdle", girdle, demi-girdle, briefer, garter belt and bra. All in blush, black and white; panty girdle, "Pirdle", garter belt and bra in yellow and blue, too. From $3.50 to $22.50.

Wherever Jantzen underworld fashions are sold. Jantzen Inc., 261 Madison Ave., New York.



Fortrel is for the two of you.



M. C. SCHRANK'S mother-daughter challis gowns in bloom, with the rosy warmth and softness of Fortrel. Doubly appealing because they machine-wash in forty winks, need little or no ironing. Ribbon and lace trimmed yoke and a ruffled hem. In Ameritex' printed challis of Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon. Blue, pink. Mother's 32-40, about $10. Daughter's, 4-14, about $7. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Hudson's, Detroit; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Robinson's, Los Angeles.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE® FORTREL®
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.

Taji

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS



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J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway, New York 10036

Turn the page for the store listings.

Lead a safari to the Animal Kingdom at these fine stores and branches.

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Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
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Buffalo, N. Y.	Hens & Kelly, Inc.
Charlotte, N. C.	Ivey's of Charlotte
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger-Harris Downtown
Denver, Colo.	The Denver
Durham, N. C.	Thalhimers
Edgewater Park, Miss.	Gayfer's
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
Fort Worth, Tex.	R. E. Cox & Co.
Fresno, Calif.	Cooper's
Glendale, Calif.	H. S. Webb
Greensboro, N. C.	Thalhimers
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Latham, N. Y.	Boston Store
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums'
Los Angeles, Calif.	Barker Bros. The Broadway, Southern Calif. Robinson's
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
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North Hollywood, Calif.	Rathbun's
Oakland, Calif.	Capwell's Finer Stores
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis Orchard & Wilhelm Philips Dept. Store
Orlando, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
Pensacola, Fla.	Gayfer's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Phoenix, Ariz.	Goldwaters Korrick's, Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbel Brothers
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Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. E. Chappell Dey Bros. & Co.
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros., Inc.
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch
Tucson, Ariz.	Steinfeld's
Utica, N. Y.	Boston Store
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West Covina, Calif.	Home Shop
Whittier, Calif.	Hinshaw's Meyer's
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Thalhimers
Worcester, Mass.	Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.

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1460 Broadway, New York 10036

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 1

Paris—the face above the mini-skirt

Now that the season's shaping up, have any new beauty trends begun to shape up in Paris? Yes; and even the more avant find it rather quaking. It seems the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds are piling on the makeup, using everything in the book. "Although they've still some conservatism—for instance, they're only just now starting their mini-skirt life—these young Parisiennes are going all out to create a sensation with makeup," said one observer who finds herself both fascinated and horrified by the change. "They wear wall-to-wall makeup foundation. Their fake lashes are heavy enough to sweep the floor at Régine's place. They're doing everything to create an absolutely *un*-natural face," she said. "Their lipstick is dead-white—this week." But then, giving this some further thought, she added, "Or at least it *was* dead white. They take up and drop their beauty kicks so fast it's possible this one petered out by the time I got from my flat out to Orly." . . .

What about red lipstick?

Not since she'd gone national, as they say—not since she moved the major portion of her beauty consulting service from the theatrical district of New York (where she hammered out the makeup laws for actresses and models) and installed it in various Saks Fifth Avenues (where the more you-and-me types can now get at her) —had we had a cigar-filled-room discussion with that outspoken beauty power, Evelyn Marshall. Still a cigar-smoker—as in the earlier days when she was turning out the first of the brush-on eyebrow powders and illuminated mouth-colour lipsticks—she's the Marshall we knew and sometimes feared. ("Your *pores!* Your *pores!* What in the world are you putting on your skin? Are you eating every piece of shellfish that comes along?" was the sort of greeting we were often slung before ever being treated to so much as a hello.) . . . This time around, after the greeting (ritual, we regret to say), the discussion turned to lipstick. In her view, we inquired, would red lipstick make a return to the scene, as some people seem to think? She thinks so. Thinks so to the degree that she's gone on record with red in a new little lipstick kit that contains five shades of lipstick, four of which *are* red. Ranging from a dawny-rosy red to a midnight red, they're encased in a thing called the Around-the-Clock Lip Kit, which is at all Saks Fifth Avenues at around $5. The fifth shade, by the way, doesn't hedge the bet. It's a pure yellow base colour to stabilize the reds. . . .

Athenian notebook

The Kenneth of Athens, at the moment, is a hairdressing salon called Costi & Taki. As installed in the Athens-Hilton, the plan might give some hairdressers a twinge of hopeless envy; might give others simply a capital idea. The plan: to make use of the local scenery; make the salon a room with a view. You have to start with *something*, of course, and the something with which Costi & Taki begins is fairly useful—the glorious Mt. Hymettus in the near distance. To make use of the mountain, this is what the salon's planners have done: done away with the usual individual shampoo basins, and set up a room-length trough of black enamel instead, leaving the client free to lie back in a deeply-tipped-back chair from which angle she enjoys an unimpeded view of Mount Hymettus (while shampoo-administrator enjoys an unimpeded go at the hair). . . . Another innovation at Costi & Taki: as each client enters, she's issued a small bag with her name on it; contents, sterilized rollers, brushes, combs, pins, temporarily her own. Evidently a wild success with the Greeks, the salon is now the chic hair stop in Athens. . . .

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When the nights go on in Hawaii



Orange organza kurta, above: The seventh veil had nothing on this—sheer colour ornamented with golden rickrack and blown over an underveil—the eighth?—of beige silk. Nightdress by Bete Collection, Honolulu. About $60. Best & Co.; Burdine's; J. W. Robinson. Orange and gold robe, below: Bangkok sari-silk ringed in gold at the wide sleeve, the narrow hem—and shining in the tropic night. Robe, Tribute by Malia. About $80. Earrings by K. J. L. All, at Bloomingdale's. Robe, also at Hudson's; Bullock's, Palm Springs. Both night-fall coiffures: Ara Gallant. (Additional stores, page 74.)



It's always figure-watching time...

How are your Hips?



What does a man notice about *you?* Your smile may be enticing . . . your hair soft and swinging . . . but then there's your figure . . .

❀ **SO HOW ARE YOUR HIPS?** Too "hippy"? And how about your waistline . . . a bit "too much" there, too? . . . and your tummy and thighs . . . should be firmer?

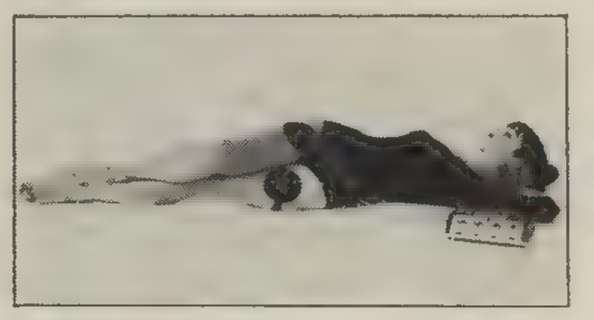
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BULLETIN ON *beauty riches*

Beat the beauty rap. Get the best of health-watching. Enjoy the repairing of the face. Pursue beauty as engagingly as you hope to turn out at the end of the hunt. Here are some sterling leads. . . . **Bathing rooms in the garden, domesticated masseuses and coiffeuses.** Many Spanish women have lightweight wicker screens made which they can place on a ledge of their swimming pools (or *in* their swimming pools) discreetly enough so that they can acquire an allover tan with no discrepancies to rattle the bathing-suit or the bare-dress life (Spanish women very scientific about *even* tans). . . . The striking wife of a Spanish banker, Señora de Villaneuva, has just completed an outdoor garden bathroom at her house in Marbella. In its huge, shell-shaped tub, she first soaks in the salt water that comes in from one side, scrubs with a special soap, then washes off with fresh water which enters from another side of the tub. . . . Lola Flores, the actress, has the pleasure of Salud, a woman who not only is an excellent lady's-maid but a first-rate hairdresser. The maid of the Condessa de Romanones, on the other hand, doubles as a masseuse; a twenty-minute rubdown every day before tub with a mixture of almond and coconut oil. **At-home exercise, encouraged.** In New York, a group of young women (among them, Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun, Mrs. Louise Savitt, Mrs. Thomas Kempner, Mrs. William Rayner) meet every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 9:30 in the morning at the flat of one or the other of them. Their constant companion at these hourly sessions: Marta, a Cuban exercise impresario, who sees to it that they go through their exercises correctly. . . . In Spain, several women, one of them the Maharani of Jaipur, have a Swedish-trained Spanish exercise-girl come to their houses to keep them similarly on their toes. . . . To make certain that they and their guests do not neglect their workouts, the Leland Haywards have something called Eléments, foam-rubber cushions in terry cloth envelopes from Porthault that button together, module fashion, to the length one might need for an exercise mat. The Haywards keep a collection of them by their pool and in their guest bathrooms. . . . Right outside of Minneapolis on a fine lake, the Philip Pillsburys have a sauna and an enclosed swimming pool, within which they can snow-watch all winter. In the summer, the sides open up. . . . **Oranges, vanilla, and musk.** In Paris, Mme. Edouard Bourdet keeps a large bowl of fresh oranges, stuck full of cloves, replenished monthly. In Tunisia, oranges spiked before dinner with different flowers are presented for your selection; you pick the flower that goes with your hair or your dress. . . . For scent, Mme. Philippe Baer mixes sandalwood beads with her diamond bracelets. . . . Mme. Françoise de Langlade puts vanilla sticks between her linens while Mme. André Rueff has her linen shelters custom-made of exceedingly fragrant wood. . . . Mme. Hélène Rochas wears on a chain around her neck a superb goldfish from Boivin filled with musk. . . . **Inkwells and a sake flask.** Mrs. Vincente Minnelli keeps her powder in an antique jade inkwell. And, in a flask covered to match her various evening bags, Mrs. Harry d'abbadie d'Arrast carries the only alcoholic beverage she consumes, one not readily available at cocktail parties, sake.

HANDBAG WITH ITS OWN BEAUTY RICHES

You know them; they're instantly recognized—the glorious golden shell compact, the gilt-bamboo-sheathed lipstick brush, the pretty little egg of lipstick.
All are by Givenchy—and all, plus a carryable portion of a Givenchy perfume, have found a new way to spend the day with you. A handbag has been designed around them, but carefully left to be played around with is room within for most of whatever else you put in a handbag. What's entirely new about the Givenchy daybag is its skin (polished walnut—don't worry; it's light); and its shape (slanted on one side to let it operate also as a portable writing desk—a thought undoubtedly thought of during a fashion collection at which place the taking-down of model numbers is for contortionists). The handbag, complete with goodies, about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

DAVID MASSEY



Caron is the kind of French every woman understands.

JANE WERNER AT THE KOUNOVSKY FITNESS STUDIO, 57th-off-Fifth. In hand, the disca-ball, an alternate to the straight bowling that Mr. Kounovsky also encourages. The body-benefits that the Werner sessions accrue: endurance, suppleness, equilibrium, strength, speed, coordination. The Big Six are elements of the Kounovsky science called sixometry, a good twelve-month regimen for people like JW whose bio reads Crowded: Two years of studying Tibetology and volunteer work in the Tibetan Himalayas at the refugee camps there; these days, wider efforts in the same field—work for ACEP, a non-profit foundation dedicated to placing professional people from totalitarian countries.

CHESSY RAYNER. Her life goes like this. New York autumn-winter. Southampton in summer. Both places are fields for her work as decorating consultant. Her firm Mac II is two-years-going-on-three, has Caught. Recent jobs: an office, a pool house, a fistful of apartments. Her style in clothes: "For night—all-out gala, jewels, hairpieces, the works." By day, the best of separates.

MELANIE KAHANE runs an internationally famous decorating business, retreats to a serene house (in private life she is the wife of Ben Grauer); loves entertaining, alternates lots of outdoors and exercise in the off-hours. Her fashion view: "Make it unpredictable . . . the unexpected put together with flair." Like the putting-together of her white mink tunic, mustard turtleneck, grey flannel pants.

CHARLENE HOLT has the star-glow that comes from health (her studio-dictated regimen is steady-going, tough), swingy hair and looks, a nice fat part as the fem lead opposite John Wayne and Robert Mitchum in "El Dorado", soon to be released.

CHRISTIEN DORNIN bowls at Berkeley where she is a senior this year ..."the bowling breaks (as here) are part of it too"...and generally keeps on the move: sailing at Alamitos Bay near Long Beach, skiing, shooting and fishing on the family's ranch near Mt. Shasta. Her parents are Navy Captain (ret.) Robert E. Dornin and Mrs. Dornin.











the people

Bowling fever caught now by millions. Tucked in among this staggering statistic are people you meet everywhere. Decorators and school girls. Movie people. More women than ever. People you'd expect to be Too-Busy. But they're not. They bowl because there's a reward (perfect game: 300), because slick new air-conditioned lanes are accessible and the exercise is health-spa effective. Bowling vocabulary now: Lane (not alley); league, the technical term for any group of four or more who bowl regularly at a particular lane.

BOWL

the clothes

—word on bowling turnouts from AMF who make the lanes, the pins, the balls, even the bowling shoes (like the beauties below) is this: Plot clothes you'd wear anywhere. As here, Cos Cob Dandy stripes, navy, green, or plum on white wool-nylon-Acrilac®. Jacket, about $18; pants, about $11; skirt, about $9. 8 to 18. Acrilan® sweater, a dozen colors, SML, about $7. All, at Macy's, New York; Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville.



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So sheer...so bare...almost like powder turned into air!

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The shades of now: 3 new soft-pressed sheers...each with protective Noxzema medication.

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(Have a ball...use them all!)



'Delicate Dusters,' in slim tortoise-tone skimmer cases, each 1.50.

Look Cover Girl, Brigitte Kembel says: "The Delicate Dusters are fabulous and they're good for my skin!"

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Left to right: William & Mary, Eloquence, Carillon, Madrigal, Rondelay, Delacourt, American Victorian, Lace Point, Mignonette, Alexandra, Colonial Theme, Modern Victorian

Lunt's Idea of Table Talk...A $65 Saving!

Forgive us for seeming rude, but a $65 saving is too good to keep to ourselves. And right now, Lunt is offering the lovely sterling service you've had your eye on for so long at this very important reduction. Handsome sterling that suits the way you live today, the kind of entertaining you do, the taste for good living you've developed since you were a bride. Not for you, now, the tableware you've made do with all these years while your pattern of living has evolved, smooth and polished as the Lunt pattern you'd love to own. Isn't it time to take the step that will make Lunt another part of your life?



The 44-piece "Service-for-8" includes: 16 teaspoons, 8 place forks, 8 place knives, 8 salad forks, a butter knife, sugar spoon, and 2 tablespoons. Sets from $330.75 to $391.75. Mahogany chest included.

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BATON ROUGE, LA.	D. H. Holmes
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.	Haggarty's
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Burger-Phillips
BOSTON, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co. State St., Evergreen Park, Hillside, Randhurst, Edens Plaza, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Higbee's Downtown, Severance, Westgate
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Lazarus
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DETROIT, MICH.	Hudson's Downtown, Dearborn, Lincoln Park, Eastland, Northland, Westland
EL PASO, TEX.	Popular Downtown, Northgate, Bassett Center
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LEXINGTON, KY.	Embry's
MALDEN, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
MIAMI, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
MILWAUKEE, WISC.	Boston Store Bay Shore & Downtown
MOBILE, ALA.	Hammel's
MOORESTOWN, N.J.	John Wanamaker
MORRISTOWN, N.J.	M. Epstein
NEW HAVEN, CONN.	The Edw. Malley Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	D. H. Holmes Downtown, Metairie, Gretna
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
ORLANDO, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
PASADENA, CAL.	Haggarty's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	John Wanamaker Downtown, Jenkintown, Wynnewood
PROVIDENCE, R.I.	Shepard
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URBANA, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
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Also in Beauty Salons in other leading stores.

Doris Duke Cooks

(Continued from page 70)

Put vegetable oil, green pepper, red pepper, celery, and water chestnuts, seasoned with Lawry's salt and minced garlic, in a saucepan. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes, then add one half can chicken broth, salt, basil, rosemary, thyme, 1 teaspoon curry powder, and paprika. Lower heat. In a frying pan, put butter and place over low heat. Add macadamia nuts, coconut chips, and bouillon cube. Simmer. Add remaining chicken broth, 1 cup water, and, before it boils, rice. Cover and cook until done. Combine crabmeat, salt, and pepper with vegetables, add parsley and more paprika, salt, curry powder, and garlic to taste. Dissolve cornstarch in 1 teaspoon water and stir in. Add shrimp, and cover. Cook until shrimp are done. Lay green tomatoes on top of vegetables-seafood mixture. Serve rice and curry separately.

Carbonado

Serves four

Cut a lid-sized piece off the top of a pumpkin, about 15″ in diameter, and remove seeds and pulp but none of the firm meat. Steam the seeded pumpkin in a 350° oven until tender but still firm (about 30-40 minutes). Set the pumpkin in a serving dish—preferably one that fits the curve of the pumpkin—and fill the pumpkin with stew made from the ingredients below. Replace the pumpkin's lid, and serve.

Simmer together until done:

1½ pounds beef, cubed and lightly browned
2 cloves minced garlic and
3 chopped onions, both sautéed until transparent
2 green peppers, diced
4 tomatoes, diced
2 white potatoes, diced
2 sweet potatoes, diced
1 lump sugar
1 cup corn (preferably fresh)
4 cups stock (or water)
Salt and pepper

OPTIONAL ADDITIONS:

½ cup peaches, diced
1 cup pumpkin balls from an additional pumpkin

Fabergé lipsticks *are* good enough to eat.

These exquisite confections are not only lovely to look at, wonderful to wear, heaven to kiss — they're pure as pure can be . . . as indulgently solicitous of your lips as Mother Love itself. The rubescent glow in the center is one-and-only *Stained Glass*. Starting at the left in that row, *Graype . . . Porcelain Shell . . . Caramel . . . Bedtime . . . Marron Glacé . . . Rock Candy . . . Mondrian Coral . . . Mocha*. On your right after *Stained Glass, Nude Pink . . . Tigress . . . Mango . . . Lime . . . Chameleon . . . Van Gogh Sunflower . . . Cherry Glacé.*

These delectable *Ovalliptic Colours Extraordinaire* come in two moisture-rich formulas — shimmery satin or sheer sheen, and wouldn't you know they're by that tongue-in-chic artist, the one with The Knack —

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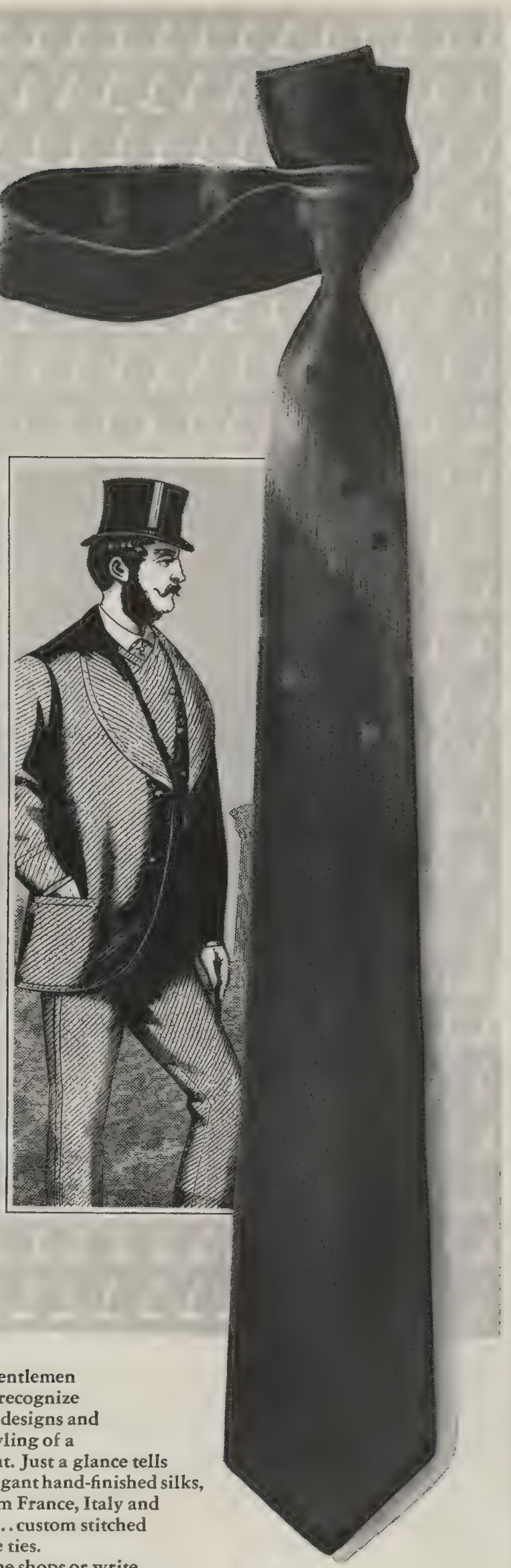
Lingerie—the ski cosies



Cold-weather friends—cosy under ski, after-ski, or country clothes. *Above:* Second-skin chemise and pantie brief of hot-pink stretch nylon trimmed with black lace. Top, $5; pantie, $4. *Below:* Two-piece ski cosy in bright baby-blue stretch nylon with white eyelet rimming the edges—long-sleeved undershirt and long-leggy pantie. Top, $6; pantie, $5. All by Lollipop; Du Pont stretch nylon. Altman's; J. W. Robinson. Coiffures: Paul Mitchell, Henri Bendel.



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L'AIR DU TEMPS
THE ROMANTIC PERFUME BY NINA RICCI PARIS

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This magazine is a treasury of contemporary ideas and information. It is traditional in its consistent quality from one issue to the next. It is modern in its treatment of an infinite variety of subjects. It is influential in its continuous introduction of new thoughts, styles and trends. Magazines make excellent companions for the woman with an open mind. They broaden scope. They clarify thought. Seek them out. You will be richly rewarded.

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MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BUREAU OF MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

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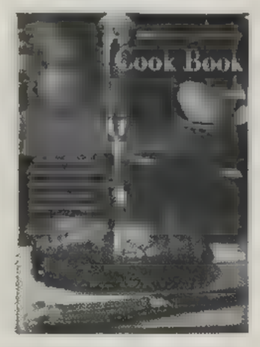
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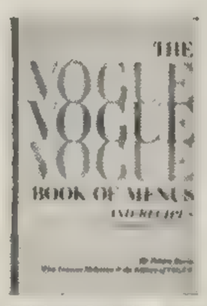
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Incidentally 4711 works just as beautifully after the holiday festivities have fizzled out. It's the kind of liquid refreshment most people would enjoy all year 'round. In fact, a lot of people couldn't get through a day without it.



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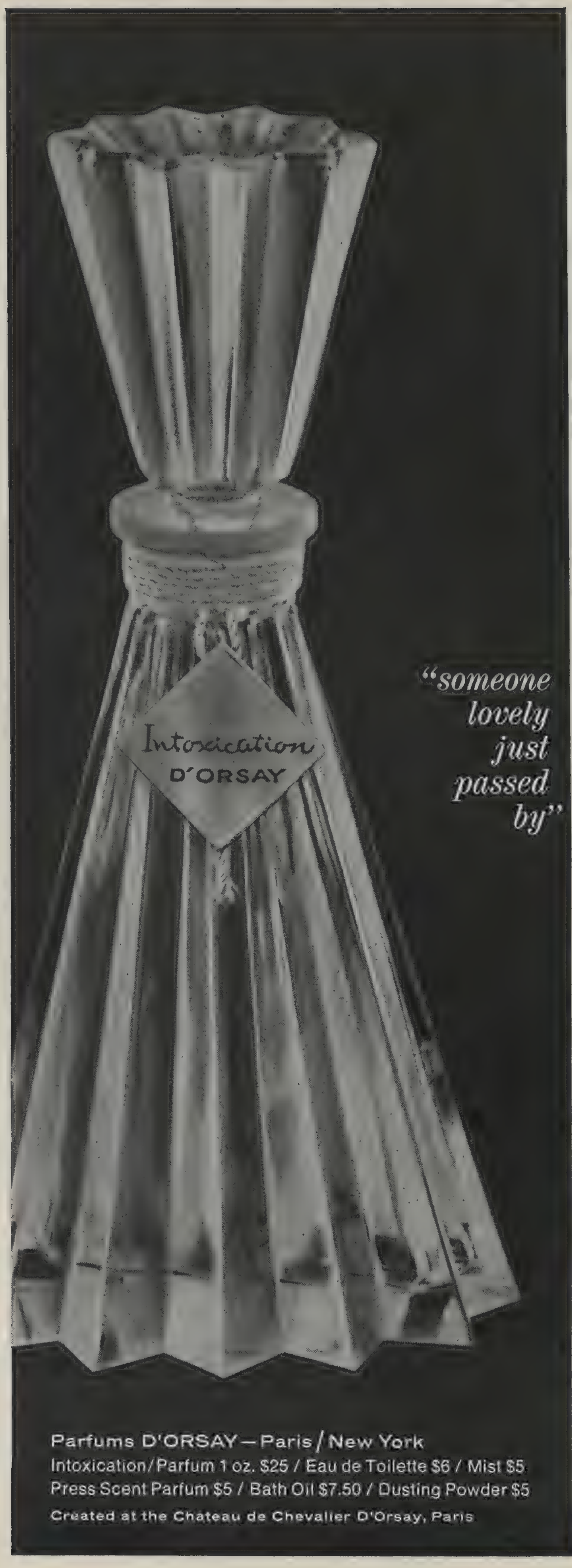


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VOGUE'S

Young party given by the Comte and Comtesse de Ganay at a castle in France

"The elbows of the surfing, frugging nineteen-year-olds missed a seven-foot Canaletto by three inches," said one of the eight hundred guests at the Marquis de Ganay's candle-burnished castle of Courances, where the Comte and Comtesse de Ganay gave a début ball for their daughters, Anne-Marie and Martine. Points of light shimmered in the windows, traced two façades of the castle, petalled the blue-and-green marquee of the balcony above the *fer à cheval* staircase. The famous garden designed, like those of Versailles and Fontainebleau, by Louis XIV's master gardener, André Le Nôtre, was lit by twelve-foot standing candelabra, like topiary trees of light.



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NOTEBOOK

Guests danced the surf and the tijuana through the patterned gardens and in the four panelled drawing rooms among the Marquis's superb eighteenth-century paintings and furniture. Young beauties kept the old castle, a treasure of the Île-de-France since the time of Henry II, lit with fun until dawn took over.

1. View of the castle. 2. Mlle. Martine de Ganay. 3. Mlle. Anne-Marie de Ganay and M. Georges Vergnes. 4. M. Hubert Faure, and Mlle. Ariane Zananiri. 5. S. A. R. Principessa Maria Beatrice di Savoia and Mr. Archibald Lanus. 6. Mlle. Elisabeth de Ribes and M. Bruno de Quinsonas. 7. Mlle. Lesline d'Harcourt and Señor Alexandro Cordero. 8. Comte Charles de Ganay and Signora Antonella Agnelli. 9. Comtesse Michel de Ganay and Mr. Morgan Tvede. 10. Miss Chrisantis Goulandris and Mr. Piero Goulandris.



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10



Skimmer in
green, blue, or gold
—all 3 colors circling the neck.
In Winston Mills
double-knit wool jersey.
6-14 About $45

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Celebrity Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016



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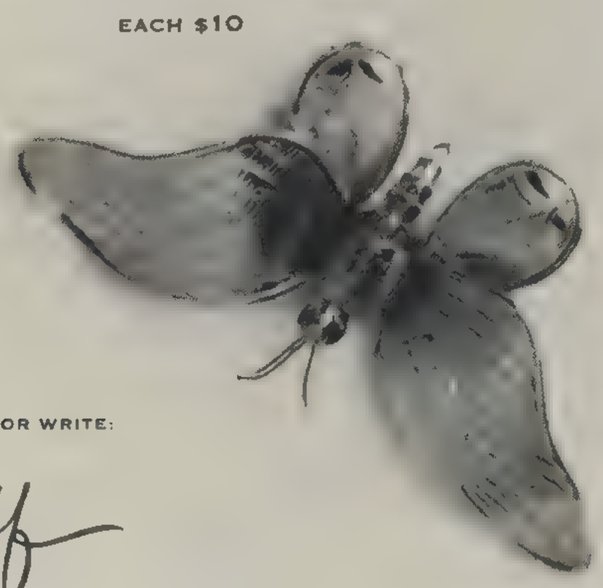
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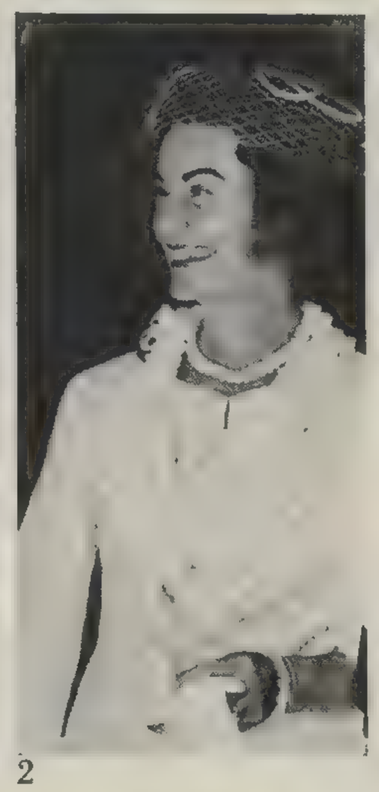
VOGUE'S

The Wilcox-Sheehan wedding on Hawaii's "garden island"

For the wedding of Patricia Kuaihelani Wilcox and Michael Guard Sheehan, both old Hawaiian families (their ancestors sailed together around the Horn in 1837), old patterns were revived. For days before the wedding, friends of the young couple, between beach parties and plunges into waterfall pools, had searched the misty valleys of the coast of Hanalei on Kauai Island for plumeria and ginger blossoms and gathered wild blue hydrangeas high up in the tropical rain forests. Triple leis of jasmine and the pungent maile leaves decorated the mission church of Waioli Hui'la, built by the bride's great-grandfather. Then, at the reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. Albert H. Wilcox and Mrs. John M. Stevenson, on the beachside lawns and lanais of the nineteenth-

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NOTEBOOK

century house of the bride's grandfather, Mr. Gaylord Parke Wilcox, five hundred guests danced by torchlight to Hawaiian music, ate taro puffs, lomi-lomi salmon, and pigs roasted underground and served on huge koa-wood boards. The next day the bride and groom whirled off by helicopter to explore the remote Na Pali cliffs. 1. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Guard Sheehan. 2. Mrs. Wade E. Sheehan, mother of the groom. 3. The bridal party. 4. Plumeria flower. 5. Mr. and Mrs. James Reynolds. 6. Mrs. Robert Sutherland with singers from the wedding ceremony in traditional costume: Mr. Barry Yap, and Miss Steffanie Marcel. 7. Among the ushers: Mr. Steven Scott, Mr. Tioni Judd, and Mr. Ronald Tongg. 8. Mrs. John M. Stevenson, mother of the bride. 9. The bride's party in front of Hanalei Church, one of the oldest buildings on the island. 10. The young couple with their pilot at the Valley of the Lost Tribes.



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Prophecy

new from PRINCE MATCHABELLI

18K two-tone yellow gold "King of the Jungle" brooch. Captured in Paris, this magnificent lion has a modern "Beatle haircut." He's still clutching a round diamond in his paw and he refuses to part with it. His tail has a heart-shaped turquoise. He stalks his prey with a ruby eye . . . $195.



For Those Who Still Give a Hoot About the Lion's Share!

18K yellow gold owl brooch. Born in Paris, this beautiful specimen was brought back on the same branch we found him. Piercing diamond eyes highlight an exquisitely-sculptured body. You may have him as a pet for only $250.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

Hawaii: its hotels, planes, restaurants

Hawaii has a sort of *Secret Garden* sorcery. . . . Last summer, Mrs. John F. Kennedy was so enchanted and surprised by Hawaii's sense of privacy, that she wrote a charming note about "these beautiful weeks" to the editors of the two Honolulu newspapers which they in turn published. Mrs. Kennedy said: "I had forgotten—and my children have never known—what it is like to discover a new place unwatched and unnoticed.

"It was your papers that made this possible for us, by deciding at the beginning not to follow our activities. It was completely against your interests to do this. As I understand the problems and pressures the press endures, I truly appreciate the extraordinary gesture you made.

"But now I think I should not have been surprised. In this strange land everyone constantly goes out of his way to be kind to the other.

"From Governor Burns, who so kindly watched over us and asked people to help make our visit private, to the driver of a vegetable truck who went out of his way to lead us several miles, when we merely asked for directions, everyone in Hawaii has been the same."

News about Honolulu



Kahala Hilton, a stunning new hotel, balconied, rising on stilts above lagoons refreshed by fountains, stands on a beach, touches on a golf course. *Right,* in the handsome lobby, long green-striped curtains frame enormous doorless doorways, tremendous chandeliers swaying slightly from the "trades" hang from a very tall ceiling. Excellent service: switchboard as efficient as a tracking station; dial telephones in the large, serene, sand-beige rooms. No noise. Specialty in the rusty-beige formal Maile Lanai dining room, *lavosh* bread. Every forty minutes, a small bus shuttles to Waikiki six miles away. (Double rooms from $33.)



. . . The Hilton Hawaiian Village, left, a lagooned compound sprawling over twenty sandy acres, grows constantly: The latest comfort is a health spa open to both men and women. A lavish, red-carpeted entrance with crystal chandeliers leads to the gym

and its Spartan routine of exercise and steam baths. The vast lobby resembles a piazza at noon with its broad avenues lined with over fifty shops and eleven bars and restaurants in which the menus are not only different, but in different languages (happily with English translations). At Diamond Head Towers, a recent tall addition in the Village, suites with enormous terraces from the fourteenth floor up. (Suites, $40 a day for up to three persons; double rooms, from $24.) Bathrooms with scales, and signs in Japanese with English translation on how to use Western-style bathtubs. The promise for early next year is the new twenty-five storey Hilton Lagoon Apartments. . . . The ***Royal Hawaiian Hotel*** rises, a pink-turreted landmark, plunk in the middle of Waikiki. Sedate and elegant as the great Cunard "Queens," it has extravagantly spacious lounges. The Ocean Terrace, a pleasant spot above Waikiki Beach is especially attractive at teatime when surfers, a confetti-coloured cavalcade, ride the rollers. In addition to the entertainment in the Monarch Room, there is the spectacle of the prickly glitter of Waikiki. (Double rooms from $22.) . . . ***Red Vest,*** a restaurant where Islanders and in-the-know mainlanders lunch and dine. Straightforward food: thick, juicy steaks, pink roast beef. The makings of the specialty of the house, Red Vest Bloody Mary, which includes cracked sesame seeds, now are bottled and sold on the mainland. Its label, logically, is a red vest, *above*. Reservations: 937-618. . . . ***Michel's*** restaurant. Its length of windows opens to the sea where, at night on the beach, parked Pacific "cats" (two-pronged catamarans) are lit up like sculpture. Creamy French food. Reservations: 936-453. . . . ***Le Salon Rouge,*** a restaurant on the twenty-fifth floor of Hawaii's tallest and biggest building, Ala Moana, serves good food, is quiet and small. This baby observatory above the world's largest shopping centre, Ala Moana (over one hundred and fifty shops, parking for nearly eight thousand cars), looks out to Pearl Harbor, Diamond Head, the green folds of mountains. On the floor above at ***La Ronde,*** three times the size of Le Salon Rouge, the restaurant revolves imperceptibly. Time: full circle, one hour.



News about Molokai

Puu-O-Hoku, a fourteen-thousand-acre dude ranch on the small and lovely island of Molokai, thirty minutes from Honolulu by taxi plane. At take-off, pilots telephone ahead to clear the grass landing strip in case some of the fifteen hundred head of superb Charolais cattle, the colour of Elgin marbles, might be using it for pasture. A young Swiss couple run the ranch lodge; Elizabeth serves and keeps the thirteen double rooms and baths clean; her husband, Kurt, is chef, a baker of good bread. Double room for two with food, $65. Hunter's rates: for axis deer, $100 a day; wild boar, $50; both all year.

News on Maui

Kaanapali, the name of the tremendous sweep of splendid, empty beaches on the sunny, dry, west side of Maui, where the air feels scrubbed and clean, has an explosion of new hotels. . . . At the ***Sheraton-Maui,*** curved around rock, guests enter at the top, go down to rooms which end at the (Continued on next page)

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Travel

(Continued from page 147)

beach, three miles of it, *below*. (Double rooms, from $22.) . . . Nearby is the championship, eighteen-hole ***Royal Kaanapali Golf Course.*** . . . Further along at the ***Royal Lahaina Hotel,*** guests live in large Polynesian cottages with verandahs, move into the long house for meals. For quick room service, waiters with walkie-talkies manoeuvre golf carts. (Double rooms from $22.) . . . Close by, the new ***Hilton Hale Kaanapali,*** spank on the beach, is opening in February, 1967. . . . From Honolulu to Kaanapali by charter plane, forty minutes; from Maui's handsome new airport by car, thirty minutes along the sea and sugar fields. . . . Prologue for visiting Maui's great ***Haleakala Crater,*** ten thousand feet high, is a telephone call to the rangers to check on visibility. Best time to go is at four in the morning when the warning rays of dawn are coming on deep pink. (Piercing cold at the top calls for a warm coat and a thermos of coffee.) From the heated observatory, the two and a half mile wide crater looks like a huge scoop in cinders, goes rust-coloured when the sun strikes. In a fenced-off patch grow the spectacular silverswords which bloom from May to November. Trip timetable: one way, about ninety minutes and thirty miles.



News about Hawaii, the Big Island

At ***Mauna Kea Beach Hotel,*** the new playland plotted by Laurance S. Rockefeller and designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, even the surf, rolling in gently, seems to have been custom built. Everything else *was*. Broad corridors with fascinating Oriental objects open on jungly patios. In simple, luxe rooms, all double and the same size, beds are of willow, floors of polished red tiles. In bathrooms: huge mirrors lighted like those in theatre dressing rooms, infra-red lights, Atkinsons soap from Bond Street, ice machines.

At night, the dining pavilion is like a fashion runway as guests move across its interminable length. Women wear, generally, long, slim Hawaiian muumuus sold in the hotel's shop. When Mrs. John F. Kennedy visited here, she shopped there, too. Master Chef Walter Blum, a slight, gentle man, is in charge of the delicious food filled with surprises from all nationalities. Local and new: lettuce that's a cross between iceberg and Bibb.

Mauna Kea pleasures: turquoise beach umbrellas on the curved beach; a pool; tennis; plus a sensational golf course, some holes played across stretches of the Pacific; two pros, one the Hawaiian women's champion, Jackie Pung. (Double rooms including breakfast and dinner, from $43.)

Guests land at Kamuela Airport, twenty-five hundred feet high, where it often rains, is cold. Uplands at Kamuela, hunters like to stay at Mauna Kea's annex, the ***Ranch House,*** an old plantation house with fireplaces, and English gardens where geraniums and orchids both do well. (Mrs. John F. Kennedy stayed there with her children, had room one.) Close by, in the

quiet ranch town, riders use the Parker Ranch stables. (Ranch House rates, $15-$35 for bed and breakfast.)

John Peacock is the head of the new ***Royal Hawaiian Air Service's*** fleet of twin- and single-engine Cessnas. Specialties: flight-seeing trips. Kamuela office: 854-062. . . . ***Kona Village*** is a new village of Polynesian thatched houses spread around black lava fields edging the sea, reached only by private plane. Ten air minutes from both Kamuela and Kona airports. Cottages for two have Italian-marble bathrooms, stand on sand or on lava flows, similar, supposedly, to the moon's surface and used as training grounds by astronauts. Among the first airborne guests here: Stavros Niarchos. (Double rooms with meals, $55.)

News on Kauai

Fascinating sightseeing on ***Kauai Helicopters*** with a running commentary by the pilot-guide. Three passengers sitting in the bubble have close-ups of wild boar, wild goats, pheasants, partridge, waterfalls like cellophane streamers. Hotels make arrangements; for each person, $15 for twenty minutes. . . . At the ***Hanalei Plantation,*** a red funicular moves slowly to and from the beaches far below. Hillside bungalows; a circular bar, The House of Happy Talk, named after a song in *South Pacific,* which was filmed here. Double rooms, in cottages, $28. . . . ***Tahiti Nui,*** a new, small Tahitian bar in the Hanalei Valley run by Louise, a gentle Tahitian woman from Papeete. . . . ***Waiohai,*** an attractive cluster of two-storey bungalows with porches circling a palmy sandy cove at Poipu, which is on the dry, sunny southern coast. Enormous peace. Double rooms, from $23. . . . ***Kauai Surf,*** a balconied hotel rises above a lovely stretch of beach where one half is for swimmers, the other half for surfers. Bars and restaurants from the beach to the roof. Ready in February, 1967: a nine-hole golf course. (Double rooms from $18.) . . . ***The Club Jetty,*** a very beachcomber nightclub on Nawiliwili Harbor, has an impressive guestbook which its portly Chinese manager, Mama, keeps locked up. . . . ***Jerome Wallace*** makes extraordinarily fine batiks in a far-off hut above the Pacific. He uses only natural dyes made from Kauai's earth, flowers, plants, and shells. One yard of silk batik, around $45.



News about Flights

Now that ***Hawaiian Airlines,*** *above,* have added jets—DC-9's—the Hawaiian Islands are only some thirty minutes apart. On these flights, don't bother to unfasten seat belt or light a cigarette. To speed up handling, Hawaiian Airlines uses different coloured luggage tags for each island. Honolulu's are jade green.

In February, 1967, ***United Airlines*** will fly new and bigger jets from the West Coast to Hawaii. These new Super DC-8's, about forty feet longer than the DC-8's, will lift about seventy more passengers, a total of about two hundred, over the Pacific. The ten-hour flight from New York to Honolulu, round trip in first class, $620; in tourist, $525.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

A Delicate Balance, "*self-indulgent*"

The new play at the Martin Beck, Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance*, is in the nature of an ill-advised tribute to the late T. S. Eliot. It represents an earnest endeavour to write poetic-family-tragedy in the master's last, and least fortunate, manner. It takes a poet, however, to write poetry, and it took old possum to handle old possum's austere and bonily disciplined personal idiom. Mr. Albee just has not got the knack. His poetry is Eliotese, at times not far from parody. When one of Mr. Albee's characters says of another that "she will stop, or she will go on," it is hard not to think of the flatter lines in *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*, and harder not to laugh at hearing their flatness exceeded.

As for what goes on, that is even more unfortunate than what is said, as Mr. Albee sets out to show us what hypocrites we all are when we talk of love and of friendship. We don't, it appears, love others, we just love ourselves, and when our friends make demands upon us we fail them. Bad as we are, we have, if we are men, one consolation: Women are much worse, more meanly selfish, and much nastier than we are. All this is demonstrated in the bosom of one of those typical American families of Mr. Albee's fantasy.

It consists of Claire, an alcoholic female demon, excellently played by Rosemary Murphy; her sister Agnes, a coldhearted bitch, soured by the frustration of her maternal instincts, and played to a fare-thee-well by Jessica Tandy; Julia, Agnes's daughter, a four-times-married monster of selfish possessiveness played as one plays hockey by Marian Seldes; and Agnes's husband Tobias, a cuddly bunny of a man, all good will and weakness, played by Hume Cronyn, who is their victim and plaything.

The delicate balance of this four-handed game is destroyed by the incursion of that brilliant actor Mr. Henderson Forsythe and of Miss Carmen Mathews, who burst in upon the players mouthing some of the worst lines that have been given to professionals since the days of Maeterlinck. They are, it appears, afraid, though of what they can not say. They need the protection and support of their old friends Agnes and Tobias and they have come to get it. Their arrival marks the end of Act One, and the whole of Act Two is devoted to a discussion of the situation created by their arrival.

Conscious, at the beginning of Act Three, that his material is running a little thin, Mr. Albee lets drive with a bravura description of the more squalid aspects of the practice of coitus interruptus. This, although courageously handled by Miss Tandy, fails to save the day, and the piece collapses into anti-climax as the strange visit comes to an end as arbitrary and pointless as its beginning. The play is, in sad fact, Mr. Albee at his self-indulgent worst.

Dinner at Eight, "*endearing charm*"

Dinner at Eight at the Alvin opens a window upon the strangely innocent world of the day before yesterday. To think that this simple-minded and lavishly sentimental charade was once the height of sophistication as the American theatre understood it! Though it can not, alas, be said to be as funny as ever, it has acquired an endearing charm, and the spirit of good-natured romping, in which it is played by Arlene Francis, June Havoc, Walter Pidgeon, and Blanche Yurka, disarms criticism. So, too, does Pamela Tiffin's loveliness.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Appaloosa, "*something has gone sour*"

Spengler may have anticipated a little when he wrote about the decline of the West. But the decline of the Western would have been another matter. The Western used to be the noblest tradition of the American film. Purists regarded it as the essence of cinema itself. For decades those splendid images haunted our consciousness: the riders silhouetted against the sky, the clattering chase across the cactus-dotted landscape, the wild brawl in the saloon, the long walkdown in the silent street, and always the Western hero, diffident, laconic, slow to violence but, once committed, invincible. How superb it all was! Yet, watching Marlon Brando in *The Appaloosa*, as filmed with respectful care by Sidney J. Furie, one can only conclude with Emerson: "Every hero becomes a bore at last."

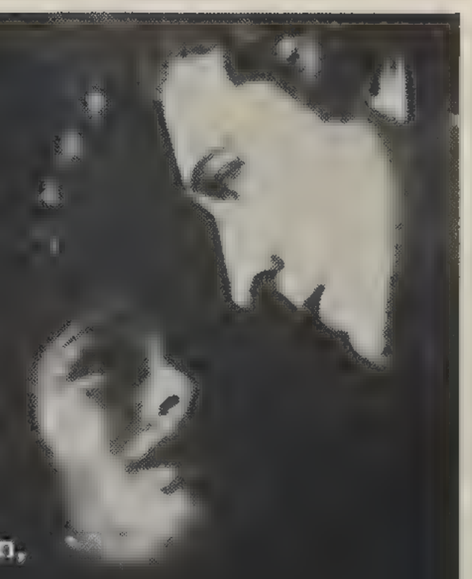
Mr. Brando plays an exhausted cowboy in the contemporary vein. In earlier days William S. Hart, the young Gary Cooper, even John Wayne declined to talk, it seemed, out of deliberate choice. But Brando and his generation appear to have been forced into silence by unutterable fatigue. Brando's only possession is his horse ("I got a horse up there that's the best damn stallion in the whole Southwest"); his only ambition, to redeem a life of murder and sin by settling down with some peace-loving Mexicans as a horse breeder. Unfortunately a non-peace-loving Mexican steals the stallion and humiliates the cowboy by lassoing him and dragging him across a mountain stream. This scene, with its flashy crosscutting of spray, rock, and the anguished Brando, is Furie at his best. Then the cowboy sets out in pursuit of the horse, tracks the bad Mexican down, is captured by him, escapes, and finally, in an oddly anti-climactic climax, disposes of his enemy and rides off to begin his new life.

The old conventions of the Western are as weary as Brando's cowboy. But in recent years the trick has been to give them a new charge: make them existential *(High Noon, Shane)*; transpose them from the Japanese *(The Magnificent Seven, The Outrage)*; parody them *(Cat Ballou)*; film them in Spain, Italy, or even Czechoslovakia. It would be too easy to say that Mr. Furie, the gifted director of that brilliant and ingenious film *The Ipcress File*, has tried in *The Appaloosa* to cross the Western with the spy thriller. But he does use many of the devices which worked so well in his earlier film, especially the very tight close-up, above all of eyes and feet, and the Op Art effects, as of a match flaring spectographically in the dark. They work less well here. One ends with the feeling, indeed, that Mr. Furie's clichés have been superimposed on the clichés of the Western without much stimulus to either.

As for Mr. Brando, he remains a puzzle. He has radiated reserve strength so long without ever calling it up that one begins to wonder whether there is anything left behind that façade of powerful languor. He is still a stylish player but an increasingly apathetic and monotonous one. His supporting cast—John Saxon, Anjanette Comer, Emilio Fernandez—emerges intact as if from a hundred previous films.

The fact that *The Appaloosa* has defeated the combined talents of Messrs. Furie and Brando does not mean, of course, that the Western is through. But surely something has gone sour. One would like to think that this country is tiring of the ethos of the simple solution—of the theory that humanity is neatly divided between the white hats and the black hats and that the toughest problem can be solved by a revolver shot. But then one reflects on Viet Nam and concludes that *The Appaloosa* is probably just a bore on its own.

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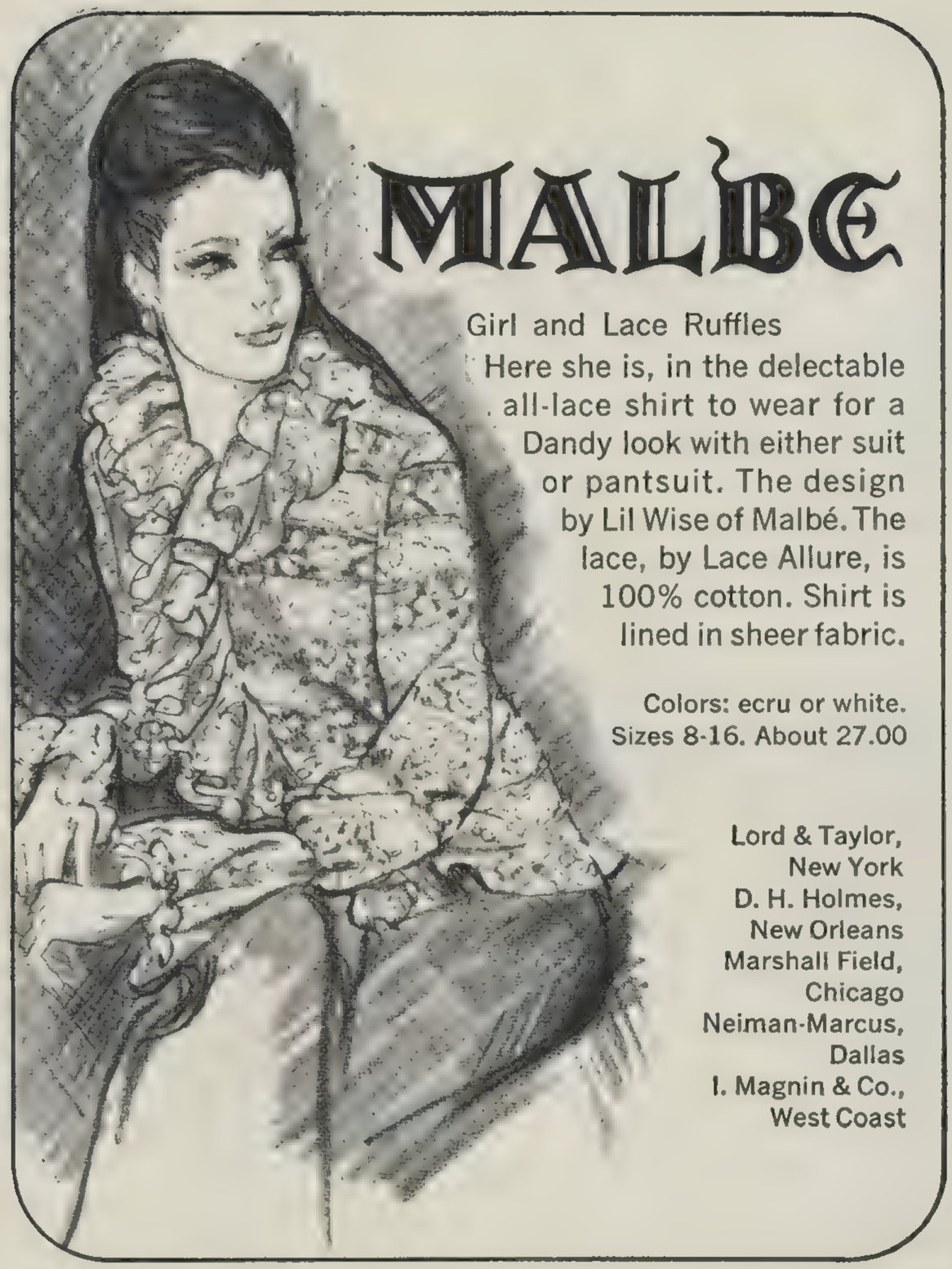
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ALBERT GOLDMAN

Speak, Memory, "*brilliance, wit, and lyric beauty*"

"Confessions in the Dostoevskian manner are . . . not in my line." So flatly—and accurately—states Vladimir Nabokov in *Speak, Memory* (Putnam's). Indeed, readers who are longing at last to glimpse the surely fascinating creator of Lolita, Pnin, Cincinnatus C, and John Shade will be disappointed. Vladimir Nabokov —presumably fey and tragic, whimsical and elegant, always complex, forever inventive and maddeningly elusive, but only *presumably*—has produced in his memoirs, not the anticipated glimpse of the "real" Nabokov but another work of art.

These remarkably pure and crystalline recollections tell of a childhood world of immense wealth, luxury, and culture in Nabokov's characteristic style that fuses brilliance, wit, and lyric beauty. They are marvellously evocative in the Proustian manner, though they lack the profundity of Proust's revelations of psychic and social reality. Portraits of the author's delicate feminine mother, his gentleman statesman father, his many governesses and tutors—and a delightfully decadent uncle—are among the most charming in this portfolio, assembled by an artist who might have said of himself, as did William Blake, "I am hid."

La Vida, "*the authentic voice of the poor*"

In San Juan's toughest slum, *mamá* is likely to be "in the life." After a day of wearisome chores, washing, cooking, cleaning in a decaying tenement room crammed with half-naked children, gossiping neighbours, relatives, *bolita* (numbers) sellers, perhaps a spiritualist, as evening approaches she dons her gaudy clothes, daubs herself with perfume, carefully sets a *Gem* (razor) in her hair or mouth and goes out to "turn a trick" with the gringos. Prostitution and motherhood go hand in hand in this desperately poor district because marriages are merely temporary arrangements that invariably produce children but rarely provide any firm basis for rearing them.

The partners in these "consensual" unions are inhabitants of a society in which sex has to provide satisfaction for every need—love, money, *machismo,* revenge, forgetfulness—a society whose obsessive sexuality is betrayed by every song, every joke, every curse. Inevitably, these termagant women and feckless males betray and abandon one another, creating a baffling maze of relationships and an unending succession of jealous rages marked by face-cuttings, savage beatings or rapes. The children who grow up amongst such scenes, neglected, brutalized, familiar from their earliest years with every expression of lust, are compelled when twelve or thirteen to run away from home to commence lives that are hopelessly identical with those of their parents.

Oscar Lewis, who in books like *Children of Sanchez* revolutionized the study of poverty by substituting for the empty statistics and vapid generalities of sociology the authentic voice of the poor, has both deepened and broadened his probe in *La Vida* (Random House). These Puerto Ricans are lower on the social scale than the urban Mexicans of his earlier books, and he has expanded the number of tape-recorded monologues, supplementing them with eyewitness accounts of typical days.

But as the cultural level sinks, so do the subject's self-awareness and personality differentiation. Consequently, these lives, so full of powerful incident and jolting emotion, are reduced eventually by the simplicity of their narrators to a monotonous round of faceless incidents. The very poor are no longer "invisible," but they *are* virtually indistinguishable.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Rome: Caviar and icons, that's the currency Nikita Khrushchev is using these days to pay his tailor, Angelo Litrico. . . . ***New York, New Haven, Cambridge:*** J. Press is spreading out: ties in the conservative stronghold have gone from less than three to four inches wide this autumn, still in their superb, traditional patterns, from $3. . . . ***Paris: warming up*** to the idea of fur for men, men like tennis champion Jean Noël Grinda, the Prince of Baroda, and advertising executive Jean Fauconnier. What they want are straightforward ones Guy Laroche designs: an example, the double-breasted marmot car-coat M. Fauconnier wears below. It's 5,400 francs (less 20% if paid in traveller's cheques) at Laroche, 18 Avenue Montaigne. M. Fauconnier has a passion for cars, is in the newest, smallest one in Paris. Called the Pussycar, it's a two-seater, only two metres long, made by J. P. Ponthieu, 92 rue de la Faisanderie. Only 200 around now, on a rental-only basis, but plans are to make more, sell them for $1,000 in the States. . . .

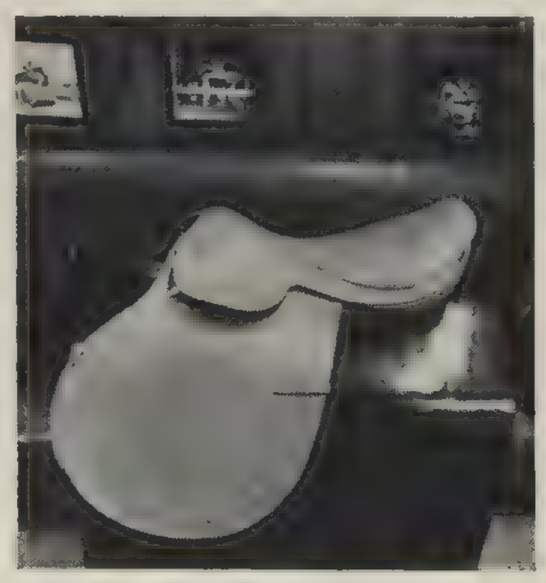
PEROUSE



Perfect timing, perfect form . . . the perfect horseman.



That's William Steinkraus, Captain of the U.S. Equestrian team, on "Sinjon" this week in the 83rd National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Steinkraus served in the last mounted cavalry unit in World War II, first competed with the U. S. Equestrian team in 1951, and has been captain of the Prize of Nations Team since 1955. Mr. Steinkraus rides at home in Noroton, Conn., or at the U. S. Team headquarters in Gladstone, New Jersey, works at Van Nostrand Publishing Co. as an editor of non-fiction and sporting books.



Above, Mr. Steinkraus on "Sinjon," the three-year-old bay gelding, in correct formal hunting or show appointments: black hunting cap, scarlet coat, buff vest, heavy white twill breeches, black calf boots with sewn-on brown tops (permissible only for the master of the hunt, gentlemen members may not wear sewn-on tops). In addition to everything else, Mr. Steinkraus designed one of the most beautiful and lightest (ten pounds) saddles around (above) for Hermès of Paris. It's imported here by Miller Harness Co. of New York. $380 complete with fittings. . . . ***Great thing about shopping at Miller's,*** whether you're a horseman or no: everything in the shop has the clean good looks that seem to accrue to things designed for active sport. The Miller Harness Co. is at 123 East 24th Street in a sooty building that's a sort of mecca for horsemen all over the country—inside it's all wood floors and walls, the smell of good leather, and a jumble of beautiful boots, trim cavalry twill pants, riding breeches, hacking jackets and every conceivable bit of equipment for horses and riders. ***The riding raincoat,*** above, left, was made to the requirements of a rider, is an example of design that works beautifully for the horse-shy. Made in England of guaranteed waterproof rubber-laminated cotton poplin, it's cut straight and short in front, flared in back with leg straps, wind sleeves and underarm ventilation. Natural, or an olive tweed pattern, $39.50. The short, strapped, blunt-toe ***jodhpur boot,*** above, right, is made in England of chestnut-colour willow calf. These are $27.50 and currently a fad in London for street wear. Worn with the boot here, slim pants of 19-ounce stretch wool cavalry twill, taupe colour, $24.50. Other finds here: saddle-tan deerskin roping gloves, good for driving, $6.50; terrific Egyptian cotton turtlenecks with elasticized neck and wrists to end the usual stretch problem of cotton turtlenecks, white, yellow, or beige, $4.95. . . .



HOGENBOOM

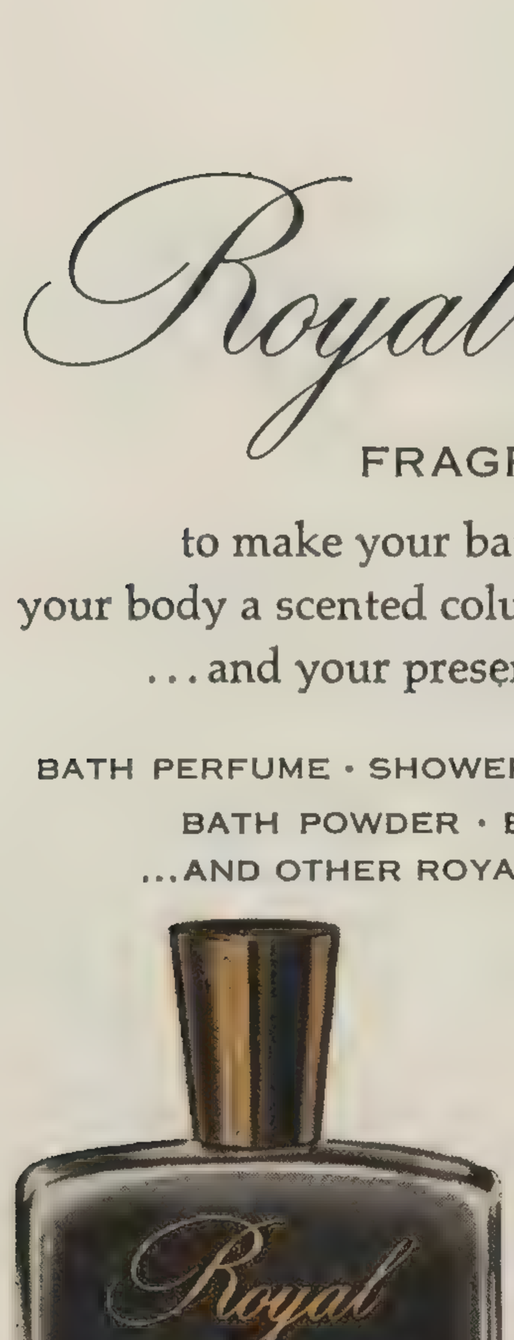


Royal Secret

FRAGRANCE

to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
. . . and your presence a sheer delight!

BATH PERFUME • SHOWER SPRAY OIL • SPRAY MIST
BATH POWDER • BATH FOAM • SOAP
. . . AND OTHER ROYAL SECRET LUXURIES



NOVEMBER 1, 1966

VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW: FASHION TO MAKE YOU LOOK JUST GREAT

The fur that toasts the spirit as it warms the body; the caftan that's freighted with the jewels of Byzantium; the simple pants tailleur that's cut of the most seductively supple silver lamé—you know the kind of fashion we mean: it turns you on, turns up the currents. Like the chinchilla pullover worn here by Anouk Aimée, the marvellous-looking star of *A Man and a Woman,* it's often rare, often costly . . . always frankly, wonderfully, deliriously luxurious. As you'll see when you turn this page . . . and the next . . .

Pullover of Empress chinchilla; wide, fat skins worked in the round; the length perfect over short tweed skirts, narrow ski pants, long flowing chrome-yellow evening pyjamas. By Ben Kahn. At Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny.

Anouk Aimée

BERT STERN





LUXURY—THE PERSONAL VIEW

We all know the generalities of what Keats called the "exquisite sense of the luxurious." But to you, only to you, luxury is—what? This is the question we asked of four contemporary beauties. Here are the answers: not catalogues of Silver Clouds and canary diamonds, but unexpectedly personal glimpses of the women themselves—the dreamer revealed by the dream; the individual defined by her own definition of luxury. . . .

A gloriously pretty creature with great copper-brown eyes and masses of hair to match, Claudia Cardinale sat in the shambles of wood and mud which serves as the set of her new movie, *Don't Make Waves,* and spoke of luxury: To have the feeling of marvellous isolation. To be independent, completely free to do what one wants to do when one wants to do it. To have time. Enormous amounts of time. Time for travel . . . for writing letters and for reading books on a beach . . . for Swedish gymnastics and five-mile "footings" in the country before going to sleep. Money to live like a beauty—to have fifteen wigs at a plunge, and all one's clothes designed just for oneself and for nobody else in the world. Money for real jewels, big as fakes—huge sapphire, emeralds; a seventeenth-century necklace of rubies found in Brazil. Money to burn, but not to handle—"I never carry it; I always have someone with me, even to buy a cup of coffee. . . . It is great luxury to have people to do for me the things I can not do, to have a housekeeper in charge of cooks, maids, chauffeurs. Myself, I am helpless around the house; my only talents are to furnish it and to fix the flowers. . . . Luxury to always have (Continued on page 175)

Claudia Cardinale

Ermine stocking cap, left, in white-and-black-dyed chevron stripes. By Halston for Emeric Partos; made to order. Earrings by Judith Green. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. The cap also at I. Magnin.

AVEDON

Sophia

Loren

ROBED IN UNRIVALLED SPLENDOUR

Sophia the tall . . . Sophia the tawny . . . Sophia Loren magnificently at home in ceremonial robes of fourteenth-century Tatary. Made of hand-loomed raw silk in colours that signify the highest rank at court, they are unique in the world:

Two only, for the pleasure of only two women on earth. One here, in gold, red, and white; one on the following page; both with deep, soft sable linings to wear inside . . . outside . . . forever.



Robe, with lining of natural Russian Crown sable made to order at Maximilian. Jewels by Verdura. Jewelled Paisley slippers by De Liso Debs.

AVEDON



UNRIVALLED IN THE ROBES OF TATARY

Rarae aves all: The one and only Sophia and the robe she wears here—one of two in existence, descended in all their vibrant silk glory from fourteenth-century Tatary, and lined to overflowing with natural Russian Crown sable. This, in purple, yellow, and green; worn with diamonds and peridots and jewelled Paisley slippers.



Robe made to order at Maximilian. Jewels from Verdura. De Liso Debs slippers.

AVEDON

Jean
Shrimpton

SHIMMERED BY MOLTEN COLOUR



Jean Shrimpton and two beautifully moving

instances of Galanos's eye and hand:

amber-and-copper treebark cloqué, *opposite,*

shimmers in a bias harem fall;

printed matelassé, *left,* drops straight

and true in one fluent master-stroke...

extraordinary cut, extraordinary cloth.

Cloqué dress, in Abraham silk satin and wool. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Matelassé dress, in Staron fabric. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. On both pages: earrings and bracelets by Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie; to order at Lord & Taylor. Evening coiffures by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

AVEDON



Jean Shrimpton wears Galanos's dazzling caftan, left—gold and silver threads interwoven with air, blazed with jewels from elbow to wrist. Galanos's voluminous caftan-pyjamas, opposite, envelop her—like Theodora—in translucent gold lamé with a Byzantine brilliance of opalescent stones.

AVEDON

ENVELOPED IN

A SPANGLE OF

SILVER AND GOLD

Caftan, in Hurel matelassé. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Julianelli clogs. Caftan-pyjamas, in Leonard lamé. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Both pages: Dynel jewellery by Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie: to order, Lord & Taylor. Ara Gallant coiffures; Dynel falls: Tovar-Tresses.

Pyjamas by Hanae Mori. Necklaces by Marvella. K. J. L. bracelets and earrings. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Slippers by Caressa. Coiffure by David Crespin.

MANTLED BY A GARDEN

OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Chiffon pantaloon pyjamas mantled by silk—a whole festival of

imperial chrysanthemums flowering on

magenta with an extravagant float of panel. Worn by...

Benedetta

Barzini

AVEDON

Benedetta Barzini, *above*, in an Eastern realm of princely colour—

vermilion-pink and violet chiffon skirting out above silk sliver-pants.

Jean Shrimpton, *opposite*, resplendent as a maharaja—the Indian tunic

jewelled over print and narrowed over Indian Choori-Dar pants.

SHOWERED WITH FLOWERS,

FRETTED WITH JEWELS



Smocked-tunic pyjamas by Hanae Mori. Jack Gilbert bead necklaces. Apex Art rhinestone jewellery. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Honolulu. Evins sandals. Coiffure by David Crespin. Indian pyjamas and printed silk jersey, both by Ken Scott. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Dynel earrings by Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie; Bernardo sandals. Ara Gallant tassel coiffure. Dynel fall by Tovar-Tresses.

AVEDON



AVEDON

SWIRLED BY PAISLEY.

LAPPED BY CRÊPE



Jean Shrimpton in chalwar pyjamas, *opposite*—

giant Paisley swirls of red, charcoal, and white chiffon,

covering and revealing. And, *right*, lapped in

ember-orange crêpe—great panel folds drawn sidewards

to disclose the sinuous curve of the body beneath



LUXURY—
THE PERSONAL VIEW

(Continued from page 159) houses, never to live in a hotel. . . . Luxury to be able to eat little. . . . Never too much of anything. If a woman has hundreds of Dior dresses, yachts, houses—everything she could possibly wish for—this can bring unhappiness. To me, one of the most wonderful luxuries is to dream about things I want, not to have them right away—but not to have to wait too long; that can be painful. I feel that people who have everything get bored—there is nothing to hope for. I think it's terribly important for people to work, important that one should have to earn everything. In this way one feels luxury more intensely."

ANOUK AIMÉE. "All-over well-being. And to live in comfort. The idea of comfort is the only thing I associate with the word 'luxe'—not to be hurried; to take the time to take one's own time."

BENEDETTA BARZINI. "To me, luxury demands a lot of whatever it is. A lot of time. An orchestra—a big, an enormous orchestra. A jewel—immensely precious. A lot of yourself in feeling, sensation, imagination . . . the capacity to be a magnifying glass . . . to make the world that surrounds you a palace with mother-of-pearl, corals, gold, and magic. But to see dolphins playing in the sea on a sparkling summer day—nothing but the sun on your back, the splashing in and out and through the waves of the fish, and you cutting the sea in a little sailboat—this is pure happiness. This is luxury."

SOPHIA LOREN. "When I was a small child I had dreams, and I was all the girls in all the ads in all the glossiest magazines. I still remember those dreams . . . it's Christmas and I'm lying on a leopard skin in front of a roaring fire opening packages of diamond necklaces wrapped in mink . . . I'm in a bath of beaten gold which Jean Patou has filled personally . . . I'm riding down Fifth Avenue on a Silver Cloud drinking goblets of champagne to a ticker-tape welcome. Today, as Sophia Loren, film star, I've fallen from my silver cloud with a bump. I ask myself, what really is luxury to me and I find it's . . . being able to get up at 5:15 A.M. instead of 5 . . . being able to wear blue jeans instead of Dior in public . . . being able to drop my aitches when I speak English . . . being known as Sophia instead of 'la Signora.' And at this moment—in primitive southern Italy, making a film called *Happily Ever After* with a monk's cell for a dressing room—luxury becomes comparative: Being able to find the bathplug when you need it. Hearing that the water has been restored after three days without it. Finding that the electricity is working again after a night of unromantic candlelight. . . . All of which suggests to me a very immoral moral—luxury is simply a matter of doing what you really want to do."

CERTAIN SPLENDOURS—BEGINNING WITH HAIR

You could say—and you'd be right—that riches of beauty begin with magnificence of hair. Thick hair, each strand alive with colour. Then you could go on from there, if you wanted to, to say that if hair is the key, it should be used as such. In which case, your beauty fortunes would be attuned to the thinking of Clairol. Clairol's makeup premise is precisely that, but it offers up, each season, new choices within the right-shade framework. And it isn't so dogmatic that you can't have several choices even then. For instance, here is a brunet beauty (brunetted simply and glowingly, perhaps, by the new colour shampoo told about on page 82); a brunette made up for that which her hair says she is. Her lipstick choice might be several choices—it is, in fact, Frail Pink. Her blusher, again keyed to her brunetterie, is Gilded Amber-Rose. Both belong to Clairol's current feeling that makeup's best when it contains the look of gold. (Secret Gilts is one group of lipsticks they're putting out at present.) The dress at left, not a dress at all. A jewelled, black ciré burnoose by Grès, it belongs within the poncho idea she launched. Here at I. Magnin.

PENN


AVEDON

MRS. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT IN NEW MAINBOCHER EVENING LOOKS

Mainbocher's serenely beautiful new collection carries on the great, one-man Mainbocher conspiracy to make women look glorious. Glorious colours for the skin—pink, bone, beige, buttercup-yellow. Faultless construction—easy, uncontrived—that follows the body yet leaves it unfettered. And the most glorious fabrics in the world, their provenance never revealed....Here, Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, a tall, chestnut-haired young beauty with great dash, wears one of Mainbocher's evening beauties: a long pale-pink crêpe dress with clusters of narrow pleats that, in motion, swirl into a train; neckline a squared plunge, belt a strand of pearls....Recently, speaking about Mainbocher, Mrs. Vanderbilt said, "He does marvellous things with crêpe—that is his forte; no one knows how to drape it the way he does. His crêpes have a sinuous quality, a seductive quality."...Dress, made to order by Mainbocher. Coiffure by Kenneth. Makeup by Hana of the Kenneth Salon.



MAINBOCHER'S BLACK-AND-WHITE EVENINGS... WORN BY MRS. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT

Black-and-white dash for evening
as it's done right now
by Mainbocher—worn here,
with zest and enjoyment,
by Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt.
White cut-velvet evening shirt,
black skirt, left—the kind
of super-simple luxe that is
a Mainbocher signature.
The shirt has the easiest little
flip of rolled collar, set-in
short sleeves like a tennis shirt,
a gleam of diamanté buttons....
The skirt, a magnificent fall
of black cut velvet, slender,
widened at the hem, has two
slash pockets, easy as you please.
Pearl-and-diamond earrings
by Schlumberger of Tiffany.
Mainbocher's bi-coloured brocade,
right: black in back, white
in front, starting high at the
yoke-line... narrow belted
waist, slightly gathered skirt.
Both costumes, made to order by
Mainbocher. Coiffures by Kenneth.
Makeup: Hana of the Kenneth Salon.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The pressure points under the elections: Viet Nam and inflation. . . . The screamers who act as if Senator Robert Kennedy were an extra Beatle. . . . The shaking down of the Metropolitan Opera in its Lincoln Center house, enormous, loaded with electrical gimmicks and possibilities all of which must be learned like the insides of an expanded space ship. . . . The magnificent Shang dynasty bronzes with their intricate, geometric patterns in the Washington exhibition of Chinese art from the collection of H.M. King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The slippage of discothèques with live noise beating into the young places. . . . John Frankenheimer's film shocker, *Seconds,* in which a middle-aged, droop-out banker turns into Rock Hudson, but it doesn't help. . . . In France, the non yé-yé pop singer, Enrico Macias, a patent-leather-haired Pied-Noir from Algeria where a weepy song by Macias, "Po-Po-Po," is a hit. . . . The sticky pile-up of euphemisms for age, with a Connecticut church organizing a new "Senior Young People's Fellowship." . . . A scatty new ski car about the size of a golf cart but with tractor treads at the back, skis at the front, that can climb where tows don't go.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Epigrams popped in Edward Albee's new play, *A Delicate Balance,* such as, "I can't stand selfish people—those who want to die and take their whole life doing it." . . . Melina Mercouri, beautiful and blown like a rain-and-wind-smeared garden, crooning, conniving, and suffering in the Jules Dassin film, *10:30 P.M. Summer.* . . . The fifth volume by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, *Themes and Episodes,* a grandfather's trunk of wit, happenings, and anecdotes; asked who are the real sculptors, the great British sculptor Henry Moore said: " 'Rodin was a great sculptor, Degas was a sculptor, Brancusi was only and totally a sculptor, Matisse was a sculptor, Picasso is a sculptor, Wotruba is a sculptor, Giacometti is a great *artist,* Marini is a bit of a sculptor. Manzù is a sculptor, but a bad one.' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Irving Berlin's *Annie Get Your Gun* which keeps coming back to Broadway because it is a musical as rounded, tight, and durable as a Chinese pickled egg, and it has Ethel Merman. . . . The vending machines reported in Tokyo that give loans of up to more than fifty dollars for three months at five and a half per cent interest. . . . In France, the return to television of Jean Lecanuet, the exciting dark horse of the 1965 Presidential election, on the program *Face à Face,* and this slash of the *Nouvel Observateur,* an anti-Lecanuet paper: "He made the mistake of letting his fans compare him to J. F. Kennedy. This is not Kennedy, it's Lord Baden-Powell, of whom everyone knows that he was already démodé and reactionary fifty years ago."

THE OTHER ARTS OF JAMES A. MICHENER

Everyone may think of James Michener, *right,* who wrote, among a dozen books, *Tales of the South Pacific* and *Hawaii,* as a writer, but James Michener does not. He is a man sopped in several arts, who said, "That I have had some success in one field is the icing on the cake." Now, thickening that icing, *Hawaii* (905 pages in paperback, over 3,100,000 copies in print) has become a long, good-looking movie starring Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow whose performance as a nineteenth-century missionary slowly builds to a crazed power. The cake that Mr. Michener takes includes music and painting. A low-spoken, slow-speaking man, he said, "If you lived with me for a month, you would realize that I'm not being corny when I say I just can't live without these things." He added as a flat fact: "I could conduct eight or nine operas and all the usual symphonies." Grey of eye, hair, and suit, unassuming and concentrated, he looked like a distinguished neurologist citing degrees. Of the 250 paintings he and his Japanese-American wife have collected, he said, "I no longer fight the battle of whether what modern painters are doing is good or not. I *must* know what is going on in my own time. There is a cross-fertilization of ideas between art and words." For him art turns the hot on: "Painters have carried the battle for artistic statement in the United States." Books switch the cool: "As writers we have it easier. All we have to do is convince someone to invest about six or seven thousand dollars in us." This year Mr. Michener, who has little convincing to do after a half-dozen books at the top of best-seller lists, has worked on a book about Spain, for which one step of the research involved this persistent, reliable trick: "When I land in a new port, I go to the bus terminal and buy a ticket to the end of the line. This first view of a country gives a veracity that's ineradicable. You just don't kid yourself, because you've seen it."



IN TWO NEW YORK MUSEUMS



Who is avant-garde? Basically, I suppose, it is those people who change values in their area of activity. In painting this would mean that an artist, however good, whose work is an addition to the traditional snowball of art (rolling along and getting bigger every generation) wouldn't qualify. The avant-garde artist is the one who stretches our ideas of what art can be, not by speculation but by producing the work. That is to say, he starts another snowball. Anybody who can do this shifts how we look at art and brings some neglected bit of experience into the field of aesthetics or communication.

If this definition is right, the popular equation of the youngest artist with the most radical act is only sometimes true. A kind of Youth Lobby has managed to equate the avant-garde with freshness and newness. The feelings and assumptions that everybody gets as a gift from a new generation, however, are not avant-garde, just history's bonus. An example of how misleading the be-young, be-avant-garde idea is can be shown by the current school of British sculpture. It is fresh but undemanding; it is new but it is charming, not tough. Thus we reach the situation of an *easy* avant-garde, which obviously won't do. Maybe the term should be saved not for celebrating new faces but for identifying the radical. In this sense, an artist can be the age of Jean Dubuffet, sixty-five, but more radical than most people under Bob Dylan's age.

Dubuffet has a double gift of a kind not generally expected from somebody proposed for the avant-garde. In the forties and fifties he created a rugged, primal art which changed going ideas of what art was then. So far so good, but he has, also, a determination to control his affairs that is sufficiently strong for him to have set up a Dubuffet Secretariat in Paris. It is a spacious office, crowded with modern filing systems, in appearance, perhaps, a (Continued on page 233)

JEAN DUBUFFET, a spare, brilliant, French painter of sixty-five, now has an extraordinary exhibition of many of his works, including sculpture, at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, where the show will continue until February 12, 1967. *Above*, "Tree," drawn last June, is one of a series of "familiar objects rendered like huge monuments so that the apparently familiar swells into strangeness."

DUBUFFET

"SECRET AND IRRATIONAL ASSUMPTIONS"
BY LAWRENCE ALLOWAY



PENN

REINHARDT

"ART IS RELATED TO NOTHING" BY BARBARA ROSE

Even if everything, including art, is related to everything else, what is the sense in saying it, and who would exploit it except someone who didn't know or care very much about the subject and object of art? The only possible point of view is absolutely negative. Art is separate from everything else, is related to nothing, and so is one thing only, only itself.

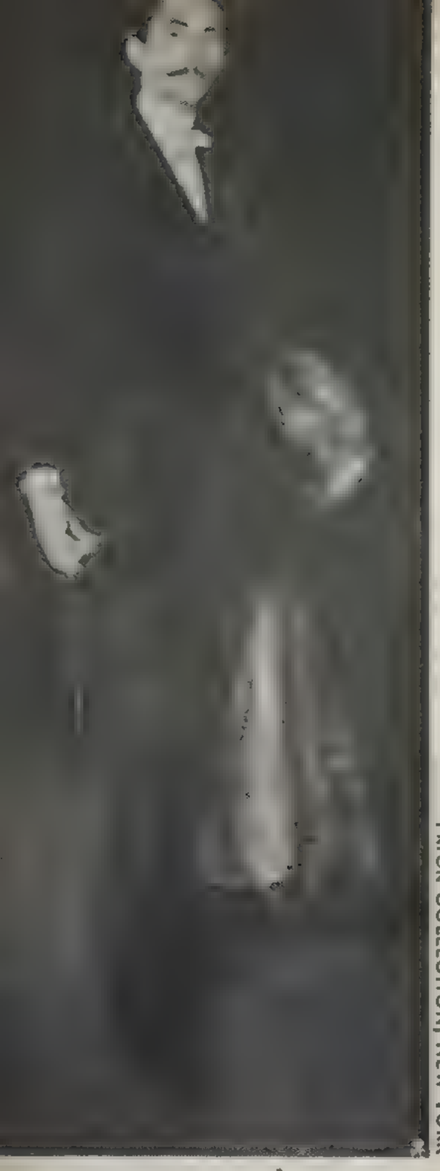
—Ad Reinhardt, "Timeless in Asia" in Art News

For many years a succès de scandale, Ad Reinhardt has lately become a succès d'estime. As the "black monk" of Abstract Expressionism, Reinhardt evolved a cool, refined, static abstraction during the heyday of action painting. Not only his impersonal, anti-autobiographical works, but his constant polemicizing for an art for art's sake, devoid not only of images but of allusions of any kind, marked Reinhardt as the outsider among the Abstract Expressionists, who insisted that theirs was, above all, an art of content. So extreme was the position that Reinhardt outlined in countless articles, statements and manifestoes that one critic, in a lightly veiled satire, cast him as Mr. Pure, an artist who seeks to refine his art to the point where he ends by injecting a colourless liquid into colourless plastic. Reinhardt, of course, has not gone so far. Yet for some viewers the stark, impassive façades of his most recent "black" paintings are as blank and as empty as the fictional works of Mr. Pure.

It is, however, no coincidence that the more the public is eager to consume art as a commodity, the more difficult and unavailable for consumption Reinhardt makes his art. In his usual rôle as naysayer, he has refused to adapt himself to the exigencies of the cultural boom. Conscious of the idea of "the museum without walls"—to the extent that he has amassed a huge collection of photographs of art from prehistory to the present—he has perversely made his own work virtually unreproducible. (Continued on page 244)



AD REINHARDT, a brilliant American painter whose new exhibition will open at New York's Jewish Museum on November 16 and run until January 1, 1967, is one of the most provocative artists. He was born in 1913 at Buffalo, New York, where some of his work hangs at Buffalo's famous Albright-Knox Gallery. (His paintings are in a dozen museums.) A graduate of Columbia College, he became a photographer for the U. S. Navy during World War II, later taught at Yale University. *Right:* A "black" painting by Reinhardt who has arrived "at the purist form of his vision", with, above it, a portrait of Reinhardt taken in his studio.



FRICK COLLECTION, NEW YORK

JAMES WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF MONTESQUIOU



IN RENAISSANCE COSTUMES, MONTESQUIOU AND, AT RIGHT, SARAH BERNHARDT

MONTESQUIOU

PROFESSOR OF BEAUTY

BY PHILIPPE JULLIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Philippe Jullian, a small, intense French writer and artist is the author of the biography of Robert, Comte de Montesquiou-Fezensac, *A Prince of 1900*, published in Paris to immediate acclaim. As Jullian knows well both the period and the Gramont family, he had access to the Gramont papers, a scholarly find. A superbly elegant and eccentric man, Robert, Comte de Montesquiou started the whole trend for Art Nouveau. He introduced Whistler to Paris, discovered Callé and Helleu, and partly discovered Proust, who made Montesquiou the original model for a major character, the Baron de Charlus. As Montesquiou knew everybody, he helped make Mallarmé well known, and asked Debussy to write the music for one of D'Annunzio's plays in Paris. The Comte de Montesquiou had as his secretary Gabriel d'Yturri, on whom Proust based part of the character of Jupien. A man of diverse talents, Montesquiou was a minor poet, a dabbler in the arts, a critic, and a giver of great costume balls. He even wondered whether to call himself "Montesproust."

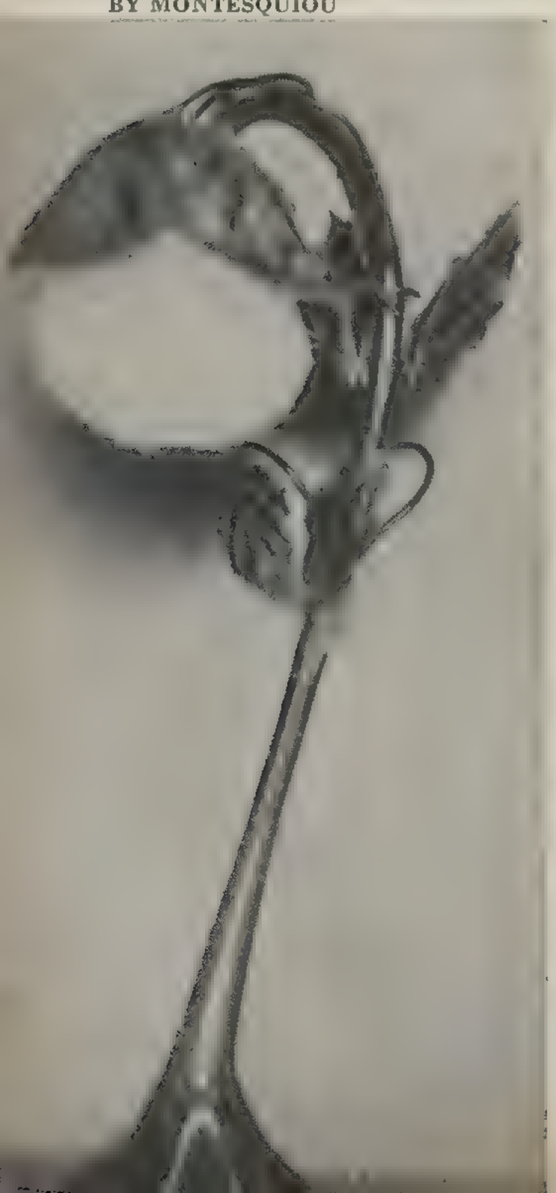


MARCEL PROUST IN 1896

MONTESQUIOU WITH GABRIEL D'YTURRI AT A 1905 PERSIAN BALL IN PARIS



AN ART NOUVEAU LAMP, DESIGNED BY MONTESQUIOU



P. HINOUS, CONNAISSANCE DES ARTS

On the second floor Grand Hall of the Frick Collection there hangs a large, dark portrait by Whistler. The subject, with his waxed moustache, looks rather like the painter. A dandy holding his cousin's coat of chinchilla, the man in the portrait has the expression of someone who is about to say something unpleasant—there is something rather devilish about him.

The work is the result of endless sittings, the product of a friendship between a painter who was fascinated by his model's face and a model devoted to the genius of the painter. The friendship was so close that the painting has a strange magic and might almost be a portrait of Dorian Gray. The label on the painting reads: "Robert, Comte de Montesquiou-Fezensac, by James Abbott McNeill Whistler." The features are familiar—one has seen them before in paintings by Helleu, by Boldini, by Forain, and by De László. Who was this narcissistic nobleman? How did he know Whistler, Wilde, Sarah (Continued on page 251)



NADAR

THE ENCHANTING COMTESSE GREFFULHE, ONE OF THE PRIMARY MODELS FOR PROUST'S PRINCESSE DE GUERMANTES



MONTESQUIOU WITH HIS COUSIN, THE COMTESSE GREFFULHE, HOLDING HER SMALL DAUGHTER, ELAINE, WHO BECAME THE DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT



ROBERT, COMTE DE MONTESQUIOU AT TWENTY-FIVE

PERTEGAZ

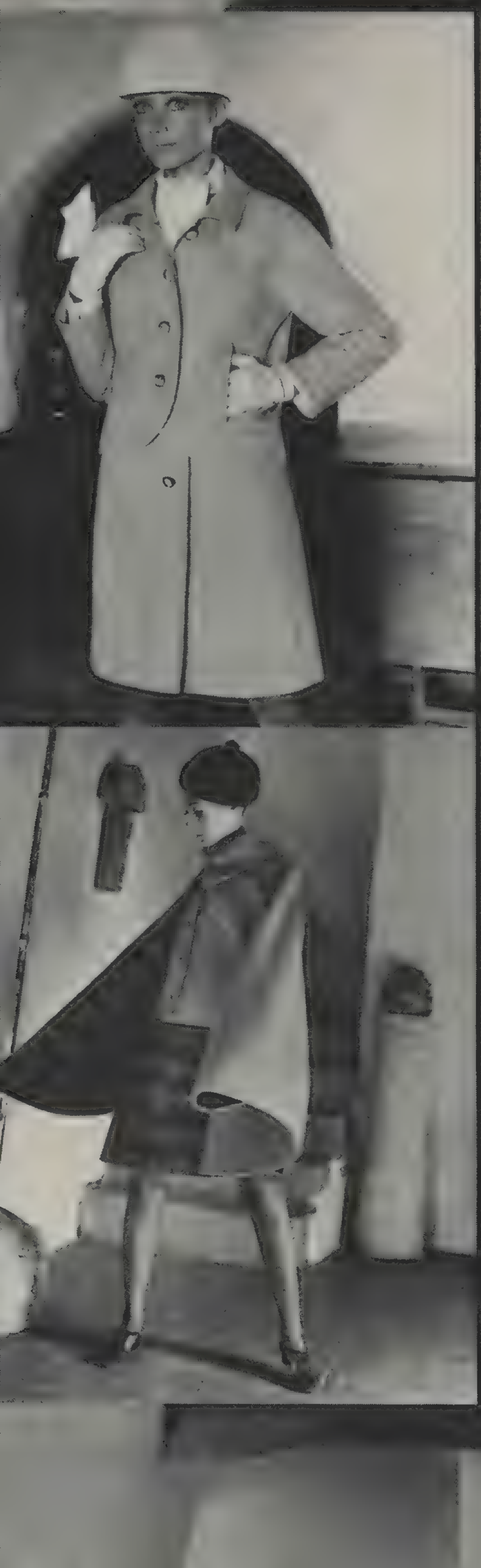
NORMAN PARKINSON

The master of all his eye surveys, Spain's Manuel Pertegaz cuts cloth with a clarity of line at once so simple and so pure that the brilliance of his shears seems wholly effortless —rough tweed trues up lightly to impeccable panelled ease, sheer lamé rounds out softly to polished reefer dash. Panel-pleated tweed suit, opposite: rust, green, and beige checks squared softly at the shoulder, sharply at the hem— pleats swung wide as panels from inverted centre-folds. Suit and dark-green blouse by Pertegaz; Dormeuil wool. Tilted beret, gloves, and shoes by Pertegaz. Stockings by Phoenix. Gold lamé dinner coat, right: small rolling collar, wide curving sleeve—the blinding dazzle goes straight to the knee over fragile chiffon traced in gold. Both by Pertegaz; coat, in Roura lamé. Pertegaz hair jewels and gloves. Both costumes, at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Cutting a fine Spanish line between sharp snap and soft, Pertegaz goes at a swift easy clip—and the cloth curves to his will. Reversible seven-eighths coat, left: Black-paned scarlet checks square up short and wide, curve out deep and wide—a great turncoat double-faced in scarlet above a matching whipcord dress. Both by Pertegaz, in Oleart wool. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Curved herringbone tweed suit, centre above: Beige-and-white wool rounded with meticulous ease over a panel-folded skirt —where the row of bone buttons ends. Suit and cream jersey blouse by Pertegaz; Dormeuil wool. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Double-faced laird's cape, centre below: Camel wool, slashed fore and aft, swings a full 360° round a short camel jacket and kilt-folded skirt—tartan match for the red and Highland-green facing of the Scottish cape. Cape and suit by Pertegaz: Oleart wool. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Dress and reversible jacket, far right: Smooth creamy line, smooth creamy wool —raspberry facing the beige jacket, topping the beige-skirted dress. By Pertegaz; Dormeuil wool. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both pages: hats, gloves, and shoes by Pertegaz; fishnet stockings by Phoenix.

PERTEGAZ

NORMAN PARKINSON



PERTEGAZ



Pertegaz's long silvery evening coat, left: Silvery beige silk carved to a gentle and attenuated Infanta curve—the same line, the same silk as the dress beneath. Both, in Santa Eulalia fabric. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Manuel Pertegaz's jewellery. And his miniature Doberman pinscher, named after himself and his new perfume—M.P. Berhanyer's short golden trench coat, right: Scissoring the shortest hems in Spain, Berhanyer cuts gold-and-cream ottoman with glistening dash—a trench coat trenchantly tailored and tossed jauntily over a straight little shimmy of pale-coffee crêpe. Dinner coat and dress, both in Cadena fabric. Bally slippers.

NORMAN PARKINSON

THE CASE FOR FAKERY IN BEAUTY

THE CASE FOR REALITY IN BEAUTY

All right, accepted, absolutely unexceptional today are: the capped smile, the surgically-tightened skin, the re-done feature —to say nothing of the dress or bathing suit with a little something built into its front. The status of these fakeries is established; they are natural improvements. And it's the most natural thing in the world to take advantage of them. So none of this hanky-panky is being questioned here. What *is* under discussion is the fashion for elaborate beauty embellishment—as against an emerging fashion for beauty simplicity. . . .

On the one hand, you have this—everywhere these days: the woman who never looked better in her life, and never in her life looked or felt "more like myself." She's had a wash-and-wear haircut (cut along long and silky lines), so being caught bareheaded in rain, snow, the Caribbean, or a sauna, is no disaster for her. A fast run-through with a comb, or at most five minutes' worth of cranking up on the quick heat of Carmen Curlers, can make her hair presentable again. As for makeup—you might say: all she wears is a little lipstick. That's not quite true, but both the effect that's achieved and the time needed for achievement couldn't be easier to live (Continued on next page)

ENGINEERED EFFECT FOR BODIES

Silver lamé shift with solid silver breasts (Cartier's best) held on by tiny silver backstraps. As far out as fakery comes, it's one of the *pièces uniques* designed by the husband of Emmanuelle Khanh, who uses for himself the name Quasar. ("Quasar," said he, "is the star furthest away from our planet.") Carita engineered the hair in this case.

NATURAL BODY LINE: GIVENCHY

Not only is there a waistline in this dress (considered by many "the best dress in Givenchy's collection"), but a boned band inside the dress cinches it further. No hard edges, all curves and rounds. Wraparound of black satin; I. Magnin. Hair coiffed by Alexandre.

PENN

BEAUTY *bulletin*

BEAUTY: THE CASE FOR FAKERY VERSUS THE CASE FOR REALITY

(Continued from preceding page) with. The case for beauty reality, the happy argument against beauty fakery, this woman does not look lacking in her beauty interest. *Lucky* in beauty is more descriptive. . . . Her time is her own, not her hairdresser's. She has the upper hand on her makeup kit. When she's *pressée,* the haste that makes for hysteria in a more complicated beauty plan can neither undo her nor leave her looking like a Happening. She can't be undone because her look is based on this: not being all done up. . . . On the other hand, you have the woman who enters a room at night bearing up a splendour of hair that's made full use of the hairpiece revolution and has obviously absorbed the entire afternoon of some hairdressing genius. Her eyes—stoppers—wear, each in its own designated paint-me-in place, at least three shades and shimmers of eye shadow. But that's *nothing.* Bone highlighter and eyeliner and a pair or more of fake eyelashes are in there working like mad. As is a silvered, gilded, or pearled makeup foundation. (The skin-tone that results isn't remotely real; it is, however, undeniably sensational.) . . . One thousand per cent faked up, engineered from extended crown to lacquered toe, she is an Excitement. She adds magic to everyone's evening, and for this, and one other reason, she is the dazzling argument for beauty fakery. Had she *not* bothered to go all out, the truth is, she'd be out of things. Which is the other compelling argument for the use of beauty fakery. . . .

Which woman is on the right-er track? Who has the better grasp of what's now? You know the answer—both. Not only are both women on the current course, they're not even on opposing sides of the beauty mainstream. Because they are—you guessed this, too—one and the same woman. A woman who knows the place of fakery in beauty, and uses it where it belongs. A woman who, at the same time, is aware of how attractive "natural" beauty can be, and has mastered the details that put it across.

Frankly the trickier of the two looks, especially for a woman past mini-skirt age, beauty reality is a learning process. And the first thing to learn about it is that some of it must really *be* real. Hair cut straight and combed plainly must be really clean —seven days a week. . . . Skin "brought out from under makeup" must be worth looking at. This is how that can be managed. (There's a sequence, by the way, so watch for it.)

The skin is cleansed by an expert from time to time; by the woman herself, regularly. (Interesting, how many new facial steam-bath machines have arrived on the scene for at-home cleansing.) Then, a bona-fide light suntan is pretty much a year-round condition for successful "natural" beauty. It lets you get away with a certain amount of murder. Murder of this type incorporates an occasional trip to the sun; a sunlamp used several times a week when you're sun-less. Now: the cleansed, sunned skin's basic daily makeup does not appear on the official makeup lists. A moisturizer blotted to a tight shine, it's technically "a treatment product." But treat *it* as your makeup base. Into this, the first of the true makeups you'll use is blended—namely, a clear, sheer, see-through pink tint that goes on cheeks, forehead, possibly chin, to reproduce the rosy glow and heightened shine a strong sun gives. Many rouges, many blushers, many glows exist for this, but for "reality," you have to be able to see the skin through them. Which means they can't be dusty or powdery or opaque. This narrows the field. One utterly clear contender looks like a super-rosy rose-water; it's Eve of Rome's Touch of Sun. . . .

Glow installed, skin still see-able, the next move is to soften the centre panel of the face and improve the look of the skin-texture in that area. There is only one sure way to do it and this is with a makeup foundation in a colour that compats with light suntan, but has a degree of that even-tempered stuff called coverage. Again, ready to be called in for the job are dozens of candidates. But one good choice is the fluffy foundation cream in a jar which Revlon puts out under the Ultima II label. (Coverage is thin but thorough; quick handling is built into the formula; colours are convincingly skin-like.) Nose, mouth, chin get a whisk of this, and a little blending into the under-eye area is not against any natural law.

Beauty reality progresses next to the matter of eyes—skip them? Or give them a hand? Silly question to put to any woman with eyeliner experience. Eyeliner belongs in all makeups today; it's one of the advances that in fact makes beauty "plainness" workable—in the case of beauty reality, it keeps natural-looking eyes from looking bald. But trick here is to use the eyeliner quickly; don't bother with flourishes. Get darkness into the roots of the lashes, not on skin of the eyelid—and of course leave the lower lashes strictly alone. A silking of mascara gives the eyes "hold." And, most natural thing in the world, a smoothed-in glow of pearly white eye shadow just under the peak of the eyebrow (Continued on page 243)

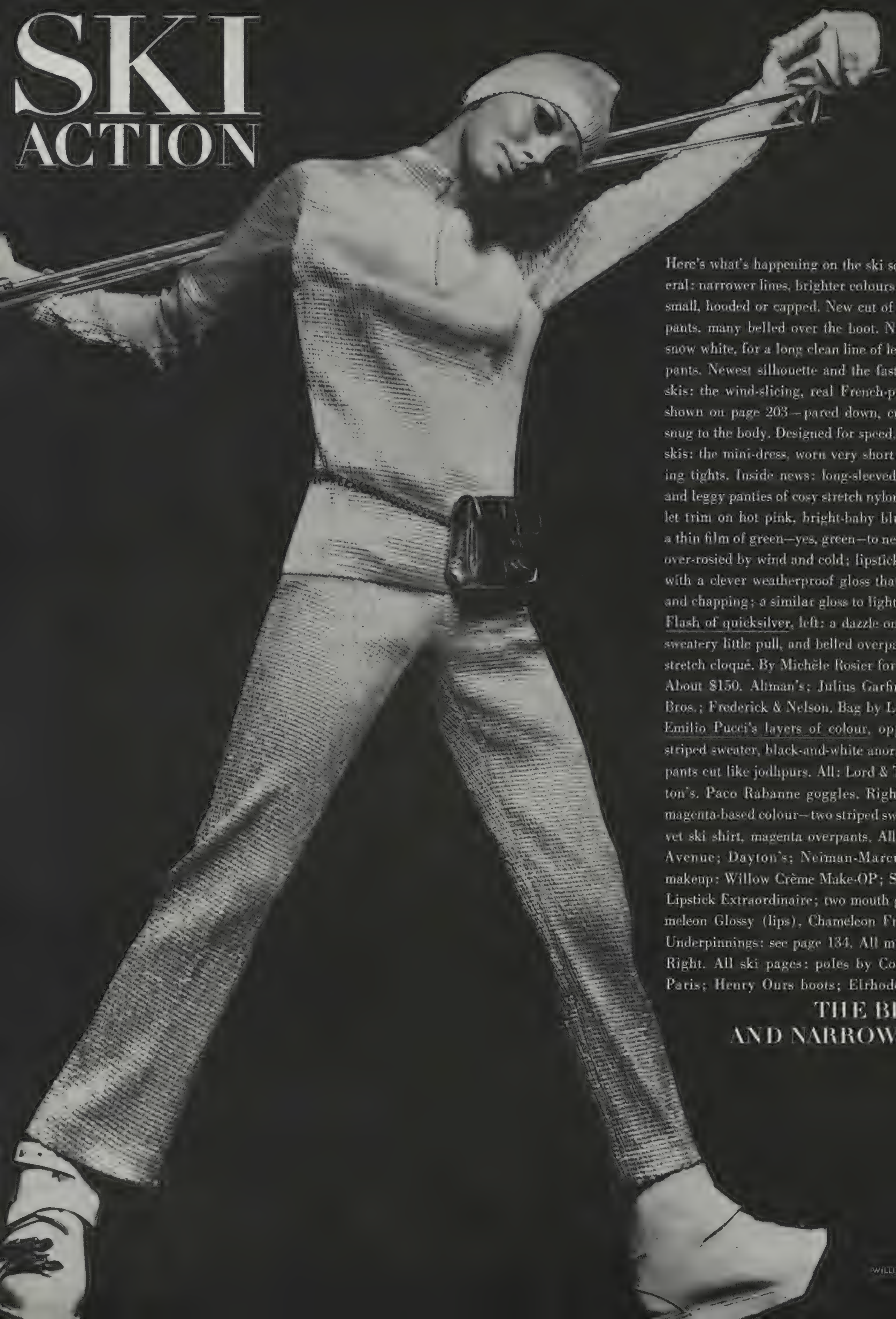
AND THEN THERE'S THIS— FAKED-UP NATURALNESS WITH A NEW COLOUR THROB

Taking everything with sizzling calm, here (including occupancy of one of the world's most electrifying new fashions), who but the splendid Veruschka? Her hair couldn't be combed more simply; makeup, right down to the fingernails, is what you could call natural—plus. Plus *mauve* in the lipstick (watch mauve-grape-lilac tones come on). Plus *shimmer* to light the face. Estée Lauder is ready for these when you are—she's launching "Frosted Grape" lipstick for evening, right now; has just come up with Youth Sheen, a creamy liquid to youthify, with shimmer, the evening face. As for the coat: every good fashion eye is on it—printed wools are pouring in from Italy, but none with more luxe than this coat by Valentino, who gave it a chiffon dress to match. Dress and coat (the latter of a wool by Nattier), here at I. Magnin. Scene: the Roman villa of Count and Countess Pio Teodrani.

HENRY CLARKE



SKI ACTION



Here's what's happening on the ski scene. In general: narrower lines, brighter colours. The head is small, hooded or capped. New cut of pants: overpants, many belled over the boot. Newest boots: snow white, for a long clean line of leg with white pants. Newest silhouette and the fastest thing on skis: the wind-slicing, real French-pro jumpsuit, shown on page 203—pared down, cut small and snug to the body. Designed for speed. Surprise on skis: the mini-dress, worn very short over matching tights. Inside news: long-sleeved undershirts and leggy panties of cosy stretch nylon; white eyelet trim on hot pink, bright-baby blue. Makeup: a thin film of green—yes, green—to neutralize skin over-rosied by wind and cold; lipstick shimmered with a clever weatherproof gloss that fights frost and chapping; a similar gloss to light up the face. Flash of quicksilver, left: a dazzle on snow—cap, sweatery little pull, and belled overpants of silver stretch cloqué. By Michèle Rosier for White Stag. About $150. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Bag by La Bagagerie. Emilio Pucci's layers of colour, opposite. Left: striped sweater, black-and-white anorak, white ski pants cut like jodhpurs. All: Lord & Taylor; Dayton's. Paco Rabanne goggles. Right: layers of magenta-based colour—two striped sweaters, a velvet ski shirt, magenta overpants. All: Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Fabergé makeup: Willow Crème Make-OP; Stained Glass Lipstick Extraordinaire; two mouth glosses, Chameleon Glossy (lips), Chameleon Frosty (face). Underpinnings: see page 134. All mittens, Wear-Right. All ski pages: poles by Cochet-Sports, Paris; Henry Ours boots; Elrhodes coiffures.

THE BRIGHT AND NARROW PATH

WILLIAM KLEIN



SKI ACTION: PARED DOWN FOR SPEED



Racing stripes, opposite: White on a black quilted stretch nylon jumpsuit with all the good lines—long, lean, pared down for speed. By Irene Galitzine, of Du Pont nylon quilted with Lycra (Nattier fabric). At I. Magnin. The ski goggles by Sig Buchmayr. The gloves from Le Printemps. Quick knickers, this page, easy action, good looks. Worn with two quilted anoraks banded in yellow—left, navy blue over yellow nylon knickers; right, geranium red over matching quilted knickers. Both with matching caps and heavy white wool over-the-knee socks. Anoraks and knickers by Emmanuelle Khanh for Chaparral-Skidress, of stretch nylon. Gloves by Pepin. Socks from Le Printemps.

WILLIAM KLEIN

SKI ACTION: IN GREAT SHAPE

In great shape for skiing, this page: A lean speedy silhouette—wide swipes of purple and yellow quilted stretch nylon, a high-necked anorak and straight overpants. Top it off with a small purple cap. By Michèle Rosier for V. de V. At Neiman-Marcus. Maraut goggles. Pepin gloves.



WILLIAM KLEIN



Super-shape—the mini dress hits the slopes, left: Bias bands of yellow nylon matelassé with a passe-montagne cap tucked into the snug stand-up collar. Worn very short over matching ribbed wool tights. By Michèle Rosier for White Stag. About $65. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's-Wilshire. Mittens, Revillon-Paris. Paco Rabanne goggles. La Bagagerie bag.

SKI ACTION: THE SPEED CHAMPS



Spare ribs. left: Narrow pink quilted anorak with a pink vinyl yoke, cuffs, and half-belt, Velcro closing. Over Burgundy stretch gabardine ski pants. By Victoire for Hauser Sport. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Claude Gilbert bag. Gloves: Le Printemps. The champ, right: This is it—the newest, fastest thing on skis. A tight second skin modelled after the French champions' racing suit—lacquery black surface to slice the wind. By Exi, a division of White Stag, of silk and Helanca nylon. About $55. At Altman's. Sunglasses by Pouilloux for V. de V. Ski gloves by Racer. The ski poles, here, from Pepin.



WILLIAM KLEIN PETER KNAPP



ADMIRAL
ULYSSES GRANT SHARP
CINCPAC *"war link"*

HAWAIIAN RIPTIDE

Twenty-six pages of brains, talent, living, of charm and power, photographed for Vogue in Hawaii

PEOPLE RIDING THE RIPTIDE

BY HORACE SUTTON

The moon is up over the palms, voluptuous as Loren and yellow as the more expensive spread. But beyond the borders of the tourist cantonment, high on an Hawaiian mountain, a missile-tracking station is cracking out instructions to a satellite that was launched at Cape Kennedy and is now on its fourth orbit one hundred miles above the earth. In Waialae-Kahala, a suburb of Honolulu that is a palmy sort of Scarsdale, a young sugar planter is packing for the trip to Kenya where he will live for two years while he helps the government organize a sugar plantation. On the campus in the Manoa Valley, a Pakistani and a Thai are discussing the fine points of Zen with their American roommate. In fashionable Makiki Heights, a businessman entertains a government delegation from Kuwait where his company is dredging a harbour. Out in Pearl, Admiral Ulysses Grant Sharp, commander of all the United States Forces from California to the Bay of Bengal, is on the beige phone talking to General Westmoreland in Saigon.

Hawaii, languid on the beach-edged fringes, is frantic with action in its heartland. Its economy explodes on an assortment of fronts. It nourishes the traveller with its weather and the tonic of its scapes; it grows sugar and pineapples, but it grows other things—talent, for instance, which it is exporting far across the seas. In matters cultural and structural, it is emerging as the mother of the young Pacific island nations. With its capital and its know-how it builds bridges in Australia, airfields in the Philippines, hotels in Samoa. It tutors Asians and Pacific islanders in the sophisticated techniques of the West, provides a meeting place for them that exists nowhere else. From nests in its greening hills the Viet Nam war is run in southeast Asia. In ateliers above Honolulu murals are painted that will rest in New York banks. Its entrepreneurs build shopping centres in New Jersey. Its technicians explore the bottom of the sea that is all around it, communicate with the sky that spreads, unfettered, above it. It is the supporting nerve centre for secret operations on Johnston Island, for the Pacific Missile Range which stretches from California to Wake Island, and when man flies off to the moon, a hundred Hawaii-based technicians will track his course.

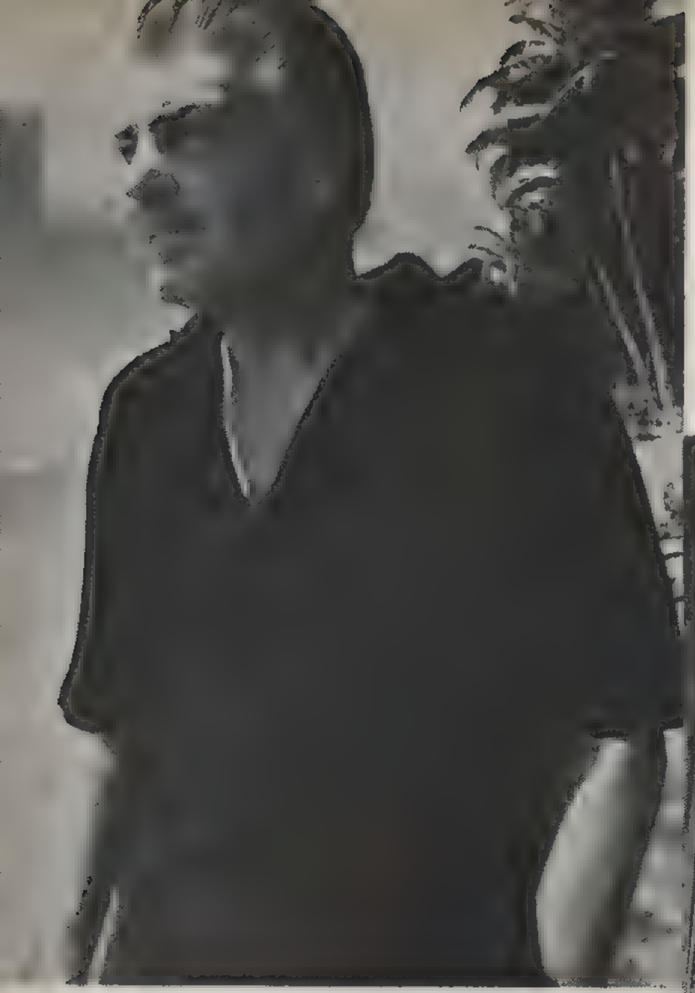
As a seat of hard learning, the University of Hawaii up in Manoa, looking down on the Riviera at Waikiki, was (Continued on next page)



JOHN ANTHONY BURNS

"popular power"

RUBARTELLI



REAR ADMIRAL
ADRIAN PERRY (*Ret.*)
"moon tracks"



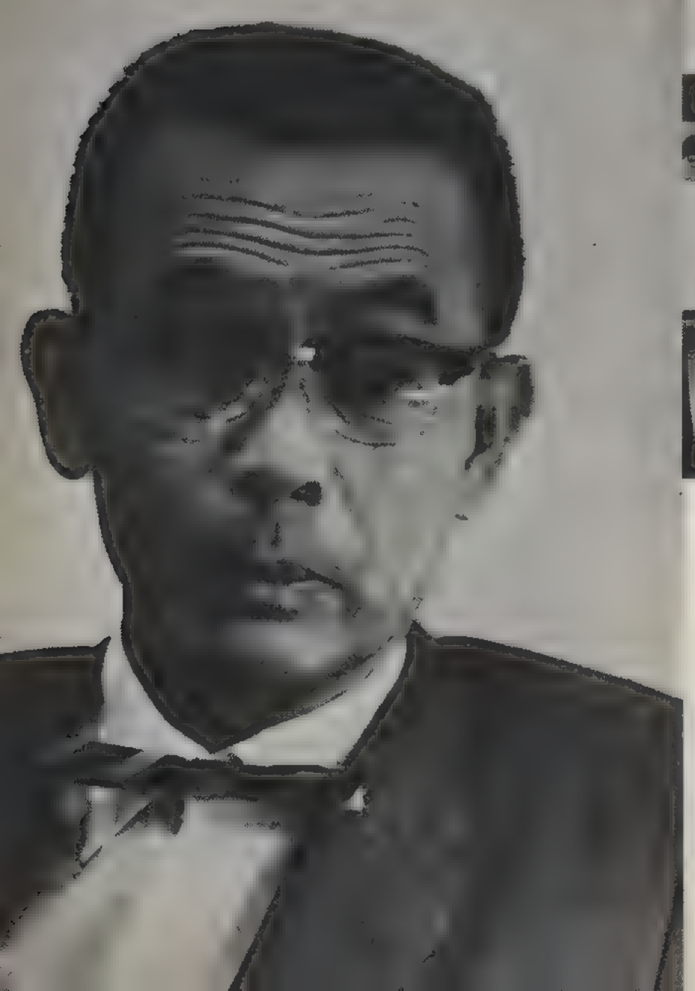
DR. THOMAS HAMILTON
"genetic laboratory"



WILLIAM MAU
"whopping windowed monolith"



AKU, DISC JOCKEY
"his salary, $260,000 a year"



DR. HUNG WO CHING
"his money talks"

PEOPLE RIDING THE RIPTIDE

(Continued from preceding page) always viewed as more country club than cram centre, more Rollins than Harvard. A summer co-ed who didn't spend all her time Roto Broiling on the beach could earn credits for hula dancing. Indeed, she still can, but the mood in Manoa has changed. Education was a serious matter for the struggling Oriental community whose grandfathers had come over as cane cutters. As matters stood at the end of World War II, most Republicans were what Hawaii calls *haoles*—Caucasians. But the Democrats, a party strongly favoured by the Oriental community, took control of the legislature in 1955. From that turning point the University took on a new look. Out of the East rode a lively educator, Thomas Hamilton. He took over as president, encouraged the support of the lawmakers. This year the University is operating on a seventy-six million dollar budget, half of which comes from the state and the other half from Federal and private sources.

Not the least of the University's champions is one of its former students, John Anthony Burns, now Hawaii's governor. A one-time Honolulu policeman who rose to become Congressional Delegate when Hawaii was a Territory, Governor Burns well appreciates education's value, is eager to make funds available to bring big academic names to the Islands, wishes, perhaps wistfully, that the University of Hawaii might also attract some football players. Actually, it has little time for such frivolity. It is deep in a sixty million dollar building program, avidly involved in a professional talent hunt. The lures it dangles are familiar—Hawaii's weather, as well as the sense of movement of the University that is well known in academic circles. Hamilton has already bagged the Nobel laureate Dr. Georg von Békésy, a Harvard physicist who specializes in sensory sciences. From Wisconsin the University got Dr. George Woollard, head of the Hawaiian Institute of Geophysics and active in the International Geodesy and Geophysics Union. In the field of bio-medicine it has enrolled Windsor Cutting, former dean of medicine at Stanford; in Honolulu he is dean of the University's two-year school of medicine.

The University's press has just published three volumes on Chinese art by one of the world's outstanding scholars on the subject, Dr. Gustav Ecke. Both he and his wife, the brilliant collagist Betty Ecke, known as Tseng Yu Ho, have taught on the campus. The University sponsors a Festival of Arts of This Century that brings to Hawaii the best talent in contemporary music, art, and the dance from East and West. An East-West Philosophers' Conference convenes on its campus every five years.

Today the enrollment of the University stands at a seam-ripping seventeen thousand five hundred, and it's growing at the rate of ten to fifteen per cent a year. Eighty per cent of its students

are from Hawaii, but ten per cent come from the mainland and another ten per cent from foreign countries, mostly Australia and New Zealand, and from Asia. In its graduate schools, the University is offering such specialities as oceanography, ocean engineering and such Asian languages as Hindi, Sanskrit, Pali, Urdu, Mandarin, Tagalog, and Thai, not readily available at the corner supermarket college. There are twelve hundred students enrolled in elementary Japanese alone.

The University of Hawaii worries not about the aspersions. Says Thomas Hamilton about his hula classes, "Somehow, teaching the Virginia reel in the middle of tropical Hawaii would seem singularly inappropriate." He lays down three basic dicta in determining his educational program: The first is geography. "We must," he says, "contribute in the dialogue between East and West. We do things here that no one else can do. I can get more language teachers out of Asia, it's easy to do field problems here. If a student wants to do a doctorate on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas we would say, 'Go somewhere else.' We put our money on the graduate student interested in Buddhism or comparative problems of East and West logic. Our geophysical environment offers great possibilities in oceanography, marine biology, astronomy, and astrophysics, and in tropical agriculture. The nature of our citizenry—we are the only multi-cultural state in the union—points the way to the behavioural sciences. This is the best, smallest laboratory for genetics in the world. All the different ethnic groups exist here in small, relatively easily controlled situations."

Hawaii's unusual living laboratory was well recognized by Washington when it created the East-West Center in 1960, placed it on the Manoa Campus alongside Hawaii's University. There, in clean-limned buildings by I. M. Pei, six hundred and fifty grantees from twenty-six Asian countries are in residence, working and living alongside American students. Two-thirds of the Asians are working for their masters or Ph.D.'s. A non-degree program invites educators and public officials to take finishing courses in their specialties. They could be, and presently are, English teachers from Tonga, hotel managers from Fiji, and public-health nurses from Samoa. Forty or fifty senior specialists, mostly professors and administrators, are involved in research on what education calls "frontier problems." In spite of international tensions, there are still two Cambodians and sixteen Indonesians on the rolls.

In Hawaii the visiting Asian has few problems of adjustment. He sees people of Oriental background as great commercial successes, finds a democratic society which is currently represented in the Congress by four people of Asian extraction. Grantees who came from the same nation are never (Continued on page 237)



LOWELL DILLINGHAM
"a bigger slice"

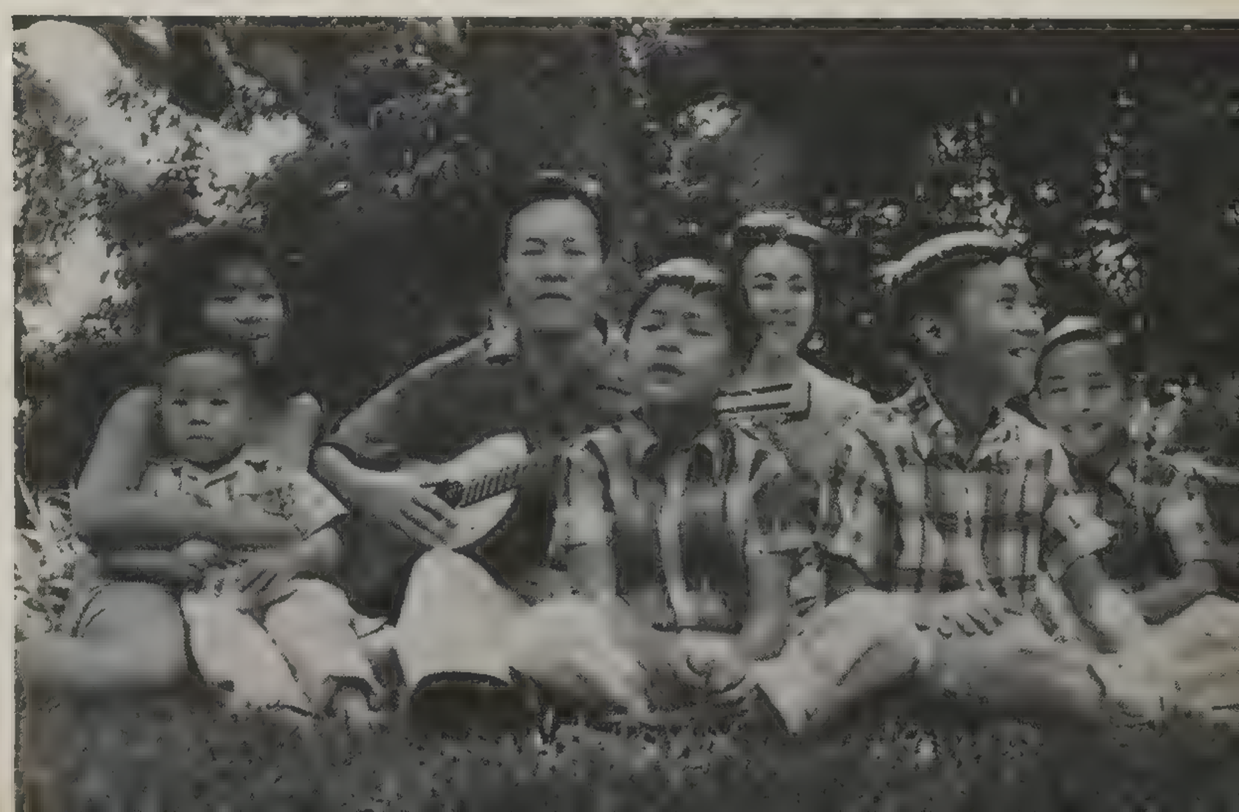


CHINN HO
"parlayed into millions"



DR. WINDSOR CUTTING
"seduced from Stanford"

JOHN H. MAGOON, JR.
"stretching the Pacific perimeter"



ALFRED YEE AND FAMILY
"a genius"

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





ONLY IN HAWAII

THE TAYLOR PRYORS' OCEAN ADVENTURE:

THEIR YOUNG, INFORMED, INVENTIVE LIFE ABOVE AND UNDER THE PACIFIC OCEAN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Possibly two of the most unusual and adventurous individuals in the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pryor have, in a few years, done more to promote man's understanding of the ocean—and simultaneously to promote Hawaii—than most people would presume to attempt in a lifetime. In 1959, at the age of twenty-eight, Mr. Pryor was able to lease from the State a splendidly picturesque coastal tract of more than a hundred acres opposite Rabbit Island, near Makapuu Point. At the same time, he announced his intention of creating there an oceanarium open to the public—the present Sea Life Park, of which his wife is director—and an adjacent Oceanic Institute for research: the latter to be financed by proceeds from the former, and the whole to be under a non-profit Oceanic Foundation, of which he would be president. His ambitious venture began without funds. But he had obtained what he describes as "a great deal of useful fallout" from space research: more particularly, an easy approach (Continued on page 211)

The Hon. Taylor Pryor, who is an Hawaiian State Senator, left, *wearing some of his underwater gear, and feeding a black-footed albatross and red-footed boobies, at his Sea Life Park. Behind him, a pool for turtles, and the cliffs of the Koolau range.* Above: *A five-eighths scale replica of a nineteenth-century whaler resting at Sea Life Park in the sea-water pool where dolphins and whales perform.*



OCEAN ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 209) to questions of finance. Events have proved the wisdom underlying his courage.

Although Sea Life Park was not opened until 1963, it is now not merely one of the world's largest marine exhibits, but also one of the most flourishing—as well as most beautifully designed—tourist attractions in Hawaii or anywhere else. At intervals throughout the day, and once a night, whales and dolphins, directed by underwater signals, execute a hefty but graceful water ballet routine in a man-made lagoon. Dolphin and whale star athletes make spectacular leaps from the water in an Ocean Science Theatre, breaking their own records almost monthly. In an immense tank containing the world's first reproduction of an underwater Hawaiian reef, more than eighty species of tropical fish swim in a brilliant simulation of their natural habitat. Annually, the oceanarium draws tens of thousands of visitors.

The Oceanic Institute, which offers its facilities to American and foreign scientists for researches that run the gamut from pure science to the ultimate in commercial enterprise, has developed so rapidly that any account of its activities the day before yesterday is likely—in Mrs. Pryor's words—to sound "positively pre-Cambrian" by the day after tomorrow. The dolphins of Sea Life Park not only serve to amuse the public on vacation but also actively participate in researches. Sea Life Park's most celebrated dolphin, Keiki—a three-hundred-pound teen-ager who not long ago underwent an emergency operation for the removal from his stomach of a plastic float that he had accidentally swallowed when one of his fellow performers playfully bit him in the tail in mid-act—has since added to his celebrity by learning to carry messages, tools, and instruments to an underwater chamber from a support tug.

A visiting scientist's studies of the handling of trained dolphins in the open sea have had results of interest to naval research, and have increased existing knowledge about diving, echo-location (animal sonar), and locomotion. This year, the Pryors are hosts to two Navy dolphins, and the Oceanic Foundation has received important Navy contracts. An eminent British pathologist is working at the Institute on a study of communications between dolphins in a captive school, which may lead to a revolutionary new theory of communication or provide psychiatry with a new means of treating schizophrenia. With the substantial backing of the Rockefeller Foundation, a pond-site on the neighbouring island of Molokai—where the ancient Hawaiians once carried on fish-farming on a large scale—has been developed under the Institute, as part of a fish-culture program, to add not just to Hawaii's, but to the world's food resources.

Most recently, a special Ocean Engineering Division has been set up, under which six companies of national importance have formed an industrial consortium to design and build a chain of underwater laboratories, to be known as the Makai Range (the Hawaiian word makai means "towards the sea," as opposed to mauka, which means "towards the land." Both terms are as familiar to the Islanders as "East Side" and "West Side" to the inhabitants of New York). To begin with, two laboratories are planned, at seventy and at one hundred and fifty feet respectively. The sums involved are fairly awe-inspiring: three million dollars for the first three-year phase, and possibly hundreds of millions in the foreseeable future. . . .

Yet, sitting in the soft sunlight on the rocks near Makapuu Point, talking with Taylor Pryor of his past and of his plans, of the quality of his helpers (whose average age is twenty-seven), one finds the whole story very natural. Slight, wiry, physically fit, with his short, fair hair wet from a dip in the surf, thinking aloud, but clearly and precisely, and emphasizing his words with gestures of his wide-open hands, he looks and sounds more like an unusually serious college boy or intelligent holiday-maker than a far-sighted scientific and industrial pioneer, probing one of the least familiar of the frontiers still all but uncrossed by man.

At the age of ten, Taylor Pryor made and operated a diving-helmet. Aged fourteen, he flew solo in a seaplane. At twenty-three—a year after crossing Central Africa alone on foot—he took part in a diving expedition off Zanzibar, as a result of which he decided that his future lay in oceanics. That, at least, is the generally accepted story. Mr. Pryor claims that his total involvement in marine science actually began at Cornell University, where he majored in art and creative writing, the day he heard a girl named Karen Wylie, daughter of Philip Wylie the author, talking of the beauty of the Bimini Reef. When he married her, there was no escape. He was the ocean's and the ocean was his.

As a naval aviator in the Marine Corps Reserve, he served as pilot and operations officer in a Marine Helicopter Squadron based on Hawaii. Then he entered the University of Hawaii's graduate school to study marine biology. For the last two years, he has been an active, articulate, and influential Hawaiian State Senator—well known as "Tap."

A young man of enviable imagination, as well as of precocious technical experience, he appraised during his early years in the Pacific the peculiar advantages of Hawaii—with its clear, warm water, its predominantly youthful population, and its age-old tradition of daily human life intimately connected with the sea—as a future headquarters for oceanic adventure and research. Within two miles of Manana, or Rabbit Island, close to the southeastern tip of Oahu, a section of the Continental Shelf descends abruptly from fifty to six thousand feet. The abrupt descent makes feasible the establishment in a relatively small area of a series of permanent underwater laboratories at varying depths, and the launching from the shore (Continued on page 249)

Far left, top to bottom: *Mrs. Pryor and her six-year-old daughter, Gale, swimming with an Hawaiian spinning dolphin, or Stenella. Yellow Jack, photographed through an underwater window at Sea Life Park. An assistant swimming in the pool which accurately reproduces an Hawaiian reef. A makimaki, or poisonous puffer. A yellow, black, and white kihikihi, or Moorish idol.* Near left, top to bottom: *Mr. Pryor with some of the turtles. A striped, handsome butterfly fish. Mrs. Pryor, wearing a red muumuu, with Gale and Ted, aged ten, holding his pet corgi.*

HORST

FROM HAWAII

The green light—lush wet green: go-sun signal for knotted-sarong, flowing muumuu, native prints worn with native ease. Fashions born in Hawaii, borne to Hawaii, bred for any land where the sun shines hot. Fashions, deft and delectable, now riding in on the very crest of an Hawaiian wave.

The lava-lava, right: One great length of blue cloth white-bright with stencilled island flowers simple as cutouts and large as life—knot it like a towel at the bosom, across one shoulder, or below one hip. Nothing easier. Nothing else. You get it in the men's sarong department at Liberty House, Honolulu.

The sarong pyjamas, opposite: Dense tropic greens, yellows, and pinks in full flower for luncheon or dinner at home—a wide poncho top ruffling in at the midriff, wide pyjama pants knotting into a sarong twist. Pyjamas by Sun Fashions of Hawaii, in rayon challis. About $40. At Best & Co.; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Sanger-Harris; Bullock's, Downtown.

And since the whole idea is to let your hair down, Ara Gallant arranges it with Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses so that it falls clear to mid-back at a straight breezy clip—on these and the next four pages.

(An additional list of stores for the Hawaiian fashions on these and the next four pages, on page 74.)

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





FROM HAWAII: DOWN-RUSH FLOWERS, UP-RUSH HEM



Giant flowers, opposite: Pink, orange, white—from drawstring to long, slashed hem. Dinner dress by Surf Line, Hawaii, in cotton sateen. About $15. Best & Co.; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's, Downtown; Best's Apparel. Earrings by Michael Hic.
Nosegay flowers, left: Zillions tumbling from a child's-play yoke—pink, violet, green. Dinner dress by Kahala, Honolulu, in acrylic challis. About $35. Altman's; Hudson's; Joseph Horne; Bullock's-Wilshire; Carol & Mary, Honolulu.
Up-and-down hem, above, angling out from white cotton sailcloth in three huge scarlet-bound points. Dinner dress by Baba Kea, Honolulu. About $30. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Burdine's. Rings by Sandor Goldberger.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

FROM HAWAII: EBB AND FLOW HEMS

Ebbing hem: Great wide bands swept back up the leg of a sirening dinner dress—the gigantic tropic flowers come on white and clear over lime-green piqué. By Nalii, in cotton. About $25. At Best & Co.; Wanamaker's Phila.; Hudson's; Carson Pirie Scott.



Flowing hem: Surge of white sharkskin—from a strict little yoke to a full foaming tide of ruffles all around. Dinner dress by Malia Hawaii; Folker fabric of Arnel. About $30. Sandor Goldberger rings. All at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also at Rich's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin; Liberty House, Honolulu.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

IN HAWAII:
HALTERS OF JEWELS



Yellow cloqué held by a jewelled collier, left, with a raised bodice cut out like a tiny bib. Staron fabric. Silver lamé hung from a V-shaped diamanté harness, below, and pleated just under the small, high Empire bodice. Abraham fabric. Dresses, both pages, designed exclusively for Elizabeth Arden in Paris by Castillo. Worn with Charles Elkaim earrings; Bernardo sandals. Photographed at the Mauna Kea golf course.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



IN HAWAII: FLOATS OF YELLOW

In lemon chiffon, left, the dress with an asymmetric neckline goes into its dance—sliding and gliding from one bared shoulder. By Malcolm Starr, of Stern & Stern silk; about $160. Earrings by Robert Originals. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress also at Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Background on both pages: the terrace of the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. In banana crêpe, below, toga pyjamas wrapped to one side and poured in folds across the body. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of Abraham rayon. Earrings by Charles Elkaim. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Emilio Pucci sandals for Bernardo. Ara Gallant coiffures made with Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

IN HAWAII: TIDE OF CHIFFON



An unending cowl of white chiffon, left, eddying down from a plunged halter neck. By Sarmi, of Stern & Stern silk. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Checkerboard layers of black-and-white chiffon, right, flying around a tiny yoke. By Teal Traina, of Syntex silk. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin; Liberty House, Honolulu. Both pages, Hoff-Gallant earrings for Hattie Carnegie, Lord & Taylor; Evins slippers; Ara Gallant coiffures; Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpieces. Background: the Mauna Kea golf course.





ONLY IN HAWAII

DORIS DUKE'S SHANGRI-LA

"LUSH AND IRREPRESSIBLE" WITH INTRICATE SPLENDOURS OF MUSLIM ART, SHIFTING MYSTERIES OF LIGHT AND VIEW. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

There is a curve on the road eastward from Honolulu where, if one looks down at the right moment towards the coastline, one catches an oblique glimpse of Doris Duke's house among the palm trees far below. From a distance it is little more than a white oblong ending in a white-pillared terrace: a miniature temple on the rocks, with its feet almost in the sea.

Hawaiian drivers have a habit of pointing it out to visitors. But few of them seem to be sure how to get to it, if one happens to ask. In the instinctive manner of islanders, many people on Oahu are likely to know when Miss Duke is in residence; but it is doubtful whether more than a handful have ever seen her. After an early life that was public property, principally because she was—as she still is—notoriously rich, she has developed a talent for privacy that amounts to genius. One has a suspicion that even for her own Hawaiian household staff her periodic visits are less of a loyally kept secret on their part than an annual surprise on hers.

Doris Duke owns several houses in the United States and divides her time between them as she feels inclined. At Somerville, New Jersey, her gardens and greenhouses contain one of the most enviable displays of flowers in America. Her house in Hollywood, which once belonged to Rudolph Valentino, is notable for her collection of French (Continued on page 242)

Doris Duke lives among Oriental treasures set against a view of cloud-hung Hawaiian mountains beyond a surge of blue Pacific. A miniature version of the Mogul gardens of Lahore, the upper garden, above, *dips to the pool with its Persian pavilion.* Right, *Miss Duke, in a magenta silk* punjabi *on a yellow-gold outdoor sofa shaded by a "banker" umbrella from India.*



IN HAWAII: MOGUL TREASURES AT SHANGRI-LA

Above: *Photographed with her golden retriever, Miss Duke, wearing a gold-and-mauve Damascus caftan which echoes the heliotrope velvet hassocks on the heliotrope-and-beige Persian carpet. A tall crystal candelabrum,* right, *one of those made by Baccarat for Persians, reflects light from window blinds inset with Egyptian and Indian tent-door motifs and fringed in felt cut like Indian crenellations.* Below, *Miss Duke in the gardens of her Hawiian house, with, on its roof, an arched and flowered pavilion.*

Massed with Muslim treasure, the dining room, right, *is swagged and tented in clouds of green-and-blue striped Indian cloth. An Indian bed, a low slab glowing under a shower of crystal prisms, serves as a dining table. Persian plates, ewers, and flagons in illuminated scarlet niches line the walls of the white-spired chimney-piece. Superb faïence panels hang above the long divan, each panel seeming a glazed bouquet from a Persian garden.*

HORST



IN HAWAII: PERSIAN TREASURES AT SHANGRI-LA

Doris Duke's collection of Oriental art ranges from the Mogul to the Maghreb and fills every niche of her gardens and her house.

Perhaps her greatest masterwork of Muslim art is from Persia, right, *the thirteenth-century* mihrab, *a holy object, the Muslim equivalent of a high altar. Mounted in a small room, its pale blue and gold lustre tiles blazed in light, the* mihrab *is seen filling the arch through tall stencilled portals painted in Moroccan design by a Japanese craftsman.*

Miss Duke, above left, *with some of her extraordinary Middle-Eastern jewels, the jewel box resting on a Syrian tabouret inlaid with mother-of-pearl.*

Left, *in the Persian bathing pavilion, wide sofa beds swing on bronze chains hung from a stencilled ceiling. A faïence-framed entrance leads to rooms of dark-eyed Kajar portraits, to silk-carpeted divans with cushions stitched in mirror glass. Around the pavilion slender pillars form a colonnade and, like those of an Isfahan palace, are mirrored in the quiet pool.*

HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



JACK ROBINSON

How to keep cuddly warm if you have to be at Dinner at Eight. Six nights a week every week, Pamela Tiffin has to—she's one of the stars in *Dinner at Eight,* flouncing around the Alvin Theatre stage in absolute authentic 1930's girly gear (below). In real life, though, Pamela is a true 1967 boutique bunny—arrives at the theatre each night in her cosy curl-up mini-coat of fluffy white fox piled up like a mound of marshmallows. Her up-and-over-the-knees boots, silvery stuff that clings to the legs like there's no tomorrow. Coat ($750), from Mr. A. Fur Boutique, 11 West 57th St. The boots ($75, to order) from Capezio Boutique, 177 Macdougal Street. . . .

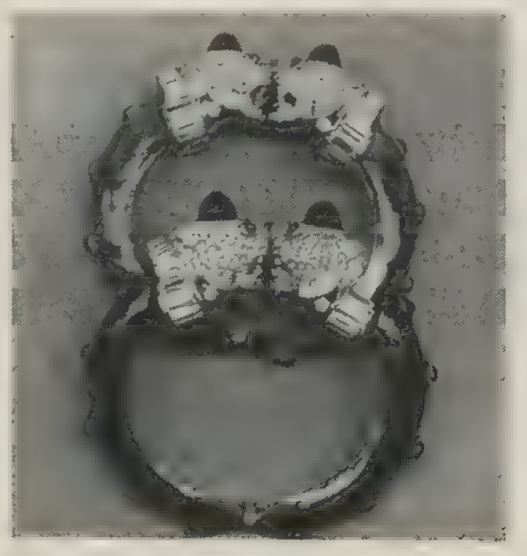


Boutique big business: buying buildings, branches shooting out. Splendiferous expanding from their scrumptious Third Avenue boutique to another whole building, 16 E. 56th St. It'll be the verve centre for at least ten more Splendiferouses from San Francisco to Detroit to Chicago. . . . "By this time 1967, we'll be in Paris, London, Frankfurt, probably Milan, too." . . . Boutique Tapemeasure of Lexington-Madison Avenue fame now also behind two-storey-high glass and filling a whole building, at 799 Madison. Everything in the place a Tapemeasure design, including stockings, jewels, shoes, clothes, and even some children's togs.



Mica Ertegun and Chessy Rayner wear it....
They're two of the quite-a-few plus—attractive ladies plopping Adolfo's huge pouffy fur berets on top of their long blowy manes. . . . The effect—big, lovely lightheadedness. Mrs. Ertegun's (left) is tawny lynx, Mrs. Rayner's, topazy-toned fisher. From Adolfo's boutique, 22 East 56th St. . . .

Ring around a wrist.
Shimmery handcuffs—lacquered tortoise, apricot, church purple—all bumpy with knobs of fake rubies, star-sapphire-clasped close with pavéed rhinestone lion heads that gnnash! Designed by Kenneth Lane. $50 apiece. Splendiferous, 1312 3rd Ave.



Should the camera have intruded? Spying on such a private moment? Ahh, but who could resist, for there was Kit Gill looking like a poetic Russian heroine—and so chic besides! Her narrow, black-frog-fastened coat, white as virgin snow, soft as only Nordic fox can be (even when it's tails, or paws, or tummies). It was the most romantic look. . . . The gentleman? Why, it looks like J——. . . . But perhaps we should be discreet, for then everyone would know. . . . Kit's coat, we can tell, comes from Harold J. Rubin Boutique, 1186 Third Avenue. . . . About $600. . . .

JACK ROBINSON



Neither rain nor snow can keep a boutique bunny from her appointed rounds—in a chic, cheap fur.



What fun to find the fur that's got a racy shape, a crazy or cosy skin, that's reasonable, knock-aboutable. And now, they're furs that answer the call everywhere. Betsy Theodoracopulos (above left) found her Russian lynx at Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue. Joanie Friedman (above) spotted her cheetah-stencilled calf reefer, ditto printed stockings, and cheetah-toed sandals, all at Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue. The works, $525. Bumpy Rogers (above right) blew in from Chicago, ferreted out one of the best chic-cheapy fur boutiques in town, Bloomingdale's. (But it wasn't easy, it's hidden in the furthest corner of the third floor, behind the hats.) There was the absolutely super coat—rabbit fur, soft as velvet. Here in white—just as smashing in black, $350. Then on to Splendiferous and another find: narrowest epauletted coat of sleek-as-satin black calf, $475, over black calf fur dress. $250. Splendiferous, 1312 3rd Ave.

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

And now, another chapter in the continuing saga of a favourite boutique bunny, Mrs. Leonard Holzer.









JACK ROBINSON

Well, one day our Janie pranced into Georges Kaplan's fur boutique. She was wearing her Tuffin & Foale navy knit with probably one of the mini-est of mini-skirts to be seen hereabouts, and she wanted to see about having her last-year's mink made equally mini. But then she saw it (above left). "Jacques, what is this hanging here?" she said. And so, of course, Jacques showed Jane. And, ohhh is M. Kaplan a card. He was, after all, the first fur designer to give a kick to the whole bit—to understand the wit of a "boutique" fur . . . that's why he ran up this pair of pants (above)—all shaggy, curly lamb—like stepping into a polar bear's overcoat, big pad paws and all. "Mmmm!" said Jane, clumpfing across the salon, wrapping a matching stole around her top. "That is the look!!" M. Kaplan said, happily. But, of course, there was lots more to see and to try on (below). And Jane, the scamp she is, couldn't resist. There was this adorable coat—frightfully well cut—a little swinging tent of South American curly lamb, dyed an overall mélange of caramel, cream, chocolate. . . . It had a little hood and attached to the hood, what drama! A real mane of chestnut shaggy lamb. "Oh! It really is the best," squealed Jane. And then that lovely contented look ladies get when they see themselves in fur settled in. . . . So while we wait for the next chapter of Baby Jane to unfold—let us contemplate. . . . $995 for the polar bear's coat and stole made of Mongolian lamb; $995 for the prancing city coat. La Boutique Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue. . . .







It was a rather unusual request—the famous photographer was assigned to shoot the making of a movie. But there were moments when there was to be absolute silence on the set—not even a pin could drop—let alone the shutter of a Hasselblad. What to do. Jacques Kaplan did it—took a scrap of mink, designed and made a little fur cosy for the camera. It worked; perfect—not a shutter sound penetrated. If this is your problem, Jacques will solve it for you, too. About $125 per camera cover. La Boutique Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue. . . .

"But I always keep my hairpieces in the Fridge along with my jade." It seems that cooling it keeps the hair straight, stops it from kinking or "going back." . . . Just a friendly tip from a pretty young English girl-about-Paris. . . . ***"I've had several Russian men's shirts made in silk,*** at Turnbull & Asser, various colours to wear with pyjamas, long evening skirts. They seem to be causing a small sensation." Just a fashion tidbit from a racy-chic American girl living in London. . . . ***"The men's fashion was skin-tight linen shirts*** cut with bias darts, not transparent and very clean Regency looking with longish hair and a sweater over the shoulders." Just a belated report on St. Tropez from a longtime observer of the scene, Baron de G. . . .

Dubuffet

(Continued from page 182)

branch of Interpol, with a staff of two girls who work what in France is regarded as full time. How to reconcile the image of Dubuffet as avant-garde and as Organization Man?

It is, in part, Dubuffet's solution to a problem that engages many major artists in the stepped-up mid-century art world: how to keep control of your work? There are so many exhibitions, reviewers of exhibitions, collectors, and historians (or, at least, graduate students) that the problem has become desperate. Much can be left to dealers, but Dubuffet seems to feel their limits clearly enough to change them often. Therefore, he needs a permanent centre and this the Secretariat provides.

In New York the answer to the problem of handling your own work without dealers has been met in other ways. Examples range from Clyfford Still writing "not to be shown in group exhibitions" on the back of a painting to Philip Guston having his last two exhibitions in New York museums and Barnett Newman writing articles or letters in an effort to subdue confusion.

Call it the problem of oeuvre control. It is an effort to dominate a world in which it is the work of art's destiny to be misinterpreted. Dubuffet's solution is not to restrict the movement of his works (he has had retrospectives in New York, Buenos Aires, London, and Amsterdam recently), but to create a framework for the paintings. As Dubuffet is the best art critic of his own work, he naturally hesitates to consign his paintings to history without preparing the most intimate and knowledgeable commentary they will ever have.

Articles, polemics, journals accompany the different periods of his art, not as a surplus literature, but as essential data towards the understanding of the work. It is a package of visual work and verbal context, the aesthetics and the documentation issuing as steadily from the artist as the works of art.

In addition to the artist's own insights, there is a complete *Catalogue des Travaux* under way, six volumes so far, fourteen more planned—just on the work to 1966. The editor, Max Loreau, who works with the care of a numismatist in the British Museum, has a built-in pedagogic doubt about other people's knowledge. In conversation, he can't just say "Heidegger," but "the philosopher Heidegger" or "the German philosopher Heidegger" or "the German existentialist philosopher Heidegger."

This makes for a dead-accurate catalogue, recording everything Dubuffet has done with a scrupulous nicety. And there is plenty to record: paintings, drawings, sculptures, lithographs, poems, books, book illustrations. Anyone who has seen Dubuffet when a social occasion has ceased to be fruitful burning to get back to the studio, terribly fretful behind his patience, senses the energy behind his copious output.

The new period of Dubuffet, christened with the invented word *L'Hourloupe*, was launched in 1964 at Venice, not at the Biennale, which was then showing, but at the Palazzo Grassi. Most of the people I talked to (that was the year I *did* get to Venice) thought it overshadowed the Biennale, where there were good artists but no good exhibitions, whereas at the Palazzo Grassi both conditions were met.

It is typical of Dubuffet's relation to official French art (and to the School of Paris) that he was in a palazzo, not a pavilion belonging to the French State in the giardini. He has always been regarded, inside official France, with hostility and scepticism. It is an awkward situation (for France, not for Dubuffet) since no other French artist commands global attention on anything like

(Continued on page 236)

"6 days a week
I wear my 99¢ nylons.

Once a week I wear
my $2.50 Ariadne.

That's the time
my legs feel
6 times prettier...

There ought to
be a law!"

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Only $2.50 for the best-looking legs you ever wore.

There really ought to be a law: at least once a week put on your Ariadne legs.

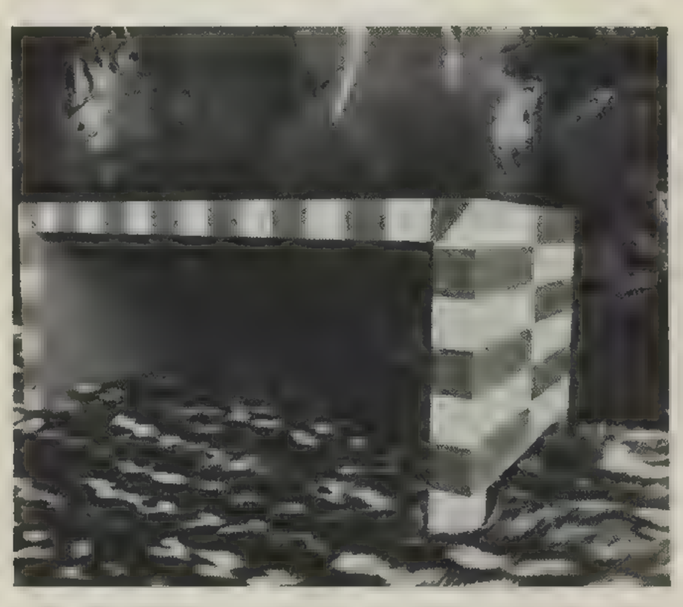
After all, look what happened to Cinderella.



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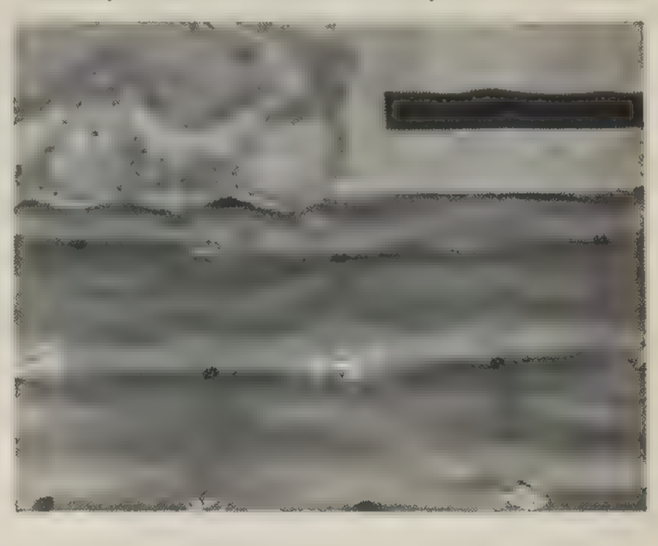
FASHIONS IN LIVING



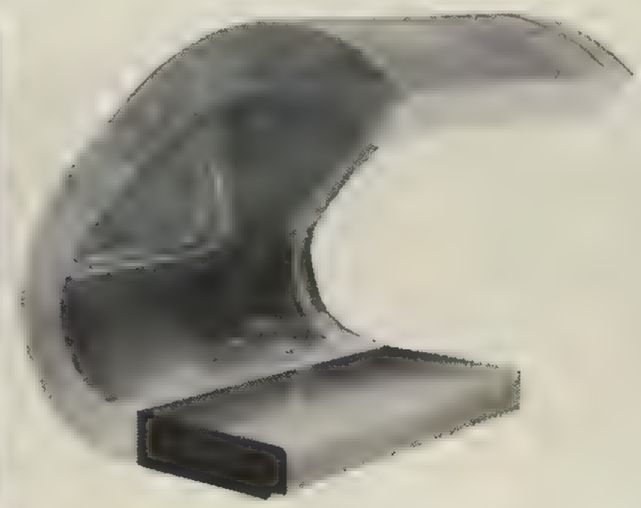


Young Angelo Donghia, who catapulted into the news with his décor for the new Metropolitan Opera Club, loves dark walls for "night rooms." Here, *above left,* his own, a small shiny red box . . . red curtains, shutters, sofas, too. For more shine, a space-making latticed mirror screen. Tip for young collectors: offbeat crystal objects sparkle on glass-topped table with chrome A-legs. Burge/Donghia, 315 E. 62nd St., N. Y. 10022. *Above right:* Shiny black-as-licorice walls, ziggety-zag stripes. Smash cocktail table, 30″ x 16″ x 14″, lacquered black/white or cream/olive, $67.50; $77.50 other colours. Made-to-order at Decor Oriental, 42 E. 21st St., N. Y. 10010. Zorinos fur rug, $395, Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10019. Real patent leather, 10 colours, $3.30 sq. ft., Clarence House, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.

Newer-than-print news from Porthault. Square pillows in French cases, lavishly embroidered or with bold woven stripe of navy or maroon, match the sheet hem. Newer than a spread, a thin, French, tufted quilt, percale, Dacron-filled, embroidered with white flowers. Made-to-order in any size and colour, about $155. Two embroidered single sheets and two cases, $95; with coloured bands, $100. 55 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.





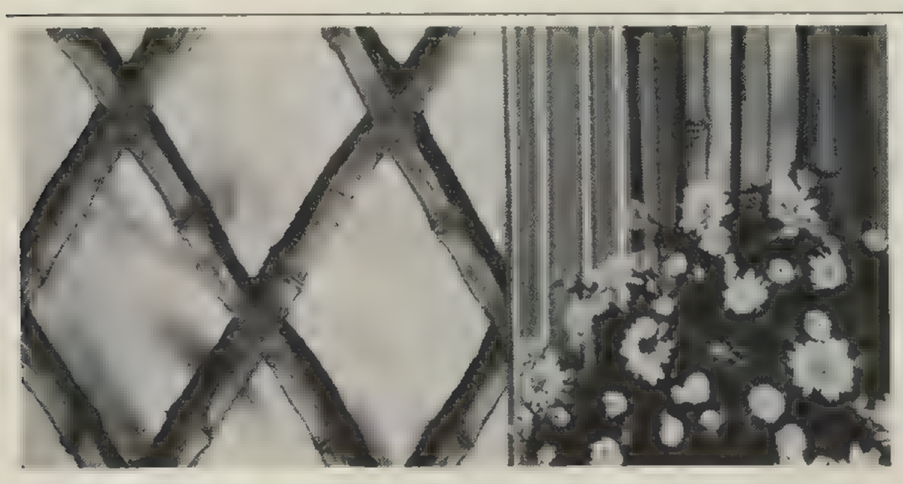


Talking letters . . . the portable tape-recorder answer to separation. *Above left:* RQ-3100, great new cartridge-loading transistorized model, is hi-fi for music. 3¼ lbs. $79.95. *Right:* RQ-105 push-button Capstan drive, transistor model, 3¼″ reels. 4 lbs. $49.95. Both by Panasonic at G. Schirmer, 4 E. 49th St., N. Y. 10017. Live-it-up fur rug, skunk back, $295. Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10019. *Far right:* It's superlamp! No bulb, no wires. Light convects through "glass" acrylic from the base. $150. By Joe Colombo. Design Research, 53 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.



The secret signature . . . a unique "device" designed perhaps, like this sea horse, by English artist William Feildeng. Relating to a hobby, property, crest, etc., it's the groovey marking for notepapers, place cards, linens—whatever used to be crested or monogrammed. Mrs. Paul Mellon uses a tiny palm tree; the Baroness de Waldener, a ladybug. Design consultation, the finished Feildeng design in ink, plus embosser: $185. St. Crispin Bindery, 888 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 10021.

DAVID MASSEY



A lamé glow for holiday houses . . . vervy party idea. Silver lamé, printed to order, or plain, to be made into tablecloths. *Above:* Bamboo Treillage print, plain lamé, Leilani Bamboo print. Rayon/Mylar washable lamé, 39″ wide. Plain, $3.70 yd.; printed, $6.75 yd. Through decorators, David & Dash, 201 E. 56th St., N. Y. 10022.

Fur cube that's a float-on-a-cloud chair, furred in Berrago lamb, black and white or dyed in surprise colours. When sat upon, the cushion sinks softly, softly, to float below the rigid back and arms. Peter Ustinov would find it roomy, while Chuckles, his sybaritic poodle, could curl up in a whole private world of fur. It's one of the made-to-order fun-with-fur furniture ideas designed by Jacques Kaplan. $850. Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10019.



PATTERNS ILLUSTRATED, TOP TO BOTTOM: BELLE ROSE, DAMASK ROSE, VIVANT, GRANDEUR, FIRST FROST.



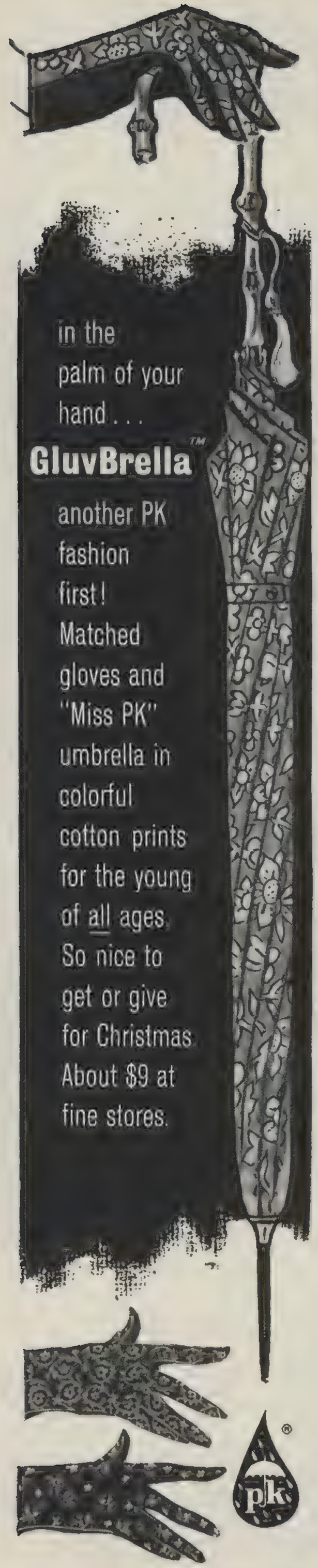
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TRADEMARK



Dubuffet

(Continued from page 233)

his scale. The isolation, however, is one that, I think, Dubuffet prefers. At the height of international prestigé he lives in a place where he is not a part of the official cultural life, a point sometimes forgotten outside France by people blinded by his fame. If he is not eating at home in Vence, he avoids the pretty restaurants near him and goes somewhere he can be anonymous and private, like the restaurant in Nice airport. In a way, France is like Nice airport for him.

In the present exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum there are over a hundred paintings, drawings, and a few very recent sculptures, all from the period 1962-1966. This is not, by any means, the whole output, but a selection chosen to give the main contour of his development, with pauses at key works. Digressions (affiliated to other style possibilities) and variations (too close to works already in the exhibition) were ruthlessly cut as Dubuffet and I went over fat photographic files of his work.

We sat in a terrace room of his house at Vence, the stony garden sliding away, carrying trees with it, into the valley. Then we'd go to the studio, at another precipitous spot, to see work in progress, not yet documented. We discussed, too, works that he was on the brink of painting.

Back in 1955, for instance, observing the stone step of house entrances in Vence, he "often thought of making it the subject of paintings . . . because of all that the idea of the doorstep suggests to the imagination." Several of his "Houses," now safely painted, are in the exhibition, with the threshold as the crucial point of entry to houses which open out into complex labyrinths and evoke a whole mythology of shelter.

In the early sixties Dubuffet and Asger Jorn, the Danish painter, worked together on *musique concrète* and my wife and I joined, with toy instruments, in one session. After a few minutes Dubuffet unexpectedly switched the tape recorder off and reprimanded my wife, but gently, for making rhythmic Carnival-type sounds instead of something more primal and more random. Then he switched it back on and we were once again part of Dubuffet's feeling for disorder, guarded by his sense of order.

Characteristic of Dubuffet, once regarded by critics as a terror, a barbarian, a savage, is his precision and competence. This runs through his art, in terms of his command of numerous media, of successful technical innovations, and through his life. Since I am monolingual, he made sure that there was an interpreter at our first conversations concerning *L'Hourloupe,* but he constantly revised and amplified her translations.

All our later talks were in English, a language that Dubuffet is convinced he can not speak. In fact, he commands a flexible syntax and a wide vocabulary. An extraordinary achievement of Dubuffet is to have introduced this kind of innate precision into his new painting without any loss of the passion and mystery of his earlier work.

To see the radical aspect of the new work involves us in a lifelong preoccupation of the artist's. He is detached from both classically derived figurative art and from formally elaborated abstract art. At the end of World War II, with a characteristic purposefulness, he consolidated his earlier interest in schizophrenic art and in obsessed folk artists by collecting what he termed *l'Art Brut.*

Who is an artist? For Dubuffet, anybody who isn't trained to be one, but who produces visual evidence anyway; those who have been trained experience it as an obstacle, not as an assist. When he had about a thousand items by psychotics, prisoners, mediums, the enterprise became onerous, he told me once, and took up too much time. So the collection was shipped to the States where Dubuffet's friend Alfonso Ossorio stored it. This was where I saw it first, crammed into an East Hampton garage, a dirty, hard-to-get-at anthology of disturbing fetishes and enigmatic diagrams of closed universes.

Now Dubuffet has recalled the collection to Paris, installed it in a private museum which he maintains, and has been writing on these obsessed lay artists for the past three years. Obviously, the collection now serves a purpose which it did not earlier.

The *L'Hourloupe* period is, in fact, related to *l'Art Brut.* Remember, lay art of this kind is rarely sketchy or impulsive; it is mostly crowded, ornate, and detailed. It is the construction of a bizarre and comprehensive order, based on secret and irrational assumptions.

Dubuffet's new work, without any diminution of his eloquence and plenitude, echoes the compulsive and estranged order of *l'Art Brut.* All-over pattern, rigid stripes, heavy contours, and restricted colour (mostly red, white, blue, and black) take the place of the free flow of organic texture, in colours that ranged between earth and flesh, of the earlier work.

Hence the proposal that Dubuffet is more avant-garde than, say, an artist one third his age who is doing what most people his age are doing. (Of course, there *are* young avant-garde artists.) Dubuffet has moved the stylistic basis of his art from the organic to the artificial, replacing a kind of celebration of all matter by images of estrangement.

In the series of paintings called Utopian Utensils, for instance, familiar objects such as bottles, faucets, and coffeepots are rendered like huge monuments, so that the apparently familiar swells into strangeness.

In drawings like "Tree," reproduced on page 182, the subject undergoes a kind of heavy stream lining which has the effect of depersonalizing it. To Dubuffet order is not the coherence of man and nature, but only a projection of the imagination, and as such, as arbitrary, shifting, and irrational as man.

Hawaiian riptide

(Continued from page 207)

roomed together. Said a young Pakistani recently, "Before I came here I had never met another Asian. I hadn't even met an Indian. Now I will have friends in Asia from every field."

The revolution—and that is what it was—which created the new Hawaii began with the sugar strike of 1946 and was capped by the waterfront strike of 1949. Hawaii had been a colonial white-style civilization. The revolution cracked all that. In effect, the union was victorious in both contests and the fiction of white supremacy could no longer be maintained. That supremacy, which had placed the ruling whites in one class and the descendants of the early immigrant field workers in another, was smashed socially, culturally, economically, and, eventually, politically. Up until 1954 the Democrats had not won legislative control in their elective history nor had they ever held a majority in either state house. The governor was an appointee.

The sign of social acceptance was getting into Punahou, the famous Hawaii school, begun by missionaries, that takes children from first-grade age and sees them safely on the road to college. In the new scheme, children of Oriental ancestry were finally admitted. Even some clubs opened their doors, although to this day there are a number which have not. Of more gentle Asiatic origin, the Hawaiians of Oriental ancestry moved toward assimilation with facility and grace. The importance of owning a small amount of land, deep rooted in the Oriental psyche, emerged as a powerful emotional drive. With tracts of real estate in hand, some of the new landowners could see the obvious profits in subdividing and building, and they quickly turned into entrepreneurs. Hawaii was growing and it needed housing. The revolutionary years produced such titans of the new Hawaii as Hung Wo Ching, Chinn Ho, William Mau, and Senator Hiram Fong. All of them are sons or grandsons of plantation workers, except Ching who descends from a sea-going cook. All are products of Honolulu's high schools, all of them have accumulated fortunes and reputations beyond the borders of Hawaii.

Dr. Ching, as he is formally called by his staff, is fifty-four. After studies in China and in the West, he did graduate work at the University of California, got his doctorate, and later, at the age of forty-five, went back to Harvard Business School to brush up. He brushed up fine. He now owns four million dollars in property in Waikiki alone, is chairman of Aloha Airlines, is developing large acreages in New Jersey, in Los Angeles County, and in Riverside, California, and owns a flour mill in Thailand. He is on the board of seven major Hawaiian corporations including Alexander and Baldwin, perhaps the biggest of the famed old Big Five, the sprawling agencies that began in missionary days.

Chinn Ho and his cousin William Mau parlayed investments and real-estate manoeuvres into sizable estates. Ho's beginnings, as a customer's man for the investment firm of Dean Witter, was perhaps a bit more auspicious than that of Mau who, as recently as 1946, bought a concessionaire's stand at the Diamond Head end of Waikiki Beach where he and his wife rented surfboards and lockers. A one-time elevator boy and later a labour-law inspector, Mau, now fifty-three, wears alligator shoes, a ring that sparkles, and keeps commercial house in a splendid office on the top of his Waikiki office building. He got to the top of this cement pile, capped by a tower restaurant that twirls, by subdividing lots, snapping up Waikiki property early, and buying twelve per cent of a bank from Chinn Ho who needed the money to fry other fish. The Waikiki Business Plaza, the whopping windowed monolith he owns in Waikiki, rises on a two million dollar lot he bought exactly opposite the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. He is sev-

(Continued on page 238)

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Hawaiian riptide

(Continued from page 237)

eral times a millionaire with at least twelve million dollars in Waikiki real estate, a fifth of a bank, and a small piece of a hotel in Hong Kong also partially owned by Chinn Ho.

Chinn Ho's monument is the Ilikai Hotel, infinitely higher than the Great Wall of China and doubtless containing more mortar and bricks. When the hotel was completed, in 1964, it turned out to be the largest single-unit apartment-hotel and condominium in the world. Within its labyrinthine interiors are five restaurants, including one in the tower which, alas, does not twirl but is equipped with a glass elevator that skitters up the outside of the building. To insure the title as "world's largest" the Ilikai has recently completed an addition with four hundred more rooms and a convention hall capable of storing twenty-one hundred delegates at one sitting. More if they stand.

Long before the addition was ready, Ho had already turned his attention up island to a development called Makaha which in five years will encompass six resort hotels, a convention centre, private houses on the valley floor, and thirty-six holes of golf. With all this Ho, the one-time messenger boy and son of an immigrant rice planter, gets his deepest satisfactions from the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, Hawaii's evening newspaper, of which he is chairman of the board.

The breakout of the Oriental classes had a great effect on politics. When statehood came in 1959, the newest member of the Union elected the first American of Asian ancestry ever to sit in the Senate of the United States. He is Hiram Fong. A Republican born in the rough Kalihi district of Honolulu, he started his business life picking mesquite beans for cattle feed at the age of four. He went on to better things—shining shoes, then selling newspapers, and that ultimate occupation of boydom, catching crabs and selling them. Eventually Fong graduated from Harvard Law School. He sees himself now as The Man of the Pacific, has a law practice, a life-insurance company, a loan and investment company, and owns a burial ground, somewhat perplexingly known as the Ocean View Cemetery.

The same election that brought Hiram Fong into the United States Senate also carried Daniel Inouye into the House of Representatives. He was eighteen, a pre-med student at the University of Hawaii, when he joined Hawaii's all Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team. He came out of Italy's Po Valley with a battlefield commission, a Distinguished Service Cross, a Silver Star, a Bronze Star, three Purple Hearts, and one arm. Son of a Japanese immigrant, Inouye gave up his dreams of being a surgeon, took a law degree, became a public prosecutor, and swept into the Territorial Legislature on the Democratic wave of 1954. Hawaii sent him to Washington twice as its representative. The 1962 campaign for United States Senator, in which he ran against Republican Ben Dillingham, son of one of Hawaii's celebrated seigneurs, seemed to symbolize the contest of the new breed against the old establishment. Inouye won by a vote of 136,294 to 60,067.

The stewardship of the new men could hardly have begun at a more appropriate time. By 1950 Hawaii's economy had sunk into a blue postwar funk. It had gone the way of many another war-rich community where the ills were diagnosed as readjustment but no one knew the remedy. In 1950 the tourist plant was just about as it had been in the twenties and thirties. But tourism was beginning to grow, expanding at the rate of twenty per cent a year.

By 1955 the tourists were up to one hundred thousand a year and by last year there were six hundred thousand visitors with a million estimated by 1970. Military spending, with the Viet Nam war expanded in southeast Asia, had now risen to four hundred and sixty million dollars and there seemed to be no limit to that either.

With the running of supplies to Korea and later to Viet Nam —ninety-five per cent of them going by ship—the assured control of the eighty million square miles of sea became vitally necessary. Pearl Harbor took on a new importance. Polaris submarines are based at Guam where Russian trawlers clock them in and out, and other Russian ships try to track them through the trackless seas. Each sub has two crews, blue and gold, and when one is at sea, the other is flown to Honolulu for rest and retraining.

Working sections of each part of the submarine, except for the nuclear reactor, have been set up in classrooms on Ford Island, the same tiny dab of land where so many battleships were bombed into wreckage during the Japanese Pearl Harbor attack. For Pearl the impact has been tremendous. The submarine force was increased by thirty-five per cent, and some seventy-five million dollars spent on a training facility. The cost to replace the present complex at Pearl is estimated at five billion dollars. Its value is estimated as somewhat larger than Chrysler and somewhat smaller than Ford.

From Pearl the commander of the Pacific submarine fleet controls elements of his command spread from San Diego, San Francisco, and Bremerton to Subic Bay in the Philippines and Yokosuka in Japan. His responsibility spreads clear to the eastern coast of India and he bears well in mind that the Russian sub bases are at Petropavlovsk and Vladivostok, the Red Chinese at Lushun in the Yellow Sea, at Shanghai, the headquarters of the east fleet, and at Canton, home base of the Red Chinese south fleet. The total force of the potential enemy submarines is double ours; throwing in the Chinese and the Indonesians who have Russian subs, the odds rise to almost three to one.

But Pearl, for all its sophisticated weaponry, is only one punch in the arsenal of CinCPac,

(Continued on page 240)

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Hawaiian riptide

(Continued from page 238)

the Commander in Chief of the United States Pacific Command. He is responsible for the entire stretch of land and sea from the west coast of the United States to the Bay of Bengal. He protects the nation using the principle of forward strategy and such implements as a force of more than six hundred thousand men, nearly five hundred ships, some seven thousand planes of the Air Force, Navy, and Marines, not counting seventeen hundred helicopters.

The present CinCPac is Ulysses Grant Sharp, a short, neat, pressed, combed admiral who remains uncreased of any worry and seems unfrowned of any problem. The Pacific command is run by an admiral because of the long lines of communication over water. It is run from Hawaii because Hawaii is the hub.

Says Admiral Sharp, "It is halfway between Washington and Viet Nam. It is six hours later in Washington, six hours earlier in Viet Nam. I do my talking with General Wheeler (of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington) in the morning and my talking with General Westmoreland in the afternoon." The commanders of all the component forces—air, sea, and land, are based in Hawaii, too, and Sharp speaks with them on the beige phone. The yellow one is reserved for the Joint Chiefs.

Sharp lives in Navy quarters on the hill at Makalapa where Naval officers have always lived. At six every morning he is on the phone to his command post at Camp Smith where President Johnson met last February with General Ky. In this guarded room in the headquarters building on the hillside looking down on Pearl Harbor, all the major Pacific decisions of the last few years have been made. From here the general direction of the war, the policy direction, is pursued. When Sharp is holding court, he can ask for a weather briefing and get it in forty-five seconds from fleet weather central on closed circuit television.

On a gold phone Sharp can speak immediately with any U. S. command in Paris or Panama or Washington or Saigon. A beige emergency-action phone connects him with the component commands in the Far East. He can talk in the clear or on scrambled circuits. Washington takes about a minute. Westmoreland, about ninety seconds.

The lesson of Pearl Harbor, when Washington failed to reach the Honolulu command in time to warn of the impending attack, has been learned well. Off base, Sharp is in contact with the command post at all times, even carries a radio in his golf bag. It is better, they say up at Camp Smith, not to call him on the backswing.

Hawaii's mid-Pacific location, which has made it so strategic to the military, has also made it attractive to those who probe both space and the ocean depths. Satellites fired from Cape Kennedy are tracked across the Pacific by NASA's station high in the hills on the neighbour island of Kauai on the road to Kokee State Park.

The incredibly complicated machinery at Kokee can track within five or ten yards of a satellite that is thirty thousand miles away. It provides any flight with communication, and on a button's push, ordered by Houston control centre, it could issue commands to a satellite with or without the pilot's concurrence.

Besides its mid-Pacific position, NASA picked the Kauai mountaintop because of the great radar horizons, because of the deep-water ports where heavy equipment can be unloaded, and because housing is already available whereas it might not have been on a lesser Pacific island. The unique geographical position offers a handy eyrie from which to track Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles from the practice pad in California as they fly the range to the practice target in the South Pacific.

On a point called Barking Sands, on the sea below Kokee, the Navy is installing the world's most advanced underwater tactical range. Here it will test torpedoes and depth charges and evaluate other underwater weapons. The great depths so close to shore, a geologic specialty of the Hawaiian Islands, also make possible the research being conducted at Taylor Pryor's Oceanic Institute (see page 209).

The tremendous activity in Hawaii both above the land and in the sea have created whole new companies to service the facilities. The Kentron Corporation, a subsidiary of a Texas aerospace company, was originally a small island business working on television tubes and putting Japanese parts together in stereo systems. Its new owners brought in three hundred engineers and technicians and can hardly fill the openings for engineers which its burgeoning interests have created.

Run by former Rear Admiral Adrian Perry, a fifty-one-year-old retired Navy flyer, Kentron now operates and maintains NASA's tracking station on Kauai, the master control station for the Pacific which is responsible for both Gemini and Apollo, the moon project.

It also is the Technical Range Support contractor for the Navy's Pacific Missile Range which runs from Point Mugu, California, clear to Wake Island. Like a spotter on a rifle range, it must track and score missile shots. From its offices in Manoa, alongside the University of Hawaii campus, Kentron operates an instrumentation complex for the Pacific Missile Range on Johnston Island, southwest of Honolulu, where the United States conducted its last atmospheric atomic tests in 1963.

Kentron's Hawaii base is also responsible for the company's assignment as technical support contractor for the Nike X program on Kwajalein, a job which requires it to operate its own submarine.

The great race for space and the great plunge into the depths of sea, coming at the same time as Hawaii's enormous tourist explosion, have created new industries and given opportunity to talent that never existed in the lazy sugar and pineapple days. Hawaii has its own steel company which warms over scrap steel and remakes it for Hawaii's building industry. Run by a forty-seven-year-old crew-cut Princetonian, Philip Spalding, whose ancestors came over on one of the early missionary ships, Hawaii Western Steel this year stands to make a million dollars before taxes.

A young structural engineer named Alfred Yee so impressed architects from the mainland imported to design some of Hawaii's new buildings that his all-Hawaii firm is now working on commissions in distant corners of the world. A second generation Chinese-American who received his engineering master's degree at Yale, Yee built the elegant Kahala Hilton which was put together of concrete "timbers," some sixty feet long, an impossible construction with wood. It was only possible, said its architect Waugh Smith, "because of the presence in Hawaii of Alfred Yee, one of the most advanced structural engineers in the country."

From his handsome offices in the Ala Moana Building where his draughtsmen can look out on blue views of the Pacific, Yee has prepared the engineering plans for a hundred Australian bridges, a barracks, and a hospital for the United States Navy in the Philippines, as well as ingenious plans for a patented concrete barge.

In the new robust economy Hawaii can afford to pay its most popular disc jockey a salary of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. He is Hal Lewis, a forty-nine-year-old Brooklyn-born ex-fiddle player who commands fifty-four per cent of the morning audience. Opening the airwaves on CBS affiliate KGMB every morning, Lewis, known as Aku, feeds out a steady run of patter, opinion, one-liners, and news. He plays music, sells cars, furniture, and pancake batter.

Lewis came to Hawaii twenty years ago because the band on the island ship was short a fiddle player. He decided to stay in the Islands and got a job as a disc jockey on KGMB. "They were playing 1920 radio and it was 1946. When I tried to change things, I got fired. I had been there six weeks making sixty dollars per." When he went back to KGMB this year after two decades with other Honolulu stations, he signed a five-year, two and one-half million dollar contract.

The softness, the gentleness, and the weather bring all manner of potential talent to Hawaii

and provide an atmosphere that seems to nurture it. One of the most arresting of the young architects is Tom Wells, thirty-six, who came here for a working vacation in 1957. His buildings are rising all over Hawaii, but he is branching out across the Pacific in both directions. He is doing a low, rough-cast concrete Hilton hotel on a rugged bayside site in Guam. He steers clear of what he calls "the grass-shack approach to Hawaiian architecture," strives for openness and warmth "that not only reflect the type of life we live but also the personality of the people."

George Wimberly, an architect, who came to Hawaii in 1940 to work for a year and never left, is branching out into the Pacific. His Pago Pago Intercontinental, a masterpiece of thatch and fishnet, seems to impart just that right flavour of Sadie Thompson, with comfort, of course, that every jet-age visitor to Samoa wants. He will do as much for a new hotel on Yanuca Island in Fiji, others in Tahiti, Guam, and the Trust Territories.

No one sees the potential for Pacific island hopping clearer than John H. Magoon, junior, who two years ago bought a controlling interest in Hawaiian Airlines and has since turned it from deficit to profit. Now Magoon would like to take his airline, which has hitherto flown only among the Hawaiian Islands, and stretch it around the Pacific perimeter. He wants to land at Okinawa, Taipei, and the Philippines, with stops at Kwajalein and Guam and the U. S. Trust Territories of Eniwetok, Truk, Palau, Yap, and Saipan. For one thing, no scheduled airline covers the Trust Territory stations for which the United States has a vital responsibility. Hawaiian Airlines serves an island state, and therefore, says Magoon, who is one-eighth Chinese, seven-eighths old Island family, has an understanding of islands. Although the hop to Kwajalein is 2,462 miles, thereafter the jumps between landing fields are about four hundred miles, easy for an island hopper.

Micronesia comprises two thousand islands spread over an area larger than the continental United States. When its first congress met, a greater percentage of the delegates were graduates of the University of Hawaii than could be found in the state legislature of Hawaii itself. William Norwood, the new High Commissioner of the Trust Territories, was formerly assistant to the governor of Hawaii. The state feels a certain paternalism over the whole Pacific basin. Magoon feels that by extending Hawaii's own airline into the backwater areas of the Pacific he is encouraging growth in the same way that railroads helped to develop the small off-trail towns in early America.

The Pacific has always been the obvious area to break out of the binds of Hawaii's limited real estate. The mammoth Dillingham Corporation began its expansionism when it won a large slice of a billion-dollar contract to build air bases throughout the Pacific during World War II. Pausing to build the world's largest shopping centre, Hawaii's Ala Moana, and the twenty-five-storey Ala Moana Building, Dillingham is on its way to creating a worldwide empire.

Under Lowell Dillingham, the fifty-five-year-old grandson of its founder, the Dillinghams, who had dredged the original channel for Pearl Harbor, jumped clear across the world in 1958 to take on the job of widening and deepening the Suez Canal. They landed a twenty-six million dollar contract to widen the harbour at Kuwait, a port development that is now pictured on the back of Kuwait's one-quarter-dinar note.

The Dillingham firm has acquired seven companies in Australia, is involved with construction and concrete manufacturing in New Guinea, and operates a tug, barge, and ship repair company in New Zealand. Dillingham of Canada is building a paper-pulp mill and a pipeline pumping plant and has acquired a sixteen million dollar bulk grain silo. Early last summer it opened the forty-three-storey Wells Fargo Building in the middle of San Francisco, brought over an Hawaiian minister to bless it properly, not to mention ten singers from the Hawaiian church choir and an Hawaiian combo that played on the ground floor and stopped traffic. Dillingham of California is developing a seven-hundred-and-fifty-acre residential property called Tahoe Keys on the shores of Lake Tahoe, finishing a ten million dollar water-distillation plant in Saigon, building a military airfield in the Bay of Bangkok, a road system in New Guinea, and three ports in Singapore.

Hawaii's celebrated Big Five, all of whom started as merchants clustered around the Honolulu waterfront, got into sugar after 1875 when it looked attractive and then branched into pineapple at century's turn. They are diversifying now into other endeavours in other places. Giant Amfac, formerly American Factors, which produces a third of all the sugar grown in Hawaii, owns Hawaii's progressive Liberty House stores, and peripherally sells textiles, drugs, lumber, General Electric products, Dodge trucks, and Allis Chalmers farm equipment, bought two sugar plantations in far-off Uruguay which it staffs with executive help from Hawaii.

With The Chase Manhattan Bank, Amfac is developing well over a million acres of Australian land south of Perth. As plantation experts trained in Hawaii, the company is turning virgin land into fields of clover, barley, and safflower and then selling it off as developed farm land.

C. Brewer, one of the Big Five, which competes with Amfac across the street, is eighty per cent in sugar and maintains ten factories on eight plantations in Hawaii, has sent its prime agronomy specialist poking into sixty-five countries in the past four years. It is heavily committed in Puerto Rico, recently bought a molasses company in Pennsylvania which charters tankers and brings in molasses from all over the world for sale to United States feed dealers. It moved a team from Hawaii into southern Iran to grow cane again on lands that had wasted to desert after Tamerlane had ravaged the old cane fields that existed six hundred years ago.

From its new headquarters

(Continued on page 243)



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Doris Duke's House

(Continued from page 224)

Impressionist paintings—and almost as much so for its kitchen. Shangri-La, the house that she built for herself in Hawaii in the 1930's, is not merely her own youthful version of a private Utopia. With an originality rare for the period, she included a number of authentically Muslim architectural features in its design; and in the intervening years she has filled it with her growing collection of Oriental, and specifically Muslim, art.

In the dappled shade of its forecourt, a pair of half-life-size stone Ming camels mount guard before a plain, low, white façade, on either side of a Moroccan door. Inside, the hall is dimly lit by a clerestory of small Moroccan coloured windows, under painted beams, copied by a Japanese craftsman from photographs taken by Miss Duke of a ceiling in a house in North Africa. Two larger windows of multicoloured glass, brought from Egypt, are framed in Persian ceramic tiles. Wide Egyptian benches flank the entrance. Massive Damascus chests, inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the Arab fashion, stand at either extremity of the hall. The long blue and tawny-yellow Cuenca rug on the floor is more Moorish in inspiration than Spanish. Perforated metal Turkish lanterns provide a mysterious, additional illumination.

Something of the spirit of the house is evident from the outset: its arbitrary but enchanting mixture of Moroccan, Egyptian, Turkish, Syrian, and Persian motifs, bathed in shadow, glowing with coloured half-lights, speckled with filigree, at once softened and set off by Hawaiian vegetation in abundance. But certain deeper subtleties—in particular, a series of variations on a theme of alternating concealment and revelation—only gradually become apparent as one advances. Or more exactly—since the house is built on a slope—as one descends.

The courtyard—a lofty cloister supported by Persian columns of wooden lattice and mirror glass—is the heart of this house. It is an inner garden, and also an outdoor gallery, with Egyptian stained-glass windows that light up at night, and glistening Persian ceramic panels to take the place of pictures.

Blue-bossed, eleventh-century Persian tiling lines the half-wall that supports the moucharaby screen. For the rest, the tile-framed panels are sixteenth or seventeenth century, with the exception of one superb modern replica of an immense panel of mosaic faïence, from the Royal Mosque of Isfahan in Iran.

There are many far more ancient Persian objects elsewhere in the house. But Persia—a country of legendary beauty but surpassing discomfort—was never quite like this.

If anything, the deep sofas and thick sheep's-wool rugs, the brass lanterns swaying in a mild sea breeze, the palm trunks garlanded with philodendron are more reminiscent of Morocco or Algeria as recorded by Delacroix. Yet, the place suggests the classic Persian ideal of architecture and gardens combining to produce an atmosphere of meditative calm and sensual delight.

Within the prevailing Muslim limits, the dining room is the most colourful and heterogeneous room in the house. Approached down a flight of steps, it is tented in striped Indian cotton. Waist-high Baccarat candelabra—made for the nineteenth-century aristocratic Persian market—sparkle against striped window blinds. Behind the blinds lies a wide stone terrace, where columns copied from the land-locked, sixth to fourth century B.C., Achaemenian palace of Persepolis startlingly confront the waves. . . .

Doris Duke confesses that she feels at ease and at home in the deserts of the Middle East. But she has an even greater passion—in her own words, a fetish—for the ocean: this was her principal reason for building a house in Hawaii in the first place. For probably nowhere in the world is the ocean more awesome yet more alluring, more inhuman yet more a part of everyday life than in these islands, where all the year through, showers and storms notwithstanding, the smallest children are out with their surfboards from dawn to darkness, off a thousand incomparable beaches.

Her Hawaiian garden epitomizes her double passion. Relatively small in extent, it has the implausibility of a desert oasis, even though it happens to be backed by the arras-green folds of Diamond Head, and perched above the sea.

As in any garden-paradise of the Muslim imagination, the sight and sound of water play as great a part here as the flowers. Hidden away at the top of a white garden staircase, a long channel of blue-green seawater, interspersed with fountains, flows between narrow brick paths and scalloped beds of caladium and poinsettia, yellow daisies, and *roses d'Inde,* in miniature imitation of the famous Mogul gardens of Lahore. Under the black shade of a double row of yellow-flowering hau trees, twin staircases of five waterfalls apiece lead down to the swimming pool and its astonishing bathhouse.

Astonishing, indeed: yet normal. After Persepolis-on-Sea, Lahore, and Oahu, what more natural than Isfahan's palace of Chihil Situn, the seventeenth-century royal audience hall of the so-called Forty Columns, separated by no more than a hibiscus hedge and a seawall from the open Pacific?

Once again, it is a miniature version of the original. Instead of forty tapering pink columns, here there are twenty-eight. But, as at Isfahan, half of them are reflections in a pool.

Inside, the bathhouse is a luxurious pavilion of many rooms, filled with silk-carpeted divans, bleached Indian furniture as intricate and delicate as lace, painted Persian closets, doors draped with red rugs, cushions stitched with mirror glass, a punkah with a scarlet rope, and Paisley hangings.

Sometimes in the mornings, protected by five moderately frightening German shepherd dogs, Doris Duke spends hours at the Steinway grand piano in the bathhouse, playing the ultimate in swing. One guesses that these are among her happiest hours of the day. For the place is a solitude within a solitude, the sound of the piano drowned by the pounding of the surf on the rocks below. . . .

Great riches have an irritating habit of erecting a rampart around their owners, and seeming to endow them with qualities that on closer examination they do not always prove to possess. But, rich or not, Doris Duke would be a woman apart. She happens to be highly intelligent and capable, and as inured to the facts of life as anyone else. But she is innately, and almost as though by choice, reserved and shy. Strangers, meeting her for the first time and receiving no perceptible response on her part to any of their tried and trusted social gambits, may be tempted to give up for good. Yet the slightest indication of a shared enthusiasm or an experience in common can turn her into a fluent and entertaining conversationalist, and a memorable—if always tantalizingly elusive—friend.

Widely travelled, she has been able to acquire a rare collection of priceless objects on her travels. But even rarer are her scholarly knowledge of their origins and the artistry with which she exploits their beauty. Her house is not only luxurious, but convenient and well-run. Apt as any other woman to change her mind, she has her Persian panels and tiles inset in invisible steel frames, to enable her to move them again and again, if she feels like doing so, without risk of damage. There is method as well as mood in her self-indulgence. One of those who know her best described her—in a refreshingly positive phrase—as "a woman of strong likes."

Physically, she is a tall woman, and doubtless knows it. She has an admirable bone structure and—whether she wishes it or not—a commanding presence. Yet with it all there is an invincibly childlike streak in her nature: an unashamed pleasure in her own and others' whims, but no pleasure at all in routine grown-up nonsense. She has a child's rationality, half clairvoyant and half naïve.

Depending on whether one prefers the sterile safety of cliché or the rich risks of paradox, one can describe her as an overprivileged human being or an unusually original and creative one; a type, or a changeling; a twentieth-century tobacco heiress whom most of America has heard about, or that least familiar of twentieth-century feminine phenomena: *une princesse lointaine.*

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 194)

puts the eyebone into action. Since you're working with gleams, sheers, liquids, moistnesses—in other words, non-powdery textures—it makes sense to choose the bone highlighter from the creamy, rather than powdery formulations for this one effect. Many such exist; good thin one is Ultima II Snowfrost. . . .

About face powder itself, here's the problem. You don't really want powder, yet you have to have some sort of carry-with-you compact that will lower the beam on the highlights that collect on and around the nose. No-colour powders are with us everywhere; they tend to be good on the whole. But a unique gleam-killing formula that adds not a speck of dust, and can't look powdery, is a thing called Corn Silk pressed into a compact by Shulton. . . .

If beauty reality has a single characteristic, it's this: the look of aliveness, of health. If the hair has it, and the face has gained it, the body skin should be consistent with it. Which is where the new all-over moisturizers come in. Slick the body with their gleam. Toes. Heels. Arms. Legs. Throat. (Some of the more highly-scented ones have extra polish.) . . . Finally, put your lipstick on. . . .

Counting every step of the work that goes into the makeup aspect of reality-beauty—body slicking not excepted—you can clock yourself at under five minutes. Not bad at all. And then it leaves you feeling neither guilty nor gloomy about the four hours you'll have to spend on beauty another day—the day you organize a production of beauty fakery for the evening when nothing less than that will do. . . .

That takes care of the mechanics. But one thing about either look—the look of flamboyant fakery or of stripped-down reality—is this: you have to have heart to make it work. Have to have a feeling for its inner workings. . . . The psychological condition for beauty fakery is delight. Without coquetry and the clear intent to amuse, faked-up beauty comes off as a bad case of narcissism. The psychological climate for reality-beauty is health. Without energy and the real ring and rhythm of health, stripped-down beauty is a room-emptier—it's cold and bleak. . . . So: see to the accoutrements; but see to your convictions, too. Conviction is the propellant that can put any change across. You *must* have noticed that. . . .

Hawaiian riptide

(Continued from page 241)

in the Financial Plaza of the Pacific, a giant building rising on its old headquarters, Castle & Cooke will be overseeing its banana plantations and banana boats in Central America, its tuna and salmon canneries on the Columbia River, its cannery in San Jose, California, where it packs peaches, carrot juice, and artichoke hearts, its steel company in Thailand, its cement plant in Kuala Lumpur. It owns Dole Pineapple, too.

In 1939, forty-two per cent of all the workers in Hawaii were directly involved with sugar and pineapple. Now only eight per cent are. The Big Five ran the Islands, and as one veteran recalls it, "Legislative decisions were argued out in the Castle & Cooke boardroom." All that is changed now. Hawaii's future may well rest on its international industrial know-how and on its weather.

After a week in California on his first visit a number of years ago, the late Peter Lorre rose one morning, looked at the beaming sunshine, and said, "Another goddam beautiful day." What with the sun barely breaking through the smog in Los Angeles nowadays, the quote probably better belongs to Hawaii.

The weather that brings the lollers also brings the builders, the doers, the brains, the learners, and the makers. There is no telling what they will create of the string of islands that not so long ago seemed useful only for growing sugar and pineapple and cultivating deep, rich suntans.





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Reinhardt

(Continued from page 183)

Among the rare New York artists to begin as an abstract painter in the thirties and remain an abstractionist, Reinhardt was never drawn to Surrealism, action painting, or figurative art. As a young painter working on the W.P.A. easel painting project, Reinhardt painted sophisticated Constructivist abstractions, at a time when American Scene painting was the accepted mode. In the early forties he continued to paint geometric abstractions while his contemporaries, the Abstract Expressionists, were painting surrealist or representational works.

In the late forties the geometric shapes were shattered into fine staccato strokes equally disposed over the entire canvas surface in the "all-over" fashion of Oriental calligraphy or of Tobey's "white writing" paintings. Reminiscent of the misty, layered space of classical Chinese landscapes, these delicate works anticipate the atmospheric space of the later black paintings. In this context, it is interesting to note that while others of his generation were involved with the atmospheric space of Surrealist painting, Reinhardt created an abstract atmospheric space. This involvement with atmospheric space, rather than with the extremely shallow space of late Cubism and Constructivism is one of the factors which distinguishes Reinhardt's, Rothko's, and Newman's space from Cubist or Constructivist abstraction.

Around 1952, the fragments of the tracery of the all-over paintings began to coalesce into larger horizontal and vertical brushstrokes, which ultimately grew into the series of interlocking rectangles, first in the red and blue paintings, and then in the black paintings, for which Reinhardt is known.

Since 1953 Reinhardt has occupied himself solely with the refinement of the theme of black paintings. Rejecting first relational composition, then spectral colour, he has arrived at the purist form of his vision: the square black canvas. In reducing painting to its minimal requirements—that is, pigment on a two-dimensional support—Reinhardt has given his own solution to what Clement Greenberg has termed the "modernist reduction."

According to Greenberg, painting and sculpture in the twentieth century have sought to define themselves by casting off and rejecting superfluous conventions, beginning with subject matter. The result has been that both art forms have arrived at a state close to their essences. Reinhardt, by eliminating more and more from painting, offers his own interpretation of the dialectic of modern art. Like Yves Klein's all blue paintings and Ellsworth Kelly's recent monochrome panels, it is a solution which comes dangerously close to predicating the end of painting as we know it; for beyond the monochrome canvas there lies only the blank canvas.

But Reinhardt's black paintings, one must hasten to add, are neither formless nor monochrome. On close inspection the black square reveals a cross pattern painted in blackish greens, browns, and violets, so near in value as to be virtually indistinguishable.

It would be wrong, then, to interpret Reinhardt's black paintings as a Duchampesque gesture. Reinhardt is a painter not a Dadaist. On the contrary, they presume no arbitrary *acte gratuit,* but the logical progression toward the monistic, of which monochrome is only a part. In fact, Reinhardt believes that "only the art of painting can be abstract and pure enough to have the problem and possibility of the 'one single grand original problem.' "

In one respect, these black paintings can be seen as a programmatic attack on the expressionist esthetic. At the same time, they are not "purist" canvases in the conventional sense. That is to say, Reinhardt's paintings differ from orthodox geometric abstraction in the same way that the art of the younger abstract painters like Kelly and Noland does: Its scale is larger, colour plays a more crucial rôle, and most important of all, the composition is non-relational, i.e., it is not based on a series of internal relationships, but on the relationship of the single central image to the framing edge.

In recent works, Reinhardt has simplified composition by reducing it to a square trisected horizontally and vertically in order to form a Greek cross. Because values are so closely keyed, no figure-ground relationship develops. The central cross does not emerge as a silhouette detached from the field, but remains imbedded in the black continuum of the field.

Since the canvas is treated as a field to be divided rather than as an area to be filled with a variety of forms, no shapes are involved. Dividing the field into harmonious proportions rather than adding shapes which balance each other is another aspect of non-relational composition.

By painting the frame black and recessing the canvas behind the frame, Reinhardt causes the painting to seem to float behind the frame. This is the opposite of the practice of, say Rothko, whose images often appear to float in front of the frame. Instead of thrusting the image forward, in the manner of Still, Reinhardt pulls it back behind the frame, with the result that the viewer is drawn into the void rather than engulfed in the plenum. Although there are more differences than similarities in the work of Reinhardt, Rothko, and Newman, it is with Newman's and Rothko's paintings that Reinhardt's work has its closest affinities.

Like them he achieves a kind of resonant, hovering, atmospheric space, and like them again he deduces the composition from the rectangular shape of the canvas. However, whereas Newman and Rothko may at times choose a high-key, brilliant, sun-drenched atmosphere, Reinhardt sticks to the sombre, dim atmosphere of twilight. Where black square meets black square edges blur in a manner quite different from the vibrations set up by the interaction of adjacent colours in Rothko's paintings.

The blurring in Reinhardt's straight-edged paintings suggests a grey haze, whereas the vibrations in Rothko's irregular rectangles have the effect of giving off light. This is to be expected, since Reinhardt confines himself to light-absorbing shades of black, whereas Rothko has used in the main colours which reflect light.

Since the colours are both extremely low in intensity and extremely close in value, it takes some effort merely to see a Reinhardt. But this effort, which Reinhardt demands from the spectator, becomes the evidence of the spectator's commitment and willingness to participate. Reinhardt has never wanted to make art easy. It is his contention that high art is for the happy few who are willing to expend considerable energy and effort in order to reap its benefits.

In his rôle as philosopher of negativism Reinhardt has issued any number of ex cathedra proclamations which have made him one of the central focuses of the art world. His regular assaults on expressionism are often couched in moralistic terms. With the zeal of the puritanical reformer, he has announced that "any combining, mixing, adding, diluting, exploiting, vulgarizing, or popularizing deprives abstract art of its essence and depraves the artist's consciousness."

For Reinhardt, expressionism in any form is hypocritical and self-indulgent "suffering schmaltz," or "schmutz and schmerz." Having even less patience with the rhetoric of expressionism than with expressionism itself, Reinhardt has developed a detailed program calling for an élite academy in which the rules of anti-expressionism, as set down by Reinhardt as *magister ludi,* would be taught.

Defining fine art as "exclusive, negative, absolute, and timeless," Reinhardt has enunciated his twelve rules for a new academy: No texture, no brushwork or calligraphy, no sketching or drawing, no forms, no design, no colours, no light, no space, no size or scale, no movement, no object, no subject matter, no symbols, images, nor signs, neither pleasure nor pain, no mindless working or mindless non-working. No chess playing. Such a recipe obviously is suitable for the preparation of only one dish—Reinhardt's airless Vitruvian 5′ x 5′ squares ("as high as a man and as wide as a

man's outstretched arms").

"Academic painting," Reinhardt is the first to admit, "becomes impersonal, anonymous perhaps." But this is no drawback for Reinhardt, who sees painting as a ritual and the museum as a shrine. Such religious metaphors are to be found running throughout Reinhardt's statements. Some have even wished to identify the cross pattern as the familiar Christian symbol, although Reinhardt has rejected any symbolical interpretation of his work.

Yet the obsession with purification, the repetitions which suggest a liturgical response, the concern with absolutes, added to the iconic quality of the image itself suggests that Reinhardt does see painting and looking as spiritual disciplines—the former as a kind of ritual purification and the latter as a form of holy meditation. Hence the state of quietus the spectator must experience in order to bring Reinhardt's image into focus is not without its mystical overtones.

Adding to the monkish image are the stream of letters and postcards, penned with the same regularity and finesse as the paintings are painted, which issue from Reinhardt's immaculate Broadway studio-scriptorium. Besides running a correspondence course in esthetics, offering advice on everything from which movies to see to what kind of art to avoid, Reinhardt has been engaged in other extracurricular activities as well.

An articulate, partisan member of every important artists' group or artists' protest since he became one of the youngest members of the American Abstract Artists in the thirties, Reinhardt may be seen marching or picketing or signing whenever his sense of moral outrage is provoked. In fact, it is clear from his actions and statements that Reinhardt believes that the artist must provide a model for conduct for the rest of society. Although the image of the art world as a religious order may leave one gasping, that it ought to be so seems to be Reinhardt's implicit message. Moreover, as part of his obligation, the artist must separate his activity as a man from his activity as an artist, although both must be exemplary. If Rauschenberg wishes to act in the gap between art and life, then Reinhardt is trying to make that gap so wide that nothing will bridge it: "The thing to say about art and life is that art is art and life is life."

Reinhardt's mordant wit has found other outlets too. In 1944 and 1946 he executed a series of cartoons about art and the art world for the newspaper *PM* which lampoon critics, curators, and other artists who make the mistake of confusing art with life. These often scatological cartoons are as rich with wit and inventiveness as the satirical grotesques of mediaeval manuscript marginalia.

Like the late mediaeval German illustrations of the *Narrenschiff*, Reinhardt's cartoons ridicule human folly. No one escapes Reinhardt's ribbing and Joycean punning. Among the targets are his fellow artists, Mockrotcoat and De Coonskins, the Wetknee Museum, and the director of the Museum of Modern Art, Allfried-Barrbigqueue. So great is Reinhardt's distaste for the representational that he chose not to draw but to cut out figures from old prints and illustrations, in the manner of Ernst's photo-collages.

In a sense, these cartoons are Reinhardt's surrealist works. They offer the opportunity for the sublimation of what has been left out of the paintings. Like the statements and correspondence, they are channels for material Reinhardt considers extra-visual, including any urge toward self-expression, surrealism, or figuration.

Although Reinhardt's interest in Islamic and mediaeval decorative and ornamental art has led some to presume that he has been influenced by their abstract all-over patterns, Reinhardt himself disclaims any such connection. Instead, he traces the development of all-over pictorial composition from Impressionism through Cubism through Mondrian.

Thus the many similarities that one might see in Reinhardt's iconoclasm and that of Moslem artists are coincidental. On the contrary, Reinhardt's art is self-consciously the product of the

(Continued on page 248)



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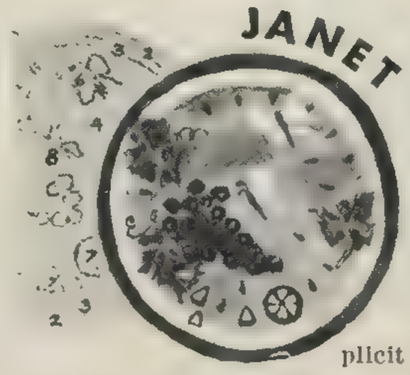


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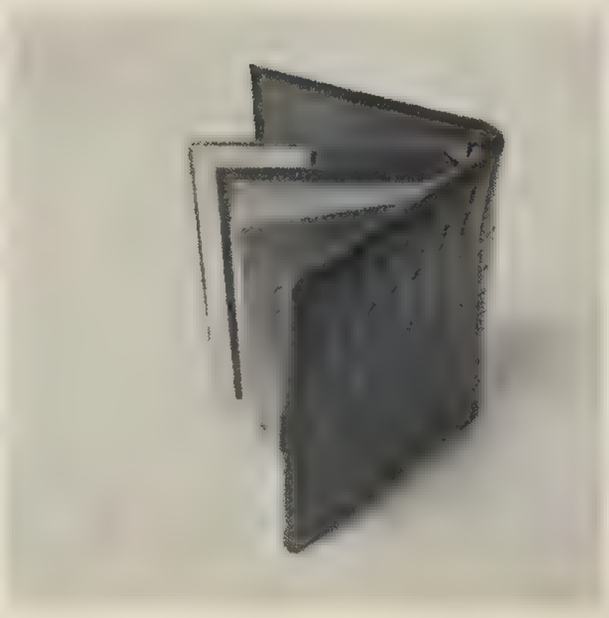
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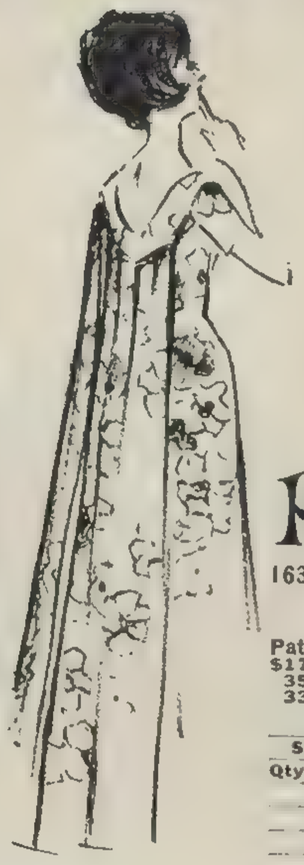
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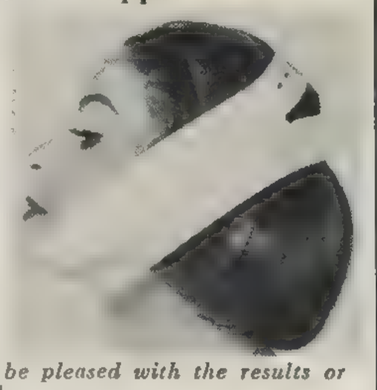


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Reinhardt

(Continued from page 245)

Western painting tradition. He could as easily be taken for a Neoplatonist as an Arab.

Entirely conceptual, Reinhardt's work emphasizes the mental rather than manual. Technique is developed merely to efface technique. No chance elements or accidents are allowed to mar the predetermined effects Reinhardt has calculated. In this he is again more akin to younger abstract artists than he is to his own generation, which exalted process and gesture, spurning the preconceived idea as unfelt formalism.

Convinced that the more things change the more they remain the same, Reinhardt once suggested as the title of an article "The Roaring 20's, the Roaring 30's, the Roaring 40's, the Roaring 50's, etc." In another article he called for "monotone, blankness, quiescence, premeditation . . . the extremely impersonal way for the truly personal. The completest control for the purist spontaneity."

For Reinhardt, freedom is the equilibrium which results from the extinction of pleasure and pain. "Art that is a matter of life and death," he once said, "is neither fine nor free." One begins to suspect from all this that Reinhardt has assimilated Buddhist thought to the extent that his heaven resembles Nirvana rather than Paradise. However, his preoccupation with oneness and wholeness suggests that his is a strangely monotheistic Buddhism.

As part of his drive toward the monistic, Reinhardt has attempted to find in the multiplicity of forms, styles, and periods in world art the common denominator which all share. In this pursuit, he proves himself a follower of Focillon, for whom the history of art was the history of forms which are inherited and transformed by the inheritors. Seeing forms as classes—he once classified all the various types of eyes in Picasso, Klee, and Miró —Reinhardt has scanned these finite typological series in search of an irreducible minimum of structure and colour.

Having reduced colour to shades of black and composition to the trisected square, Reinhardt would seem to have found the absolutely minimal solution —the "one schema behind all schemata." If Reinhardt's art is an art of renunciation and his aesthetic a negative one, then they are so deliberately. It is precisely in his unwillingness to compromise with the demands for an easy and pleasing or sensationalistic art that his integrity lies. And it is on their integrity of conception and execution that the paintings ask to be judged.

Since Reinhardt took up the self-appointed rôle of conscientious objector, he has said no to self-indulgence, commercialism, hypocrisy, and cant. This aloof stance has endeared him to the emergent generation of painters and sculptors, whose endorsement of Reinhardt's art has been its validation. Like Reinhardt, these younger artists too tend to pin the content of their art on integrity.

Reacting against the excesses of action painting, they were quick to appreciate Reinhardt's work. Suddenly Reinhardt had a new public among the young, a public far more sympathetic to his art than his own generation had been. The appreciation and respect younger artists have shown Reinhardt has forced a critical reevaluation of his work. Who would have thought in the fifties that Reinhardt would have more disciples than De Kooning in the sixties?

By seeking to find the irreducible minimum, Reinhardt was a pioneer in the quest for essences which now seems to occupy so many artists. The question has been raised, however, whether or not this search for common denominators and minimal factors has not still further impoverished the tradition of abstract art. Reinhardt's work is, I think, a case in point of why it has not.

His ability to provide a rich and complex visual experience by means of a minimum of elements is testimony to the validity of his approach. His appreciation of the nuance and of the subtle is a welcome antidote to the flamboyant artifacts that would today pass as serious art.

Ocean Adventure

(Continued from page 211)

of deep-diving vehicles to explore the Pacific bottom without the need for support vessels on the surface.

Taylor Pryor has already spent a number of hours at a stretch in an underwater living-chamber at a depth of thirty feet. In the new underwater laboratories, he plans to spend weeks, even months. He speaks of the unearthly peace enjoyed by the underwater laboratory worker, of the sights that are unforgettably beautiful by day, but ten times more beautiful at night. If he has his way, more laboratories will be built at descending intervals, each one supplying the next one down—"like climbing Everest in reverse."

Asked how he came to think in such terms, he said, "Everyone is thinking in them." The Russians, it seems, have better maps of the Pacific bottom than the Americans have. Several European nations have started open-sea oil exploitation. The Japanese have been the first to mine iron from the deep sea bed. As Mr. Pryor sees it, American world leadership in the future Oceanic Era can best begin in Hawaii. He is dedicated to the idea that it should do so, now.

His only perceptible, private anxiety is lest his absorption in the future activities of "the man-in-the-sea" should cause him to neglect the present welfare of his own three children on the land. But in that, as in everything else, one suspects, he can rely on his wife to fill the gap.

Karen Pryor is in every way about as remarkable as her husband. She not only inspired and shares his enthusiasm, but she is as conversant with the technical activities of the Institute as he is. At Sea Life Park, she works all day, training whales and dolphins, and training their trainers. Like her husband, she is a writer and a lecturer.

She, too, is radiantly healthy, a first-class swimmer, a born administrator, and a rare public relations officer, un-pompous and light-hearted, but devastatingly sure of her facts. As though her work at Sea Life Park were not enough, she raises thoroughbred Welsh ponies at her father-in-law's ranch on the island of Maui, breaks them in, trains them, and sells on an average half a dozen ponies a year.

There is something undeniably engaging about the sight of Mrs. Pryor, wearing a tourist's straw hat stuck with a pink plastic hibiscus, directing performances from the yardarm of a scaled-down whaling vessel moored in the lagoon. Sitting barefoot among her children in a free moment, dressed in a scarlet muumuu, she has a half-comical look of some leisured woman of a century and a half ago—Princesse Lieven or Madame Récamier, in miniature, rejuvenated, windswept, brought up to date.

Bringing up three children—Tedmund, aged ten; Michael, nine, and Gale, who is six—is neither more nor less difficult for her than training marine mammals. In both cases, she admits to being a believer in the educative value of bribes. If her whales or dolphins perform to her satisfaction, she rewards them from a bucket full of smelt. "When you can count to a hundred," she told her daughter Gale, "your pocket money will go up to a dollar a week." Some of her promises sound to an outsider more like threats than bribes. "Daddy needs fifty to sixty sea-cucumbers. How about going to look for some this weekend?"

Up to now, the Pryor family has lived in a pair of nondescript seaside cottages at Waimanalo, a short distance from Sea Life Park. Soon they will be living in a house of their own design. Shielded from the coast road by a line of trees, its site is distinctly makai. The future house, with a two-storey living room and a swimming pool with a resident dolphin, will be half on the land and half in the ocean.

The Pryor children's days are passed, with a minimum of grown-up supervision and in a halcyon climate, swimming, riding ponies, and going to school. When the plans for the new house are discussed, the children don't hesitate to express their views. Typically, the offspring of two of the world's most passionate ocean-lovers are "*sick* of salt

(Continued on page 250)

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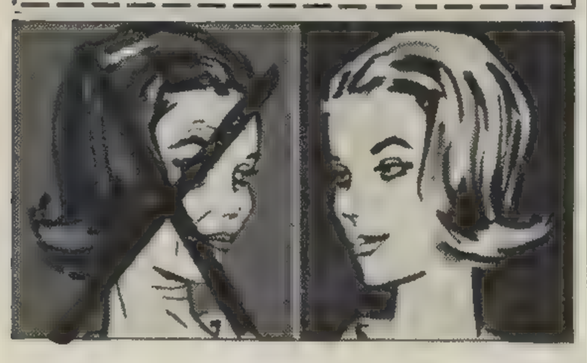
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Ocean Adventure

(Continued from page 249)

water." They want a freshwater pool. They won't get it. No doubt the time will come when they will recognize that their childhood was spent in paradise. As of now, they are more than a little blasé about the sights of Sea Life Park.

By contrast, a stranger's reaction to this whole, extraordinary exhibit is anything but boredom. Dolphin charm is by now proverbial. It comes as more of a surprise to learn that false killer whales, too, can be winning and gentle swimming companions, for all their air of disgruntled elder statesmen.

The albatross is a disappointing bird. It is odd that anyone should ever have written a poem or woven a legend about such an unprepossessing, outsized sea gull. But the green turtles basking in their sunlit pool form designs worthy of Fabergé: *écaille*, rock crystal, and aquamarine.

Above all, the fish in the simulated Hawaiian reef, ceaselessly wending their sinuous way through what Philip Wylie once described as the "gin-clear" water of their tank, offer a feast to the eye and mind. As in some classic collection of fables, one recognizes human beings: the retroussé profiles with permanent smiles; the chronically intent, cocktail-party faces; the plain families who prefer their own company; the underdressed and the overdressed girls. The Moorish idol wears a sweater with black and yellow stripes. The orange-spotted Achilles tang wears an abstract painting.

The huge stingray is as sinister as his name; his flat body ripples in the water like the cloak of a Grand Inquisitor waving in the wind of sixteenth-century Madrid or Rome. The small fry give him a wide berth, and a wider berth still to the black-tipped shark, the gangster boss of this particular underworld. Followed eternally, at a respectful distance, by a larger fish with the obsequious self-importance of a Mafia henchman or movie butler, this shark is capable of taking a bite out of some innocent, pink-and-white passerby, dropping the mouthful contemptuously, and cruising glumly on as his victim falls in two pieces to the bottom of the tank.

If Sea Life Park were not so easily enjoyable, and if Taylor and Karen Pryor were not, like all authentically creative people, so simple in character and open of mind, a visitor might come away from them uncomfortably impressed. It isn't every day that a man's thoughts are so effectively jolted out of their ruts. As sometimes on coming down from a mountain, one feels chilled but cleansed, relieved to be returning to the old level but resolved that one's view of the world shall never be quite so petty and parochial, narrow and shallow, from now on.



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Montesquiou

(Continued from page 184)

Bernhardt, in fact the whole world in Paris, London, New York, and St. Moritz from the eighteen-eighties to the nineteen-twenties? Any reader of Marcel Proust will say at once that it is the Baron de Charlus, for that strange, sinister, and major character of the novel *Remembrance of Things Past* has taken away much of the limelight from the person Proust caricatured.

In spite of the fact that this eccentric and dandified poet, Comte Robert de Montesquiou, has been largely forgotten, an examination of his papers, which have been kept up to now either by his family or in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, shows that Montesquiou was perhaps, after all, at least as striking a figure as the Baron de Charlus. Born of a family which went back to the Merovingians and which counted D'Artagnan among its members, the intensely good-looking and rich Montesquiou, at twenty-five, astonished Paris with an apartment hung with Japanese silks and William Morris fabrics. The Far East and the Middle Ages were amalgamated in a hothouse of taste, and there, among the orchids, Art Nouveau was born. Huysmans made his hero, Des Esseintes, live in the same kind of place in *À Rebours* —the model of the mauve nineties.

Like his friend Mallarmé, Montesquiou wrote poems, especially his early ones, about bats or Wagner. He selected the dresses of the best-dressed women in Paris. He discovered Gallé, who carried out in glass or in marquetry his slightest whim. Sarah Bernhardt, who had a silhouette similar to his, similar hair, and almost the same voice, fell in love with Montesquiou. They dressed up as fifteenth-century pages, and there may even have been an occasional embrace in the midst of the flowers and the cushions. More important for the history of art is the fact that Montesquiou took Sarah to the house of his old friend, the painter Gustave Mo-

(Continued on page 253)

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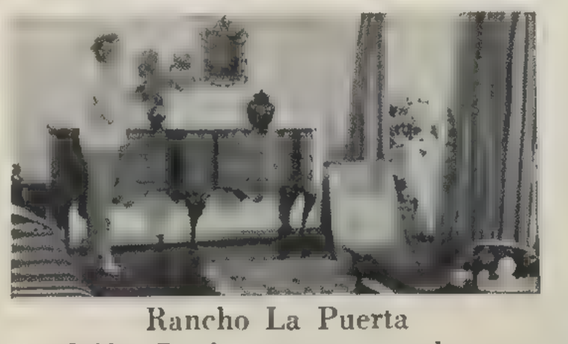
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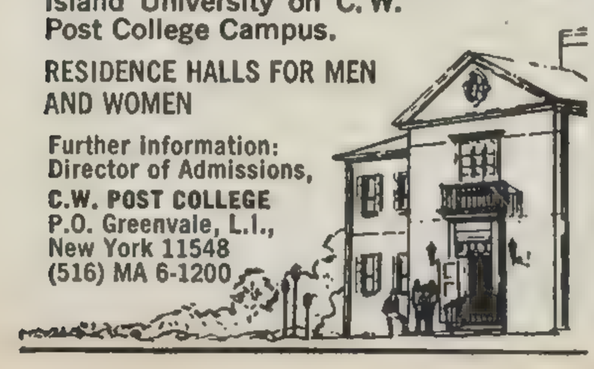
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Montesquiou

(Continued from page 251)

reau, and there the actress adopted the Byzantino-Buddhist costumes with which the painter covered his Salomes or Helens. Here again, among all the semi-precious, cheap stones with beautiful names, and the gilded lotuses, was another source of Art Nouveau.

Paris was not enough for Montesquiou. He wanted to go to London—the aesthete capital —to discover the art which he felt would suit him most completely. His friend Prince Edmond de Polignac gave him a letter to a young American writer who had recently settled in Britain: Henry James. The meeting would seem to have been a success, judging from the letter, written in French, which he received from James in 1887: "Cher Monsieur,

I am sending you this note in haste, so that if possible you will make no arrangements for the day after tomorrow, Friday, in the evening, and to ask whether you would put our dinner off until then. I have just seen Whistler, who unfortunately is engaged tomorrow, but commits himself solemnly for Friday. I will expect you then that day, at the same place and at the same time—the Reform Club, Pall Mall, 8 o'clock—in the hope that this will be just as convenient for you. In the meantime, at 2 o'clock tomorrow, we will go to see all the Burne-Jonses and all the Rossettis possible. All the best. . . ."

The meeting with Whistler was like a stroke of lightning: They would meet every day or Montesquiou would send a letter; he called the painter "Dear Devil" or "Angelic butterfly," and gave him china, miniature Japanese trees, and even a bed in the Empire style. In return Montesquiou was called "Bat," after his poems.

Montesquiou fetched Whistler over to Paris, and during the sittings the two friends put the finishing touches to Whistler's book, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. The poet, who had also become an art critic, was fascinated by the painter at work: "This odd way of holding back, or balancing the brush, and of waving it through the air for several moments before putting it down on exactly the right place, is not unlike breathing." Whistler seemed to extract the likeness from the canvas rather than putting one on it. This feeling made the artist say: "Look at me, and you will look at yourself forever."

In spite of his impatience, Montesquiou bent himself to the caprices of the artist, who wrote, after a good many difficulties: "The visit was charming, and just in time. Everything is going well. I now see what was missing in your picture. Again, this will just be in time to give it the élan and perfection which it ought to have in order that it can be sure of its future."

The sitter decided that the work should be taken away from the studio in order to triumph at the Salon of May, 1894. "How right you are, dear poet! What a fool I was!! He is splendid, a real D'Artagnan. I will never forgive myself my unworthy modesty and fear—but what a stroke of genius to have sent for it, and just in time, for an ultimatum has arrived from the Champs de Mars [where the exhibition was to take place]—so he has gone, the black knight." (These letters are reproduced through the courtesy of the University of Glasgow.)

In 1892, Madeleine Lemaire —a bad painter but an excellent hostess—introduced Montesquiou to a smallish, very well-informed young man with beautiful eyes. This man, Marcel Proust, bombarded Montesquiou with letters in which compliments, jokes, and quotations were mixed haphazardly. There were two things which this young bourgeois, Proust, did not yet know: society and taste. For the first, Montesquiou was able to introduce him to duchesses and allowed him to pay his respects to Comtesse Greffulhe, whose mother was a Montesquiou, and from whom Proust later created the Princesse de Guermantes, and whose love for the poet, her cousin, the novelist guessed. For the second, Montesquiou taught the young man how to under-

(Continued on page 254)



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Montesquiou

(Continued from page 253)

stand Helleu and Moreau, and to make those flower arrangements of hawthorns or orchids which appear so often in Proust's work. Through his parties, his articles, and his unkind remarks, Montesquiou dominated the taste of Paris around 1900. He made his friends sit for Helleu. He gave them jewels by Lalique. He commissioned Fauré to write some songs, using the poems of Verlaine. In an article paying homage, Proust called Montesquiou "professor of beauty."

Montesquiou also meant his lessons in beauty to be understood by the Americans. Bernard Berenson, who met Montesquiou every summer at St. Moritz, was encouraging. They had the same tastes. Bernard Berenson wrote: "Your article on Sargent delighted me. It expresses perfectly everything that I think about this 'artist.' Your exquisite politeness is a good deal more unkind than the brutal criticisms of the rest of us. I am infinitely grateful to you to have been the first to have raised his fist against this idol of the Anglo-Saxons." Three American women who lived not far from Montesquiou's house at Versailles (Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Bessie Marbury, and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, who later became Lady Mendl) arranged a lecture tour in the United States. The poet embarked in January, 1903, accompanied by his secretary, his Persian hounds with emerald collars, and a very large number of trunks. The novelist Francis Marion Crawford was the guide in New York, and all the American beauties whom Montesquiou had received in Paris fêted him: Mrs. Lydig, Gladys Deacon, the Duchess of Marlborough [Consuelo Vanderbilt]. Dinners were followed with Montesquiou reading from his poems. For his lectures, the ballroom at the Waldorf Hotel overflowed with orchids. Mrs. Potter Palmer brought him to Chicago, where the papers called him "a missionary of beauty." He spoke of the painters and the women he admired, described his ideal house, and recited many poems, mainly his own, in the voice of Sarah Bernhardt. His talks were strewn with bons mots, repeated everywhere. Montesquiou said: "It is bad enough not to have a penny but it is too much to endure privations."

The caricaturist Sem showed him in front of rows of diamond-covered Astors and Vanderbilts, with a bellboy, seeing the Count's gestures, asking: "Is that the cakewalk?" Like Boni de Castellane, Montesquiou used his position and his taste to sell furniture and to advise collectors; Berenson helped by bringing in some rich clients, for a great deal of money was needed for the Montesquiou pink marble palace at Le Vesinet and to pay for all the parties he gave there.

In 1910, Montesquiou, still handsome but a little desiccated, still brilliant, but ever more unkind, met Gabriele d'Annunzio and their friendship developed at once. He persuaded the Italian poet to write a play, *The Martyrdom of San Sebastian*, in French, with Bakst designing the costumes, and Debussy writing the music. The aesthete, Montesquiou, found the perfect artist in Ida Rubinstein with whom he also fell a little in love. In the meantime a beautiful young painter from America, Romaine Brooks, whose talent Montesquiou encouraged, had arrived in Paris, and lived in an apartment decorated entirely in black and white. Relations between D'Annunzio and Montesquiou, Ida and Romaine, became incredibly complicated: The Princesse Edmond de Polignac [née Singer] became involved as well —according to Montesquiou, at the Princesse's "one dined off little sewing machines."

The last party, however, was a catastrophe. The Comédie-Française was commissioned to do an unpublished play by Verlaine in the garden of Montesquiou's house, in front of *le tout-Paris*. Unfortunately, a jealous enemy put an announcement in *Le Figaro* cancelling the party because of uncertain weather. Thus Montesquiou awaited his guests between furious actors and a magnificent but deserted buffet. He decided never to give a party again, and to see only young writers. Cocteau and Colette sought him out. In a brilliant article Montesquiou tried to explain the eccentric playwright Raymond Roussel to the public which never understood him. During the 1914-18 war, the Count retired to his Château d'Artagnan to write his memoirs.

From there, the professor of beauty followed Proust's success with some astonishment. When he received a copy of *Cities of the Plain*, Montesquiou recognized in the Baron de Charlus's witty conversation and eccentric character his own bons mots, his insolence, his aristocratic pride and artistic sensibility. But Proust gave Charlus a range of vices of which Montesquiou never had even a tenth.

Short of money and lonely, Montesquiou, the last of the dandies, died at Mentone on December 11, 1921. Hearing of the death of the man who had been both his master and a model for his most extraordinary character, Proust wrote at once to a young cousin of Montesquiou's, the Duchesse de Gramont, and the extracts from this letter—recently rediscovered by the Duc de Gramont—reveal Proust trying to excuse himself and to do his friend justice:

"If illness did not prevent me, I would write to you volumes and volumes on M. de Montesquiou, the subject is so inexhaustible. . . . I knew him when I was so young that he has remained for me always what an adult is for a child. The miracle is that, in all these years in which I have seen so many stars suddenly turn one after the other into old bitches, there has never been a cloud between us, and he always allowed me to reproach him jokingly for his behaviour towards so many people.

"I say 'no clouds' insofar as I at least had never felt there to be any, and he was not a man to hide them, for his manner was rather to strike like lightning. . . . It is, however, not impossible that he felt some irritation at the disproportion between the small success of my own books and the fearsome obscurity in which his have remained. He never knew all that I have tried to do to bring them out. It was a conspiracy of silence for which he was perhaps himself initially somewhat responsible."



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